LETTERS

FROM THE

MARCHIONESS

DE SÉVIGNÉ,

TO HER DAUGHTER

THE

Counteſs DE GRIGNAN.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of the laſt PARIS EDITION.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet;
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet.
In glitt'ring ſcenes o'er her own heart ſevere,
In crowds collected, and in courts ſincere. YOUNG.

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M.DCC.LXVIII.



LETTERS

OF THE

MARCHIONESS DE SÉVIGNÉ.

LETTER DCCXI.

To the Same.

Aurai, Saturday, July 30, 1689.

LOOK where I am, my dear good girl; here upon the ſouth coaſt of the ſea. When was it, that we were in that little cabinet at Paris, two ſteps from one another? It is to be hoped we ſhall meet there again. Here am I, nevertheleſs, thrown by Providence. I wrote to you on Monday from Rennes all I thought about this journey; we ſet out on Tueſday, nothing can equal the care and friendſhip of Madame de Chaulnes; her principal attention is, that nothing ſhould be inconvenient to me; ſhe comes herſelf to ſee how I am lodged. And as to M. de Chaulnes, he is often ſeated at table next me; and I hear him ſay in a half whiſper, "No, Madame, this will do her no harm; ſee how ſhe does; here is a very good melon, do not think that Britanny is quite without them; ſhe muſt eat a ſmall ſlice." And at length, when I aſk him what he is muttering about, he finds himſelf only anſwering you, having you always at his elbow, as a monitor to take care of my health. This extravagance is not yet exhauſted, and has made us laugh two or three times. We were three days coming from Rennes to Vannes, which is

about ſeven leagues a-day; this is an eaſy agreeable manner of travelling, as we conſtantly met with good dinners and ſuppers for us; we every where find communities, compliments and racket, which accompany their graces; and moreover troops, officers and reviews, which make a charming warlike appearance. The regiment of Carman is very fine, they are all natives of Lower Britanny, tall and better made than the others, but do not underſtand a word of French, unleſs it be when they perform their exerciſe, when they appear as graceful, as if they were dancing of *paſſe-pieds*; it is a pleaſure to ſee them. I believe Bertrand du Gueſclin meant thoſe of this kind, when he ſaid he was invincible at the head of his Bretons. M. and Madame de Chaulnes, M. de Revel, and myſelf go in a coach; ſometimes I make Revel exhauſt all Savoy, whieh affords him a wide field for animadverſion; at another La R——— whoſe follies and violence are inconceivable; then comes the paſſage of the Rhine; this we call winding up the bottom of the whole. We arrived on Thurſday night at Vannes; we lodged at the Biſhop's, ſon to M. d'Argouges; this is one of the handſomeſt and moſt agreeable houſes, to be met with, and it is furniſhed in an elegant ſtyle; a ſupper was ſerved up with ſo much magnificence, as to make one die with hunger: I ſaid to Revel, I am famiſhed; they gave me a young partridge when I wanted ſome veal; a turtle dove, when I wanted the wing of a good pullet of Rennes; in a word, I had no reaſon to retract, if you ſay, you'll eat as much as you pleaſe, becauſe you are not hungary; I ſay, I have the beſt appetite in the world. when there is nothing upon the table; we muſt, nevertheleſs, accuſtom ourſelves to this fatigue. M. de la Faluère paid me civilities beyond expreſſion; his looks and words were all exclamations; what, is that Madame de Sévigné! what herſelf! Yeſterday he gave us a fiſh dinner; ſo that we have ſeen all that the earth and ſea can produce; this is the land of feſtivity. I talked with this firſt preſident; he told me very ingenuouſly, that he greatly diſapproved of the bill

bill of review; for having been informed by M. Ferrand, his brother-in-law, how the affair was unanimously decided, he was convinced that reaſon and juſtice were on our ſide. I told him a word or two about our battle in the Great Council, he admired our good fortune, and abhorred that extreme chicanery; I ſpoke to him a little about Madame de Buri's behaviour, with regard to the inſcription of *falſe*, upon what ſhe knew to be true, the money that this chicanery had coſt, upon the complaint ſhe made that her ſuit had been ſtrangled after twenty-two vacations, upon the delicacy of her conſcience, and obſtinacy in oppoſition to the advice of her beſt friends. Mr. de la Faluére, liſtened to me with attention, and without being tired, I can aſſure you; his wife is at Paris. Afterwards we dined, and the wine of St. Laurence ſparkled, and your health was drank in a low voice between M. and Madame de Chaulnes, the Biſhop of Vannes, and me, as well as that of Mr. de Grignan, governor of this admirable nectar; in fine, my belle, you are talked of at the other end of the world. We ſaw a very pretty girl, who would do honour to Verſailles, but ſhe is to wed *Querigniſignidi*, a near relation to Conquet *, and very diſtant from Trianon. M. de Revel is ſet out this morning to viſit Breſt, which is now the fineſt place that can be ſeen. He will find M. de Signelai on board his ſhip, Mr. le Marſhal d'Eſtrees upon the pavement *des vaches* at Breſt; he will admire one of the fineſt naval armaments it is poſſible to ſee; he will partake of the impatience with which the Chevalier de Tourville is expected; he will learn the exact number of the enemies ſhips at the Iſle of Uſhant, and will return in four days, having gratified his curioſity, to impart all he has learnt; this will be winding up the bottom.

Madame de Chaulnes is juſt gone out, ſhe is going to write to you; beſides the pleaſure which I give her, ſhe has that of believing, that ſhe communicates a ve-

* Conquet is ſituated at the extremity of Britanny, in a place called the end of the world, *ad fines terræ*. It is a ſea port.

ry ſenſible one to you, in delivering me from the Rocks, which you repreſented to her quite different from what they are; for the air, which you take to be very bad there, is, in fact, very good; it is a ſpot that pleaſes me, the walks being very agreeable, and the manner of living both ſuits me, and charms me. It is true I was ſomewhat indiſpoſed there; but I ſhould have been worſe elſewhere. The Ducheſs inceſſantly tells me, that the beautiful Counteſs will be charmed to find I have drawn you from the bad air of the Rocks; this being once ſaid, it becomes eſtabliſhed. In a word, my dear daughter, you have been the cauſe of my making this campaign; it is the will of Providence; I accommodate myſelf to it, becauſe I am of an eaſy diſpoſition, and love and ought to love M. and Madame de Chaulnes; but when it ſhall pleaſe God to let me return to thoſe Rocks, which you ſo unjuſtly decry, I aſſure you, I ſhall be perfectly well contented.

Inform me whether in Provence, the parliament does not act the ſame with regard to the lieutenant-general, as to the governor; and whether the two preſidents and ſix counſellors are not deputed to meet Mr. de Grignan, a league from Aix, when he arrives there *. The firſt preſident goes to the governor's, upon his arrival with another preſident, and ſix counſellors; and the governor returns the viſit. It is impoſſible to be received with more politeneſs than I am every where: I every where find nephews of your father Deſcartes. I have juſt received your letter of the 19th. The governors are very commodious, they ſend their guards, and have their letters ſooner than others. I am charmed with receiving your's, it is very agreeable, being full of the remembrance and writing of all the Grignans, whom I love and honour, as you know.

* This ceremony is only obſerved once, that is to ſay, when the governor or lieutenant-governor comes to be received in that quality. Nearly the ſame order is afterwards obſerved as in Britanny.

LETTER DCCXII.

To the Same.

Aurai, Tueſday, Aug. 2, 1689.

WHILST I am waiting for your letter, I always begin to converſe with you. M. de Chaulnes repents greatly of having mentioned to you a journey to Rome, and of making peace with the Pope; he did not know what you derived from this quarrel with the holy ſee, he is charmed with, and enters into all your notions, and now repeats no other *oration* than your's, *God preſerve the Pope.* He ſays that you are his good genius, that he is continually ſpeaking to you, and hears you. The other day he ſaid to me: *Why do you touch your head, mother? does it ach?* I heard him and anſwered, *No, Daughter, not in the leaſt.* This occaſions a kind of play, and continual remembrance of the friendſhip you entertain for me. I am of opinion, my dear child, that in joking with the Duke upon this genius, which is ever ſpeaking to him, you ſhould ſay a word to him about the deputation of your brother, which you wiſh and hope for, becauſe this is preciſely the year that he can do him a kindneſs; you will turn this, my dear, much better than I can, and I am perſuaded that this ſollicitation will have a great effect. To tell you the truth, it is abſolutely his buſineſs, if he is the maſter, and this is the feſtival of the nobility of Brittany, as it ſhould ſeem to be, and not of a courtier, this falls directly upon my ſon. Nothing can equal the care theſe governors have of my health, nor the marks of eſteem and diſtinction I receive from them, which ſometimes confuſes me. The lucky arrival of the Chevalier de Tourville at Breſt, will make us return ſtrait to the Rocks; I acknowledge to you that I paſſionately wiſh for it, and that if my health were not very good, it would be much affected at this agitation. After having been terrified at the ſolitude of the Rocks, and the cauſe of tearing me from them, you ſhould be the

means of replacing me there, to paſs the remainder of the ſummer, which is the right ſeaſon to enjoy thoſe woods, and where, according to all appearance, I never ſhall paſs another. All this ſhould be conſidered as jeſting; but dwell upon the acknowledgment, which their attention for me demands: I admire your governing me at two hundred leagues diſtance. Let us leave Brittany and ſpeak of the Grignans, who always return to their inn; how aſtoniſhing it is that Carcaſſonne ſhould have left it; this paſſion is quite childiſh, and made him ſay things that our Marquis would not have uttered: the Chevalier liſtened to them, and read them too with much pleaſantry; theſe then are————how, daughter, do you expreſs it? Oh! *effervescences* of humour; here is a word I never met with before, but it comes from your father Deſcartes, and I honour him on your account. We inceſſantly meet here with ſome of his nephews and nieces, all very decent and very amiable. This humour, then, is not very tenacious, it allows reaſon to come into play; and the ſame heart that could treat his own brother like a foe, diſpoſes him now to go to Balaruc, at the expence that would raiſe the floor wanting to his building; but here he is in good temper, may he remain ſo, may he love and eſteem him, and, above all, may he follow his advice, this is the *tu autem*: I believe the heart is returned, with reaſon for its attendant; every thing will go better, without this I laugh at momentary friendſhip, which does no credit to thoſe eſteemed. I was charmed to find M. de Carcaſſonne remembered me, I never doubted that a little reflection would reſtore me to his good opinion; it will be quite another thing when we ſee one another.

As to Mr. de Grignan, I defy him not to love me, and his dear wife alſo; all thoſe things which occupy his mind, create in me no apprehenſions; and as it ſtill is in our power, as he acknowledges to my daughter-in-law, and he loves my ſon, as if he did him no harm, I aſſure him alſo, that I love him, as if he loved me very much; and that I wiſh to go ſome day

to

to Grignan, as if he paſſionately deſired me there. What does he ſay of his maſter's good fortune? That grand affair, which attracted the attention of all Europe, thoſe twenty-two ſhips of the Chevalier de Tourville, which were to be attacked in coming to join our fleet, entered Breſt, Saturday the 30th of July, at four o'clock in the afternoon, without having ſeen one ſingle Dutch ſhip; the great armament which was to have prevented this junction, and which was at an iſland very near Belleiſle, diſappeared, and no one knows what is become of it; as to me I imagine it has formed itſelf into one of thoſe thick clouds, which we frequently ſee in the ſky.

I am very uneaſy about M. de Grignan's journey; what a ſhell thrown in the midſt of you and your tranquility! I pity him, for according to the heat, it was abſolutely travelling in the ſun; when I think of the inconveniency we met with in that cold country near our own, I perſpire to think of the golden iſlands*. In truth, the King deſerves all that is done for him, but it muſt alſo be owned, that he is very well ſerved; this is the idea we ſhould have of ſerving God, or rather we ſhould ſerve him in this manner. I ſhall not be at reſt till you acquaint me with M. de Grignan's ſafe return. Alas! you ſay very true, that Providence, which we ſpeak ſo well about, avails us but very little in thoſe things, which we have ſenſibly at heart; we are in the wrong; but our weakneſs is but too apparent upon every occaſion.

Madame de la Fayette writes to me, that ſhe had written to you, to enquire of your welfare, and that of the Chevalier and Paulina; her ſon is very well at Breſt. He has had a fooliſh affair in the army of the Marſhal d'Humières, wherein Nogaret has been dangerouſly wounded †. Were he to die, I would renew the antient alliance on that ſide, by a marriage

* Theſe iſlands are ſituated upon the coaſt of Provence, and are known by the appellation of the ſlands of Hieres.

† See the memoirs of the court of France, written by Madame de la Fayette, p. 126, and 127.

between the Marquis and that pretty heireſs. M. d'Arles is at Forges; I imagined as you did, that he was ſolely employed about your affairs; but can he aver this, without laughing?

You have not ſpoke to me this time about the Chevalier; I thought he would drink the waters in autumn and ſpring, and paſs the winter in your temperate climate; but if he does not, I ſhall always think he is in the right. As to me, I know not whether a deſire of ſeeing you this winter at Paris, would have made me ſurmount impoſſibilities; but I can aſſure you, this would have been preciſely the object I had to combat, no money to be had but ſword in hand, trifling creditors who ſtill ſtrangle me, coach horſes to purchaſe; ſo that I know not how I could have done to have avoided ever after the inconveniencies ariſing from this irregularity; whereas, in following your example, and paſſing the winter in this country, like you in Provence, I ſhall have time to breathe; I think this regimen is as good for you, as it is for myſelf. This letter is juſt going, no courier is yet arrived from Breſt, but the news is confirmed by people come from thence, you will hear it from Paris.

LETTER DCCXIII.

To the Same.

Aurai, Saturday, Aug. 6, 1689.

EVERY thing ſparkles with joy in this province upon the arrival of the Chevalier de Tourville at Breſt: M. de Revel has ſeen this lucky moment; Tourville's ſquadron was ſo little expected, that it was thought to be the enemy's; and when he made himſelf known, it afforded joy and a very agreeable ſurprize. He ſet ſail very ſkilfully, and with much reſolution; he judged that the wind which would bring him to Breſt, would oblige the ſhips at the Iſle of Uſhant to quit their ſtation, as it would drive them back upon the iſland. This was ſo true, that they came out to gain the open ſea behind, where they were

were ſo far from being able to incommode us, that the Chevalier de Tourville paſſed by the ſame place, which they were obliged to leave, and knew not what was become of them; he came full ſail into Breſt harbour, where he was received with much commendation for having ſo well judged and profited of the wind. Mr. de Seignelai is on board his ſhip, where he lives well; Count d'Eſtrées is his friend, and frequently ſends him proviſions; but the Marſhal ſeldom ſees him, being on ſhore, receiving the ſecond viſits, and keeping a table that ſometimes is not filled; there is nothing to be ſaid upon ſo violent a ſituation. The regiments of la Fere and d'Antin have orders to march into Normandy; Carman's and two others of this province, are going to Breſt; and two regiments of dragoons will return into Poitou. The *Nobleſſe* are going to be diſbanded; ſo that things wear a more peaceable appearance. One day we ſhall go to Port Louis, and another to Vannes, becauſe the firſt preſident is deſirous of ſeeing M. de Chaulnes in parliament; and from thence we ſhall return to Rennes, about the 20th or 22d, and then to thoſe peaceable Rocks; this is our plan, my dear child, I am charmed with having given this mark of friendſhip and complaiſance to the governors; this is what I fully owed them, and they have repaid me two-fold. M. and Madame de Soubiſe are gone to meet their ſon*, who it is ſaid muſt have a leg cut off; you know upon what a fooliſh occaſion. Nothing yet tranſpires concerning the camp at Boufflers, I think only of that, *God preſerve our dear child*; our ſucceſs at Breſt makes us judge of all the reſt. Adieu, my dear Counteſs, I tenderly embrace you. You drink coffee and chocolate in a very torrid clime, very hot dog-days, take care of yourſelf and me; for, indeed, we muſt at ſuch a diſtance, avoid uneaſineſs and preſerve ourſelves.

* Lewis, Prince de Rohan, was wounded the 9th of July, in the ſame affair as M. de Nogaret.

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LETTER DCCXIV.

To the Same.

Aurai, Tueſday, Aug. 9, 1689.

WE are eaſily induced to believe, that the heats which M. de Grignan endures, muſt be very intenſe, as it is moſt violently hot here, though we are ſo near the ſea. Really theſe are none of the dog-days of Livri, which we thought ſo ridiculous; theſe are quite without rain, we perſpire all day long, and we think this is a charming thing for our health. We ſhall go to-morrow to Port Louis. I ſhall give your letter to M. de Chaulnes, but not before to-morrow, for he is to-day quite overwhelmed. The pleaſantry of *this genius* which prompts him to take care of my health, makes us laugh ſtill; your aſſiduity and attention for the preſervation of my perſon, have made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that the recollection of it gives us pleaſure, and keeps up a continual correſpondence with you. He ſays, when I eat prudently, he is divided between the pleaſure of being convinced of my health, and the pleaſure of your having nothing to ſay to him; a ragout, a ſallad with cucumbers, nuts, and ſuch like food, keep up a connexion with you, which however ſuperficial, is very agreeable to him. He conſults you with regard to Port Louis. He thought the other day that you wanted him to return to Rennes; I gave him leave for you to be abſent from thence till the 18th. In a word, all this raillery is not yet exhauſted nor inſipid.

You are acquainted with all our ſucceſs at Breſt, and that we have only three regiments of Bretons to countenance Marſhal d'Eſtrées at Breſt. The care which people want him to have of this place when our fleet is ſet ſail, reſembles *Trivein*'s bit of paper, in which were contained one hundred piſtoles. The miraculous part of this affair, is the ſilence and wiſdom of Marſhal d'Eſtrées lady *. The king himſelf

* Mary Margaret Morin, wife to Marſhal d'Eſtrées.

is

is ſo much ſurpriſed at it, that he has complimented her thereupon, and praiſed her in ſuch a manner, as to oblige her to perſevere in it. M. de Seignelai was very much diverted at Breſt whilſt Revel was there; he loves Count d'Eſtrées †, and ſays that this Count was very willing to be his friend, but that the Marſhal rejected his friendſhip. No orders are yet received for the fleet's ſailing, we hear that the ſiege of Mentz is raiſed; we hope for proſperity on every ſide. Four lines are made upon the Pope, which end in wiſhing for his relicks: as to me you know what I wiſh him.

M. de Soubiſe's ſon and Nogaret are recovered of their wounds, all this you know, my deareſt life, and may God equally preſerve our deareſt child. I ſhall pay your compliments to Madame de Lavardin; but a word from you to that good woman, would be very á-propos. She was afraid ſhe ſhould loſe her daughter in-law, who was given over, and alſo her grandſon and grand-daughter, who were afflicted with the meaſles in the moſt violent manner. I am very well ſatisfied with the inventory of M——'s effects; I would not have you otherwiſe than ſincere: I could wiſh that he had not ſo many debts, and thoſe fine moveables were not ſo often in pawn; but the friend to whom I imparted all theſe truths, is not terrified at them, and ſtill thinks it is the beſt match her relation can poſſibly get, ſo that this ſincerity will not ſpoil any thing. I long to know how M. de Grignan does. Is not the Chevalier at Balaruc? You give me a pretty picture of Paulina's œconomy, to ſay no more; it is pleaſant to ſee her act naturally for the preſervation of little amuſements; there is nothing to be dreaded from the name it bears. I would, however, have her warned from filthy niggardlineſs, that carries with it an air of duty, and depicts avarice without any advantage, for ſuch covetouſneſs ſhould ever be exploded; I have long ſince been at war with

† Victor-Mary Count d'Eſtrées, afterwards Vice-Admiral and Marſhal of France, as was then John Count d'Eſtrées, his father.

theſe

theſe miſers, for it is the only prevailing paſſion here. I love Paulina, every thing you tell me of her, gives me pleaſure; I hope ſhe will have her health, and that thoſe waters will reſtore it, as well as Martillac's. Adieu, my child. I am very diſtant, and yet very near you; I will not pretend to tell you how tenderly I love you, you may nearly divine it, not only from the natural taſte I have for your wit and perſon, but alſo from the eſteem and admiration I entertain for your heart, where I hold ſo valuable a place.

LETTER DCCXV.

To the Same.

Aurai, Saturday, Aug. 13, 1689.

THE packet which I thought was loſt, is arrived at its deſtination; I had great reaſon to regret it, containing all that I am fond of knowing; I ſhould be ſorry not to be acquainted with all the hotels you build, and the names which are ſo proper for them.

We ſhall be on Tueſday at Rennes, our return is haſtened two or three days, on account of a courier which M. de Chaulnes has diſpatched for Paris; his diſpatches are ſaid to relate to the affairs of the ſtates, we ſhall ſee: but, however, he ſets off immediately; I ſhall acquaint you with my fate, and the day I return to my ſtate of tranquility at the Rocks. My ſon and his wife are at Rennes; we have within theſe three days taken one of the prettieſt journies in the world to Port Louis, which is a very fine place, the ſituation of which you are acquainted with; you have always that fine extenſive ſea before your eyes; were you to turn, you would behold the dreadful phyſiognomy of M. de Mazarin*; of all places he might have choſen to command, he has fixed upon that where he is not the maſter, but his ſon; and more-

* Armand-Charles de la Porte, Duke de Mazarin, was high Bailiff of Haguenau, governor of Upper and Lower Alſace, and the city and caſtle of Briſack, &c.

over-

over this place is in the government of M. de Chaulnes. There is no accounting for the extravagance of this man; he is mad, and dreſſes like a beggar; devotion has quite turned his brain. We were willing to perſuade him to ſend for his wife from England *, where ſhe is in danger of being expelled or perverted, and where ſhe remains with the King's enemies. He always ſays ſhe ſhall come with him;—with him—good heaven! let us ſay with St. Evremond, that ſhe is diſpenſed from common rules, and that we ſee her juſtification, in ſeeing M. de Mazarin. We went the next day, which was Thurſday, to a place called L'Orient, which advances a league into the ſea; here the merchants and merchandize from Orient are received. One M. le Bret, who is juſt arrived from Siam, and who has the care of this trade, and his wife who is come to Paris, and is more magnificent here than they are at Verſailles, gave us a dinner; we made her huſband give an account of his voyage, which was very diverting. We ſaw great quantities of goods, china, ſtuffs, that pleaſe the eye. If you were not the Queen of the Mediterranean, I would have endeavoured to have got you a pretty ſtuff for a night gown, but I ſhould have thought to have wronged you. We returned at night with the tide and fine weather, and lay at Hennebon; your map will ſhew you the ſituation of theſe places; it was yeſterday as we were ſetting out from this city, that the courier arrived, whom you will hear ſpoken of. My moſt amiable Counteſs, I comprehend the advantages you derive from this county, and with what pleaſure you ſend money to Paris: this juſtice ſhould preſerve the Pope's health, I tremble every time a courier arrives: if God would permit the goodneſs of Providence to continue ſome years, this would be complete grace. Adieu, my child, I am hurried, I hear a noiſe for me, I will write to you from Rennes, and anſwer both your letters.

* Hortenſia Mancini, Ducheſs of Mazarin, and niece to the miniſter and cardinal of that name, died in England, July 2, 1699. See what is ſaid in the works of St. Evremond, and thoſe of the Abbé de St Real.

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LETTER DCCXVI.

To the Same.

Rennes, Wedneſday, Aug. 17, 1689.

INDEED, my dear child, I have many things to tell you and anſwer you. I ſhall reſume my letter where the courier came to meet M. de Chaulnes at Hennebon; he carried a letter from the King, which I have ſeen filled with ſuch orders as muſt command obedience, vigilance, and even impoſſibilities. The deciſive ſtyle and manner of M. de Louvois were eaſily diſcovered, which do not aſk whether you can make a journey to Rome? He will neither allow delay nor excuſes, he anticipates every thing. The King ſays, "that he has reſolved to ſend him to Rome, becauſe he thinks him alone capable of doing the greateſt thing in Europe, in giving to the church a chief, who may equally govern the church, and content all the world, and France in particular; that he is informed that the Pope cannot live long; that the ſatisfaction he received from the other two exaltations made by M. de Chaulnes*, anſwers for the ſucceſs of this, which is the moſt important; wherefore Mr. de Chaulnes muſt ſet out immediately to receive his orders; that the French Cardinals hold themſelves in readineſs; that Marſhal d'Eſtrées be inveſted with the command of Britanny; that M. de Chaulnes's journey will not be of any long duration; and that he will recall him as ſoon as there is a new Pope." M. de Croſſi adds to all this, "that the King cannot doubt of the ſucceſs of affairs, of which M. de Chaulnes is to be the negociator; that his Majeſty, knowing that his affairs are not in a good ſituation, will give what is neceſſary for ſo ſudden and important a journey; and that he muſt come, and the journey will be ſhort, and ſo much to his glory, that he is perſuaded M. de Chaulnes will joyfully obey: nevertheleſs, he is not to mention it yet." So that our little corps is in ſufficient

* This was M. de Chaulnes's third Embaſſy to Rome.

ficient motion; M. de Revel and me are confidents, enjoined to ſecrecy: M. de Chaulnes is divided between the gratification of a taſte ariſing from ſelf-love, for this commiſſion, which he is ſent for from the utmoſt extremity of Britanny to execute, and which is a moſt brilliant embaſſy; and the regret of quitting the ſtates, where there will be much buſineſs, and where he might equally have ſerved the King and the Province. As to Madame de Chaulnes ſhe ſets no bounds to her ſighs and tears; abſence, a long voyage, an advanced age; ſhe does not take into conſideration their extreme want of money, ſhe only ſings a doleful ditty about the fatigues of a long journey. Our return to Rennes is haſtened two or three days; it is ſaid the King will be pleaſed at M. de Chaulnes making a tour to court before the States; thoſe who have a good noſe, ſmell out the drift of the journey to Rome. We ſhall lie at Aurai, and dine the next day at Vannes. M. de Chaulnes will appear in Parliament, to pay a decent compliment to the firſt Preſident. Scarce was he alighted from his chaiſe at the Biſhop's, before this Prelate ſaid to him, "Sir, I want my bulls of you." The other ſaid, "Sir, we are both rejoiced and afflicted." He made no anſwer, but dreſſed himſelf in black, and went to the Parliament; the firſt Preſident in the compliment he paid him, obliquely hinted at the honourable negotiation he was going to undertake; the Duke was embarraſſed, and made an anſwer no way to the point; at length he finiſhed his anſwer, returned, undreſſed and dined. Madame de Chaulnes is overwhelmed with compliments, ſhe ſtill anſwers, She is not in the ſecret, that the King is maſter; ſo that we find our poor ſecret every where bandied about. We dined at the Biſhop's, where there was one of the fineſt and moſt ſumptuous entertainments I ever ſaw; we ſet out after dinner, which was Saturday; we lay on Sunday ſix leagues from hence; and on Monday, a good day and a good day's work, we arrived at Rennes. I undertook upon the road, to ſet forth to Madame de Chaulnes the agreeable ſide and diſtinction of this choice only; and I

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ſuppreſſed or endeavoured to ſuppreſs all other conſiderations; and I believe I ſucceeded. We made M. de Chaulnes give an account of his different journies to Rome, and we found in him ſuch a great ſhare of underſtanding, ſo well adapted to negotiation in that country, where he is ſtill adored, that we applauded his Majeſty's nomination. He ſaid, that if it had been to make peace with the Pope, he would have refuſed the commiſſion, knowing of how much diſſervice he would have been to you; but that he would intreat you to conſider, that he would not work againſt you, till ſuch time as death had worked againſt the Pope; ſo that it would be death, and not him, that would do all the harm; that he would ſee you; that he was charmed to think that after all the whims he had told you concerning the journey to Rome, it ſhould really take place, this was a long and merry diſſertation. Madame de Chaulnes is to ſet out two days after him, I believe his departure is fixed for to-morrow. This Ducheſs wants to take me with her, ſhe ſays it is your pleaſure, ſhe is really ſorry to leave me; we make reflections on the unexpected and inconvenient diſpoſitions of Providence. We were to have paſſed the winter in the country; I was to return for a month to the Rocks, I promiſed to go in the beginning of October to St. Malo's, then to the States, then again for a ſhort time to the Rocks, then to Rennes from Lent till after Eaſter; and all this has turned out, that in four days M. and Madame de Chaulnes remain no longer in this Province, that I am going to the Rocks with your brother and his wife; and that I ſhall there paſs the winter more agreeably than any where elſe, being deprived of the company of theſe good governors. I ſend and ſhall ſend a little money to Paris; this retreat to the Rocks is my county, and this juſtice ſhall conſtitute my felicity. I ſhall have the agreeable proſpect of meeting you next year at Paris, this is my hope, and it is all I implore of heaven; for I am diſabuſed with regard to the ſchemes of man. I am thoroughly perſuaded that M. de Chaulnes in ſpeaking to the King of Britanny, will propoſe my ſon for the deputation, and I do not believe this

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poſt will be refuſed him ; I know that he wiſhes to do this pleaſure, he loves to ſurprize agreeably. Madame de Chaulnes is as deſirous of it as I am. I will one day relate to you in what a decent, tender manner ſhe has always behaved to me ; but this is at an end, and I am very happy to be fond of the Rocks, and thoſe that are maſters there, and the life they lead. I find myſelf in my own natural ſtate, which I will never quit but for you.

I tranſmitted your anſwer to M. de Chaulnes ; he ſhewed it to us ; it is very pretty, and I do not comprehend how a perſon, who praiſes me for anſwering trifles ſo well, can think that her's to the Duke ſhould be either dull or inſipid. I tell you that you ſhould not form ſuch judgments, as you treat theſe matters in the only manner that is proper, and with all poſſible imagination. Revel was greatly aſtoniſhed at this ſtyle.

If M. de Lavardin's * countenance diſturbs you, many are affected by it in the ſame manner; he does not, you find, return to Rome, he will not hold the States, becauſe he would not be under the command of M. d'Eſtrées; he acknowledges only the governor; ſo that probably M. de Revel will ſupply his place under the Marſhal.

If you ſee M. de Chaulnes either at Grignan or at Avignon, I request of you, my dear belle, to give him ſome teſtimonies of friendſhip and gratitude, for all he has done for me ; it is in this manner I beg you will pay my debts. M. de Grignan will be charmed to do him the honours of his government ; I am ſenſible you know what to do and ſay, when you have a mind ; ſo that in adding my prayer, my mind is eaſy.

* M. de Lavardin was Lieutenant-general in the government of Britanny.

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LETTER DCCXVII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Aug. 21, 1689.

HERE am I, then, again amongſt thoſe Rocks you ſo much dread, and which, nevertheleſs, have nothing ſo terrific in them. There is no longer any Duke or Ducheſs of Chaulnes in this country: they left me with great regret; they wanted to carry me back from the place they took me up, and I impoſed much violence upon myſelf in refuſing them; but my journey would have been uſeleſs, had it been ſo ſhort, and which I endeavour to render otherwiſe ſince I am here: upon ſuch occaſions, *the heart flies to Paris, but reaſon remains in Britanny.* In a word, my daughter, ſuch is the ſituation of things; it coſt me ſome tears to ſee this good Ducheſs ſet out: ſhe would not, however, bid me adieu; but I was awake, and I was touched with the ſituation in which I left her; for you will know that all the beauty of this choice and this embaſſy, which ſhe is perfectly well acquainted with, does not prevent her being uneaſy leſt this long journey ſhould be fatal to her huſband; he has been twice at Rome, but he is now twenty-three years older than when he returned from thence laſt; ſhe is one of the moſt ſenſible women in the world, with an air that you are well acquainted with. From hence you may conclude, my dear girl, that there was nothing to be ſeen or heard but tears and ſighs, in quitting Rennes laſt Friday, and all the night ſhe was here, whither M. de Revel accompanied her: ſhe ſet out very early yeſterday morning, and makes long ſtages, becauſe ſhe wants to meet M. de Chaulnes again, who is ſtill at Verſailles, ſo that this journey will, in every reſpect, be fatiguing. When ſhe is at Paris, objects, buſineſs, and friends may conſole her; but ſhe was quite overwhelmed here. I muſt tell you, by the bye, that Revel, who is a connoiſſeur, is quite pleaſed with this deſert, and the variegated alleys. He ſet out this morning. M. de Chaulnes told my ſon, that

that the deputation would perhaps be more certain, by the audience the King would give him upon Britanny, than if he had remain d here to hold the States. Wherefore we expect to hear from him ; if he ſends us agreeable news, which he wiſhes for as much as we do, my ſon will accompany me to Paris next ſpring : I lay before you theſe thoughts, reminding you at the ſame time that God is above us all. When Marſhal d'Eſtrées, who remains at Breſt, was obliged to retire from the fleet, in which he was ſtationed, and ſee it ſail under the command of M. de Seignelai, I muſt acknowledge that the moſt refined policy would pronounce the agitations of the Marſhal's mind to have been the higheſt diſguſt a man of that dignity could expreſs. But the King, who was acquainted with the deſtiny of M. de Chaulnes, might think of conſoling the Marſhal with the command of the place, in the abſence of the Governor ; however, as it was impoſſible that M. de Chaulnes could at the ſame time command at Breſt, and in the other parts of Britanny, Marſhal d'Eſtrées was very naturally with his ſhips, and the garriſons of the two Biſhopricks, where he had two regiments under his command ; this had not the air of ſuperſeding the governor, the ſervice required his acting in this manner ; it was never deſigned to give M. de Chaulnes any mortification, during his ſtay in Britanny ; and if the Marſhal had waited, a general officer would have been left at Breſt, with the command of the ſhips that are always in the road, and ſuch as might come in ; which will be the caſe whilſt the Marſhal commands in Britanny, and holds the States and M. de Revel under him. I have already told you, that M. de Lavardin is, at preſent, inveſted with no other poſt, than that of Commandant in the room of M. de Chaulnes. We are informed here that the capricious humour of the Marſhal, of which the King was informed, and which occaſioned a miſunderſtanding with all in ſubordination to him, was the real cauſe of the order which he received in the King's own hand to remain at Breſt. M. de Pommereuil, has, perhaps, undeſignedly, contributed to

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it, in giving an exact account of what he had ſeen; the departure of our governors has thrown him into deſpair, he loved them, and agreed very well with them: the caſe is very different with the Marſhal. Theſe gentlemen, though ſo great, are not all acquainted with the proper manner of treating with the States; for this reaſon it is to be hoped, that M. de Chaulnes will hold them with the King and his miniſters at Verſailles, and will ſend them back with the buſineſs all ſettled. This is the way we reaſon in the country. M. de Pommereuil, who is temporary judge-advocate for the troops, will be inveſted with a particular commiſſion for the States; his kinſman is ſecond Commiſſary; there are always two of this kind whilſt the States are held. I imagine, my dear child, that I have ſaid more upon this ſubject than you will think neceſſary or deſire: this inundation of words is occaſioned by my not having received your letter. Do not fear that I ſhall turn hermit, my ſon would prevent this, as well as a thouſand viſiters he hath, who are perhaps too numerous. It is the fineſt weather imaginable, and I am going to renew my avocations, my reading, my walks, as there is no fog; make yourſelf eaſy about your dear mamma, who preſerves herſelf for you; preſerve yourſelf for her. Give my compliments to the Chevalier upon the new dignity conferred upon M. de Beauvillier*; the King has entirely adopted the Chevalier's ſentiments upon this occaſion. Thus his Majeſty makes three M. de Beauvilliers of a ſingle man; this is juſt what ought to have been done; St. Lewis himſelf could not have made a better choice. This Abbé de Fenelon is another extraordinary genius, for ſenſe, knowledge and piety. I heartily rejoice with the Chevalier, whom I imagine to be at Balaruc. Do the waters continue being efficacious to Paulina and Martillac? and is fortune always favourable to the India company, in letting them play a winning game?

* Paul Duke of Beauvillier, was named at that time Governor to the three Princes, ſons of the King's brother. Francis de Salignac de la Motte Fénelon was appointed their preceptor, and afterwards created Archbiſhop of Cambrai.

LETTER DCCXVIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, 24 Aug. 1689.

WE hear from Paris, that they waited with impatience for M. de Chaulnes; he ought to have arrived there Sunday the 21ſt of this month. The Pope, our dear holy father, who left us that very lucky county, was, according to the laſt advices, at the point of death: ſo that he muſt have ſet out, and you will have M. de Chaulnes ſoon with you. Madame de Chaulnes, who travels very faſt and makes long ſtages, conſidering the intenſe heat of the weather, hurries in vain, for ſhe will arrive too late. It was ſaid, that the Cardinals de Bouillon and le Camus, would not be of the journey; but this news does not meet with confirmation.

It is aſſured that M. de Lavardin is coming to hold the States; I am charmed at it, for the love I bear his mother, who ſeemed more affected than himſelf at his not being countenanced; here is an appointment for him, thank God, that is quite natural, and which all Britanny will rejoice at. The Marſhal d'Etrées will command, except only with regard to the States, ſo that I ſee no place for M. de Revel. I muſt acknowledge, that we have been greatly expoſed to the merit of the latter; but we have ſupported his appearance; all that we have done in his behalf, is to comprehend that he has been much beloved by many kinds of women, and we are contented with being his confidants; his eloquence has not ſeduced us, it has only diverted us, we could not help ſometimes admiring the happy manner of his expreſſion, and the turn of his periods; the rage of le R——— like that of Medea, is admirable; the powers of a Champmêle, to preſerve all her lovers without depreciating the parts of *Atalide*, *Berenice* or *Phædra*, make us travel thirty leagues very pleaſantly; war comes in turn, the paſſage of the Rhine, the battle of Senef, M. de Turenne's campaigns, without

without entering upon the whole extent of Savoy——You ſee here is plenty of matter; but I muſt now praiſe him, becauſe in all his recitals, we have never found him ſwerve from truth, to raiſe an altar to his vanity; ſo that there may be ſtill ſome doubts with regard to his reputation as to courage, for this is a chord he has never touched upon *; and if M. de Grignan is willing to tell me what he thinks upon this head, I am ſtill ready to take what impreſſion he chuſes to make upon me. The Marquis and I have agreed to liſten to the Chevalier, with regard to the reputation of courtiers as an oracle: and that our eſteem or its oppoſite would be excited, according to his deciſions. I am ſtill of the ſame way of thinking, and I believe the Marquis is alſo; wherefore I intreat him, to tell me how I ſhould conſider M. de Revel †. Methinks my opinion is perfectly ſettled with regard to the Marquis's merit, his application and emulation are his vouchers——never was there ſuch a happy dawning——*God preſerve him, God preſerve him.*

I ſhould be tranſported to have a picture of Paulina, bring one with you, I aſſure you it will pleaſe me; I have a pretty good idea of her, I give her a little of the Count des Chapelles, a little of the handſome part of Grignan, which together make a very pretty figure, with a noble air, ſenſe, and wit, which ſits well upon her, and this little beauty I careſs and embrace moſt heartily. Preſerve yourſelf, my dear Counteſs, for yourſelf, your family, your ſon, your mother. I do not forbid your eating melons, ſince you have ſuch good wine to mellow them; M. de Chaulnes forbade them me on your account, and I

* Courage is like birth; thoſe who are conſtantly boaſting of the one or the other, are naturally ſuſpected of impoſition. Thoſe on the contrary, in whom valour or nobility is not equivocal, not only loſe nothing by their ſilence, but they gain by leaving to others the aſſiduity of doing honour to truth.

† Charles-Amadeus Broglio, Count of Revel, lieutenant-general of the King's armies, afterwards Knight of the orders. He was brother to Victor-Maurice Count of Broglio, Marſhal of France, and uncle to Francis Marſhal Duke de Broglio.

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ſubmitted becauſe they were not good; but he was obliged to let me perſpire; I returned at night to Aurai after a gentle walk, juſt as if I had come from playing a game at long tennis; I undreſt, and was rubbed dry, and came to ſupper quite freſh; I laughed at myſelf the firſt, that others might not laugh at me; and with this, I am quite in health. It was very hot, and I have always been ſubject to perſpiration; and I think it were better not to change one's conſtitution; I do not think this ſhould be ſtiled an *effervescence*; methinks my pot did not boil a bit fiercer, and there was no occaſion to ſcum it oftener than uſual. I think I told you that M. de Châulnes ſpoke to us ſeveral times very kindly about the deputation, ſaying it was his buſineſs, and I expect ſoon ſome news about it. My ſon is gone upon a viſit of pleaſure four leagues from Rennes. He the other day read that part of your letter, where you ſay, you would have me with you, "Yes, doubtleſs, I will, I have as much right to you as THE OTHERS. Adieu to THE OTHERS." This appeared to him ſo pleaſant, that he laughed moſt heartily. How dry THE OTHERS appear; and then immediately ADIEU TO THE OTHERS.

I moſt ardently wiſh that M. de Grignan may have got over his diſorder. I perceive your uneaſineſs, which is not trifling, and it is miraculous that your health can ſuſtain it. The marriage between Mademoiſelle le Camus, and Madame de Maiſon's ſon, appears to me a very proper match: M. d'Arles will be preſent at theſe nuptials upon his return from taking the waters.

LETTER DCCXIX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Aug. 28, 1689.

I have not received your letter, and I ſhall anſwer two at once to-morrow; I know not what to do from this interruption; it is a very melancholy thing to happen, when I waited with ſo much impatience to

know about M. de Grignan's illneſs, which I hope will be attended with no dangerous conſequences, yet I cannot help being very uneaſy about it: the time appears very long from Friday at noon, to Monday the ſame hour: I have juſt received a letter from the Marquis, that wing or foot of you, which gives me pleaſure. This pretty little Captain tells me, it is very long, he remembers, ſince he wrote to me, and he gives me his reaſons for not writing ſo often as he would: he mentions M. de Boufflers's * friendſhip for him, and imputes it to me, he acquaints me with the news of his camp, their hopes of finiſhing the campaign by joining ſome army, a thouſand kindneſſes to his uncle and aunt; there is an air of maturity in his ſtyle, every where blended with ſo much good ſenſe, that, I ſay more than ever, like ſteel and flint, his genius only wants to be ſtruck to produce every deſirable ſpark. His military diſpoſition in ſo juvenile a ſtate has been already ſufficiently evinced; would it ever have been thought that ſo irkſome a trade ſhould ſuit his taſte? He has diſplayed application, vigilance, emulation, effrontery, in a word, every thing; it ſhould ſeem to be his deſtined vocation; he is a charming pretty little fellow, *God preſerve him*, for I can never conclude otherwiſe. But, my dear daughter, God has not preſerved this Pope, who was ſo eſſential to you, and afforded you ſo much ſatisfaction: this country, the good fruits of which you had juſt begun to taſte, is going to diſappear In this I conſider nothing but your intereſt; for I ſet aſide Europe and politics, and I thought if the holy fathers days had been prolonged as much as thoſe of M. d'Arles, it would have been a great bleſſing: but we are not maſters, this we feel every inſtant, we muſt bow to the omnipotent hand. M. de Chaulnes arrived on Sunday the 21 at Verſailles, where I learn, he met with a very gracious reception from every body, the King having ſet the example. I know not

* Lewis-Francis, Marquis, ſince Duke de Boufflers, Peer and Marſhal of France.

whether

whether he has had time to enter upon the affairs of Britanny and the deputation; it was his deſign, and it is his buſineſs, ſince if my ſon is appointed it will be ſeen that he is the maſter; if not, the contrary will be as plain, and this cannot be a matter of indifference to him: he has always ſpoke to us quite friendly in this manner, he does not with us ſhew either the Governor or the Ambaſſador. We expect news of this deputation, however, with leſs impatience than that of M. de Grignan's health. Madame de Chaulnes muſt have arrived yeſterday at Paris; and it muſt have been preciſely to-day, or yeſterday (Saturday) that M. de Chaulnes muſt have ſet out, this is keeping time very nicely. The King has given this Duke 50,000 livres to defray the expences of his journey, this is very decent, we did not expect ſo much. Coulanges accompanies him to Rome, he has wrote me a long parting letter, in which he talks a good deal about you. This journey muſt be agreeable in a fine ſeaſon. The good Pope died the twelfth, the King has received advice of it: the queſtion now depends upon waiting for the Ambaſſador and the Cardinals. This ſeems to me the epocha, which will terminate the Cardinal de Bouillon's misfortunes; but the Cardinal de Camus does not go; whence, daughter, ariſes this? I am ſorry on account of his brothers, whom we love, and who love us. M. de Lavardin holds the States, he would not be diſpleaſed to give us this deputation, I know not what Marſhal d'Eſtrées does during the meeting of the States, this is the fineſt part of his command. Adieu, my moſt amiable girl, I do not pretend to tell you any news, but I talk about what occurs. M. de la Garde is ſo well inſtructed by the Marchioneſs d'Huxelles*, that you know more than thoſe at Paris. The Marquis d'Huxelles fills a great poſt at Mentz †. We expect intelligence here of our fleet, it has been a long time at ſea.

* Mary de Bailleul, Marchioneſs d'Huxelles, was mother to Nicholas du Blé, Marquis and afterwards Marſhal d'Huxelles.

† The city of Mentz was beſieged by Prince Charles of Lorrain. It was inveſted the thirtieth of May, and the trenches opened

I know not how I ſtand at Grignan; I would not play at blind-man's-buff, I know not who I have to do with. Has M. de Carcaſſonne taken the Chevalier to Balaruc? Is M. de la Garde at home? you will pay my compliments to them all, as you ſee occaſion. I ſurely embrace M. de Grignan conſtantly, and wiſh him a perfect ſtate of health. I do not tell you, daughter, all I wiſh you, I ſhould be bewildered in theſe different wiſhes; I am not leſs terrified than yourſelf at our long ſeparation; in fine, it is God's will, and our buſineſs requires it. My ſon, his wife, this agreeable houſe, company ſometimes, books, converſation, walks, and Lent at Rennes; all this will come to paſs, and at the ſame time a part of our life; this is diſagreeable to thoſe who have lived a long time, but we muſt have fortitude, and make a merit of the impoſſibility of doing better.

LETTER DCCXX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Aug. 31, 1689.

YOUR caſtle, methinks, has the fineſt air in the world; thoſe two tables ſerved at once in an inſtant, gives me a high opinion of Flame *, he is at leaſt another Honoré †. Such abilities greatly ſolace the mind of the miſtreſs of a houſe, but ſuch magnificence is very deſtructive; a fine and good air in ſuch a houſe as your's, muſt make a capital article of expence. I have juſt ſeen it diſplayed in the ſtroke of a wand, which makes every thing neceſſary riſe out of the earth, to *Honoré*'s great triumph: I am acquainted with the beauty, and even the neceſſity, of ſuch *manœuvres*, but I likewiſe ſee the conſequences, and

opened the twenty-ſecond of June. The Marquis d'Huxelles commanded in this place, where after making a vigorous defence, he was obliged to capitulate the 8th of September following, for want of powder and muſkets.

* M. de Grignan's ſteward.

† M. de Chaulnes's ſteward.

you

you alſo. You make me call to mind the poor Abbé de Pontcarré, in ſpeaking of Champigni; I think they were related, except in eating; for the Trojan and the prieſt now no more, and our Pontcarré, ſeemed to think of nothing but gluttony. I formerly ſaid of the late M. de Rennes *, that he greaſed the leaves of his breviary with ſlices of ham; your Valence † would not deſpiſe this kind of ſignet; and indeed his face was a perfect luminary of the church, and as ſoon as twelve ſtruck, *Monſeigneur* laid aſide all buſineſs. M. de Grignan was pleaſed to ſee, in his caſtle, his old friend Canaples, who is going to the waters of Vals, becauſe he is at Paris; and M. d'Arles is going to Forges, becauſe he is in the neighbourhood of Vals, ſo true it is, even to theſe very fountains, *that no one is a prophet in his own country*; I tell this to M. d'Arles. I am fond of what you ſaid upon firſt ſeeing Larrei, *is it you?* and his ready anſwer, *No, Madame, it is not me*, is ſuch a ſpecimen of vivacity as ſhews him to be his father's own ſon, for he had a great ſhare of wit ſomewhat groſs, but was lively and pleaſant. But to return to theſe good Chaulnes's, I related to you the ſequel of the courier's arrival at Hennebon, and that the King was not willing that the affair ſhould as yet be made public, and yet every one at Vannes was complimenting the Duke and Ducheſs upon it. We made the Duke relate in his coach all the particulars of his former journies to Rome; this would have diverted you. No one is more endued with the ſpirit of negociation; the *mezzo termine*, he is never in want of. I deſired him to make minutes of all that paſſed, and told him, how proper it was to appoint him for that embaſſy. We returned to Rennes the fifteenth, and he ſet out the eighteenth in a chaiſe, and arrived on Sunday the twenty-firſt at Verſailles; the King ſent for him whilſt he was covered with duſt, and conferred with him for

* Charles-Francis de la Vieuville, Biſhop of Rennes, died the 29th of January, 1676.

† William Bochard de Champigni, nominated Biſhop of Valence in 1687, and conſecrated in November 1693.

half an hour in his cloſet. Heaven knows how all the courtiers embraced him, and even M. de Reims; a man that is going to Rome, cannot be any longer indifferent to him. He ſet out on Saturday the twenty-ſeventh, and will take the courſe of the Rhone, ſo you may ſee him with a good ſpying-glaſs. The Cardinals are to join him at Lyons, there are twenty-eight gallies at Toulon, which are to carry them to Leghorn. Coulanges makes the journey. You have done very right to write to theſe good governors, I am charmed to think you made much of them, and I thank you; thus it is I repay all their friendſhip. They wanted to have me with them at all events; Madame de Chaulnes intreated me in ſuch a manner as greatly confuſed me; but Chaulnes is not like the Rocks, where I regulate many affairs; beſides, ſhe will not remain there long, ſhe muſt neceſſarily enjoy the pleaſure of a moſt gracious reception at Verſailles. The King and his miniſters view with an eye of ſatisfaction the wife of a man who is negociating the moſt important buſineſs that can poſſibly come upon the tapis, who is no longer young, and yet flies to execute his commiſſion as he did twenty three * years before. A woman makes a good figure upon ſuch occaſions as theſe at Verſailles: M. de Chaulnes deſired her very ſtrenuouſly not to abſent herſelf. This good Ducheſs reached Paris in ſix days; ſhe and her horſes had like to have periſhed by the heat; I find it ſo intenſe only in this part of the world; your north wind qualifies the dog-days. Madame de Chaulnes arrived two days before her huſband's departure; ſhe writes to me extremely friendly; ſhe will inform me what M. de Chaulnes has done about the deputation: I am perſuaded that they are both more anxious about it than I am; it is their buſineſs, which they are ſenſible of. I will tell you one of theſe days of a piece of friendſhip of this Ducheſs, which will pleaſe you. You are a *Genius* that is too good, and too amiable to have wrote to

* There was an interval of twenty-three years between M. de Chaulnes's ſecond embaſſy to Rome and this third.

M. de

M. de Chaulnes about the deputation. Your brother returns you a thouſand thanks, and embraces you as often. This is ſaying a good deal upon the ſame ſubject, I ſincerely aſk your pardon; the reaſon is, that in retirement things of this kind make an impreſſion. We had, nevertheleſs, a viſit on Monday from M. de la Faluire, his wife, daughter, and ſon; they ſupped and lay here, and were pleaſed with our alleys. I know not what to tell you about our fleet; we have heard nothing concerning it, ſince the ſuccour we ſent it, and this armament has been at ſea. A man of wit ſaid the other day at Rennes, that he had never ſeen or heard of a complete victory at ſea, ſince the battle of Actium; and that all battles conſiſt only of ſome broad-ſides, the maiming of ſhips which are thought to be ſunk, and which appear again in a few weeks; this ſeemed to be very true. But what ſay you to the command in Britanny, which ſhould content Marſhal d'Eſtrées, notwithſtanding he is deprived of that part relative to the holding the States, which is reſerved for M. de Lavardin? This ſanction was neceſſary to the latter and every one ſhould have his turn. You do not think that M. de Lavardin will be againſt us, if we obtain the deputation. I underſtand that the Marſhal's lady gives herſelf very little trouble about theſe trifles, provided ſhe can be at Marli or Trianon. Adieu, then, my moſt amiable girl, I am perſuaded that you will entertain our good Duke very elegantly upon his return from Rome. I lament the loſs of the Pope, I lament that of Avignon. *God gave it, and God has taken it away.* Remember me in the moſt friendly manner to thoſe about you; I imagine two of the Grignans are at Balaruc. Good heaven, what a tranſlation of Madame de Noailles to Perpignan! how can ſhe be abſent from Verſailles without being pregnant?

LETTER DCCXXI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, September 4, 1689.

IT is true that I put on a mysterious air, M. de Chaulnes intrusted us with his secret as a secret; M. de Croissi informed us that he was not yet to mention it; so that I was faithful to my trust even in Provence. I dropt some words however, methinks, which should have made you understand I would tell you more about it the first opportunity. I also told you how we found our mystery quite discovered and circulated at Vannes, and how comic this appeared to us. I acquainted you with M. de Chaulnes's joy; I told you that his wife, who shut her eyes to all the brilliant side of the question, only opened them to the dangers and perils of so long a journey; we exerted ourselves to divert her from this melancholy prospect, and to make her fix her attention upon the beauty and distinction of the choice so properly conferred by the King, and which would create so much jealousy at Versailles. In a word, Revel and I exhausted our rhetoric, and M. de Chaulnes supported us; those who say he hesitated do but little know him, he is a man who cannot do things with a bad grace, or bargain with his master. This is really the answer he made him, I think I can tax my memory with it: "Sire, your Majesty commands, and I obey. I shall set out immediately to wait upon you, and receive your commands, &c." Such are the objections he made. He set out with great joy, as I have told you, and left all Britanny in great affliction. Madame de Chaulnes departed on the morrow, and arrived in six days at Paris, she has written to me twice, and informs me that if she had not been thus diligent, she would not have seen M. de Chaulnes; that she was only with him an hour, and that she will send me news about our business. I have done extremely right, my dear child, not to go with her for two reasons; the first is, that she will be very little at Chaulnes; and when there, that

that retreat would not be ſo natural to me as this is, where I have my ſon's company, and where I have two large eſtates that may oblige me to remain ſome time in this province; when you reflect a little, I believe you will find that I am in the right, and that if I had returned, I ſhould have fruſtrated the intent of my journey into Britanny, by ſhortening it. As to my ſon and his wife, they are charmed with my remaining here till Lent. I then propoſe to go, through complaiſance to them, to Rennes, and becauſe the time of Lent is more melancholy in the country than winter; but as things may change, we muſt not have ſo much foreſight. What is certain is, that the air is very good, and you wrong it to think it otherwiſe. It has been the fineſt weather in the world for theſe two months paſt, hot in the dog-days, a charming month of September, none of your violent north-winds, which make Canaples and your caſtle tremble. I, nevertheleſs, hope to tremble there as well as the reſt. I know not how our deputation ſtands; my ſon ſays that his ill-luck has killed the Pope, to deprive us of M. de Chaulnes; and though the Duke, upon his retiring from the King's cloſet, ſaid to M. de Lavardin, who was coming to hold the States, "Sir, I beg that M. de Sévigné may have the deputation;" the ſame ill-luck prevails, for M. de Lavardin is not to hold them, but Marſhal d'Eſtrées. M. de Lavardin was charmed with having this commiſſion, and an opportunity of obliging my ſon; it is very probable that M. de Chaulnes had appriſed the King of it, as he ſpoke ſo freely to M. de Lavardin. But the Marſhal wrote to his Majeſty to complain that he was deprived of the principal function of his command, which was even ſpecified in his commiſſion. The King told M. de Croiſſi, that his deſign was not to have included in it the States; M. de Croiſſi acknowledged that he had not made any diſtinction: the King ſeemed angry, but finding the Marſhal was not in the wrong, ſaid that he muſt then be acquainted that he ſhould hold them, and M. Lavardin be told that he could not; the latter, like a good courtier,

ſubmitted with reſpect to his maſter's will. This is what Madame de Lavardin informed me, accompanied with a thouſand friendly expreſſions and regrets, that her ſon had it not in his power to ſerve mine. However, Madame de la Fayette has ſent me a letter for Marſhal d'Eſtrées, in which ſhe intreats, him with all the force of argument, to give this deputation to my ſon, of whom ſhe ſays abundance of kind things; ſhe adds that her friendſhip for me makes her take as ſenſible an intereſt in this affair as if ſhe pleaded for her own ſon. I have accompanied this letter with another, and Sévigné alſo: we ſhall ſee what all theſe engines will produce. Madame de la Fayette tells me that Madame de Chaulnes is far from being a-ſleep upon this occaſion; ſo that I imagine if M. de Chaulnes has obtained the King's approbation of his choice in favour of my ſon, this good Ducheſs will prevail upon M. de Croiſſi to write to Marſhal d'Eſtrées, and it will be finiſhed. Here is a long harangue, your friendſhip expoſes you to ſuch terrible details; I have not had time to ſhorten it, as a great genius * ſays; but as you are willing to know every thing, ſuch is the ſtate of things, and we are more reſigned to Providence in theſe matters, than you can poſſibly imagine. This is not the caſe with regard to your loſs of Avignon and your fine county: what an abode! how ſweet to paſs the winter there! what a bleſſing was this income, which you ſo properly applied! what a loſs! what a miſreckoning! I am ſorely grieved at it; my *Genius* often complains to the good Duke of Chaulnes, in proportion as he accommodates matters, and thereby deprives you of Avignon. Nothing is ſo pleaſing as this ſudden change of climate, which makes him leap from Aurai to within two leagues of Grignan; for he is upon your Rhone, and from thence he goes to Rome, and he certainly will not return from that city, without viſiting you; nothing leſs can conſole him for the interruption of his intercourſe with that amiable *Genius*: nothing more clear-

* The inimitable author of *Triſling Epiſtles*.

ly proves that people muſt meet; it is your turn now to tell me ſome news of M. de Chaulnes. I muſt ſay a word or two about my dear Paulina; was I not in the right to foretel that the deſire of pleaſing you, would make her amiable? She ſhould not be led roughly, and you find how gentleneſs operates upon her mind; it gives me a very ſenſible joy, as well upon her account as your's, who muſt love this little girl, and who will be a moſt agreeable companion for you. Adieu, my dear child, I love you for many reaſons, but particularly becauſe you love me, this is a very urgent cauſe, and will not looſe its prey.

LETTER DCCXXII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Sept. 7, 1689.

MADAME de la Fayette has wrote again to Marſhal d'Eſtrées, to deſire him not to engage himſelf, telling him theſe are not mere words of courſe; that ſhe is more ſolicitous of obtaining for us what ſhe requeſts of him, than if it were for her own ſon; and that every meaſure was taken at court to crown the buſineſs in queſtion with ſucceſs: ſhe acts according to Madame de Chaulnes's advice this ſecond time. Nothing can equal this good Ducheſs's friendſhip for me, nor the pains ſhe has taken to give me pleaſure; ſhe is a real and vigilant friend. Madame de la Fayette is touched at her behaviour, and unites moſt cordially her forces; ſo that I can do nothing but thank theſe three people. I will acquaint you with the ſequel.

I am perſuaded that you have had, at leaſt, one letter from M. de Chaulnes, he flies as ſwift as a bird. His wife had no more trouble than yourſelf in preparing his equipage. His Majeſty gave him 50,000 livres for this purpoſe: I wiſh with all my heart you had as much to conſole you for the death of the Pope. Our fleet is returned quite peaceably to Belleiſle, and M. de Seignelai has flown back to Verſailles, for he

is a bird too, but ſmaller than the Duke de Chaulnes. You find that our wag was in the right, in ſaying there were no ſea-fights ſince the battle of Actium. The Marſhal d'Humieres ſhould not have endeavoured to take Valcourt at the firſt onſet *; if theſe gentlemen are not ſucceſsful, the world is very apt to condemn their conduct. It is ſaid the Marſhal's lady gives out that the loſs of her friends upon this occaſion, prevents her enjoying *his victory*. M. de Boufflers has done a brilliant action †; I believe our Marquis was concerned, and he is very well after it, ſo that we have nothing to do but thank the Lord. What an emotion I feel, when I hear M. de Boufflers name mentioned! M. de Revel is here with two pretty ladies from Rennes, one of whom it is ſaid he is in love with: this woman underſtands raillery, I do not believe ſhe is in earneſt with our paſſing hero: they are, however, joyous, and will ſtay three or four days with us. I do not love ſmuggling; but if I had a mind, I believe I could be uſeful in the converſation. The poor Marchioneſs de Marbeuf is quite overcome with a violent cold; as to me, my health is ſo good, that I am ſometimes aſtoniſhed at it; I have none of the little achs or pains that are ſo common; methinks I am in this reſpect too lucky, and I receive it at the hand of Providence in the ſame manner as I ſhould the contrary, were it decreed. And are you, my child, no longer troubled with thoſe dejections of ſpirits, head-achs, and pains in your legs? is that handſome pretty machine of your's in perfect order? Madame de Coulanges informs me ſhe has reſtored her health by means of bathing; ſhe is going back to Brevanes with ſuch a taſte for ſolitude, which even ſhe herſelf does not comprehend; ſhe complains that you have been the firſt to break off a correſpondence that gave her ſo much pleaſure; nothing can afford her any conſolation in this reſpect, but the hope of your renewing

* Marſhal d'Humieres wanting to force the poſt of Valcourt, Auguſt 27, loſt many men, and was obliged to retire.

† The Marquis de Boufflers attacked Kocheim upon the Moſelle, Auguſt 26, and carried it by aſſault.

it, when you are together, for ſhe has, with grief, obſerved that your return will abſolutely deſtroy this correſpondence, which always afflicted her; in a word, ſhe is all politeneſs

A great event has occurred. The Count de Revel ſet out this morning at day break, he remained only one day here. The ladies are aſtoniſhed, and will now find the time heavy on their hands. He gave my ſon ſerious reaſons for his precipitancy; he ſaid he was not willing to mortify a certain lady; this made us laugh; women are generally very pleaſant, and M. de Rochefoucault is in the ſecret.

Adieu, my moſt dear and amiable girl, it is imagined our Parliament will return to Rennes, and doubtleſs that of Gayenne to Bourdeaux; traffic and barter are always uppermoſt; money does every thing. I muſt embrace Paulina, and cannot help rejoicing that ſhe is worthy of your friendſhip.

LETTER DCCXXIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Sept. 11, 1689.

IF I had been with you the day you wrote to me, or my *Genius* had been at Grignan as *your's* was at Aurai, I would have ſaid to you, "Daughter, you are jeſting to think of ſeeing M. de Chaulnes to-day or to-morrow; he is ſtill at Paris, and will not ſet out till the twenty-eighth, ſo that he cannot be with you till the third of September: but my *Genius* does not travel like *your's*, and our good Duke, who knew how to converſe with and anſwer it, would not take the ſame care of mine. I own, I ſhould have been charmed to think of your ſeeing him, and it would have been pleaſant to have received in his preſence letters wrote by me from Britanny when with him in his own houſe, and where I ſpeak about him; for my letters have for a long time dwelt upon him. In fine, my dear, we ſhall ſee what will become of this paſſage ſo near you: I cannot help thinking there will be

be at leaſt ſome little *Coulanges*, a letter, or a compliment; in a word, ſome remembrance. The good Ducheſs always ſays; "As to the beautiful Counteſs, M. de Chaulnes loves her dearly, he eſteems her, and is quite at eaſe when he is with her." We ſhall ſee what this will produce: I wiſh with all my heart, that the care he took about my ſon, in deſiring M. de Lavardin to give him the deputation, may be approved by his Majeſty; for as to Marſhal d'Eſtrées he certainly will not refuſe Madame de la Fayette. Do you not admire that this ſudden and ſurprizing change, ſhould ſo exactly put us out of our way? We cannot yet comprehend that the Duke would have ſpoken in the manner he did to M. de Lavardin, without having ſaid a word to the King; but this is ſtill a myſtery. We have wrote to Madame de la Fayette, that we think it would be very natural for M. de Lavardin to inform his Majeſty of what M. de Chaulnes ſaid to him, when he thought M. de Lavardin was to hold the States; and that M. de Revel has approved of this thought, and that we ſend it her for improvement. I am perſuaded that Madame de Chaulnes will do all in her power; ſo that I ſleep, and leave all this to be unravelled you know where. I am far more uneaſy with reſpect to our poor Marquis; the army is everywhere ſo much in motion, that we may believe that the flying camp of Boufflers will not remain inactive. They have performed a very brilliant action, whilſt Marſhal d'Humieres let himſelf be beat at Valcourt. This young rogue * entered ſword in hand, forced the caſtle, and killed or carried off eleven or twelve hundred men! Imagine to yourſelf this child become a man, nay a ſoldier, a fire-brand; there would be no ſuſtaining theſe reflections, if we did not at the ſame time conſider, that God will preſerve him; and that whom he guards is well guarded. Indeed, you are in the right to ſay, I am not indifferent about this child, or your buſineſs; I do not only intereſt myſelf or take my ſhare, but I am over head and ears in it; and

* The Marquis of Grignan.

how

how can it be otherwiſe? This is what occupies me and ſets me in motion, it makes me ſenſible that I am ſtill too much alive.

Corbinelli has been quite kneaded in myſtery upwards of a twelvemonth; I am in the ſecret; all the outworks of the place are ſo inveſted, that he can ſuffer no other reading. He has got a Malaval * that charms him; he has found out that my grandmother, and that the love of God of our *grandfather* St. Francis of Sales, were as ſpiritual as St. Thereſa. He has extracted from all the books five hundred maxims perfectly beautiful; he every day viſits Madame le Maigre, who is a very pretty woman, nothing is ſpoken of but God, Chriſtian morality, the Evangeliſt of the day; theſe are called holy converſations, they charm him, and he ſhines in them; he is inſenſible to every thing elſe. He nevertheleſs anſwers M. de Soiſſons † a little in behalf of M. Deſcartes: he ſhews all he does to Madame de Coulanges, who is very well pleaſed at it: ſeveral Carteſians deſire him to continue, but you know he will not, for he burns every thing that he ſcribbles; always full of others and deſtitute of himſelf, his ſelf-love is their pride's intimate friend, and he does not offend them; I am not ſurprized that the Lieutenant-Civil is not diſpleaſed with him. I know not whether he had the bringing about that marriage ||, but it is broke off; her mother is inconſolable, her father does not care about it, he ſays, and the daughter ſhews great indifference in ſo critical a ſituation. Corbinelli does not write to me, he has no time; I know not what I would not give to

* Francis Malaval author of ſeveral works added to the *Index* at Rome, as ſuſpected of being too ſpiritually refined. Malaval's article is very curious in Moreri's hiſtorical Dictionary. Who would believe that a man who was blind from nine months old, ſhould attain ſo much erudition, and knowledge as is aſcribed to him?

† Peter-Daniel Huet, Biſhop of Soiſſons, and afterwards of Avranches, wrote againſt Deſcartes's Philoſophy.

|| The marriage of Madame le Camus with M. de Soiſſons, which did not take place. She married in 1690, M. de Nicolas firſt Preſident of the Chamber of Accounts at Paris.

ſee the body of the place as well taken, as the outworks, and ſee how real devotion would operate upon ſo lively and extenſive an underſtanding; if I were worthy of aſking ſuch a favour of God, I would do it with all my heart.

You talk to me about M. de Beauvillier, and M. de Fenelon, and of the propriety of theſe choices; as I have already told you, they are divine. I thereupon pay my moſt ſincere compliments to the Chevalier; M. de Beauvillier is very worthy of being his friend.

I acquainted you with the negociations that were carrying on for the return of the parliament. My ſon is gone to make a tour to Rennes, to viſit M. de Pommereuil's ſon, who is arrived at Alençon, of which place he is Intendant; he has got his handſome wife with him, ſhe would ſet all Rennes in a blaze, were ſhe to remain here four days. Our ladies are ſtill here three days after the faithleſs and perfidious departure of M. de Revel; this was really a ſubject that afforded no pleaſure, though they pretend to be quite eaſy about it. The weather to-day is moſt dreadful, it ſhould ſeem that winter were already diſpoſed to take place. I have ſome thoughts of drying myſelf by your fine ſun at Avignon. Ah! my God, let us not talk of this; it is the Duke that will deprive you of this beautiful county, he deſerves being well ſcolded; I dare not think of the revenue you derived from it, nor what you will do without this reſource. Preſerve yourſelf, my dear child, let me hope to ſee you again in good health; mine continues always very well; my daughter-in-law deſires to be remembered to you in the kindeſt manner; we were alone, we took courage, and we are very well able to bear my ſon's abſence.

LETTER DCCXXIV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Sept. 14, 1689.

I Am always unhappy, when any of your letters do not come directly to hand; this makes me loſe the thread of a converſation that was perfectly connected, and

and which gives me joy and pleaſure. When one belongs to a ſociety, as I do to that of Grignan, one ſhares its intereſt, and it commands one's attention; and therefore the miſcarriage of a letter is no trifling matter; but what is to be done in this caſe? arm ourſelves with patience, and endure theſe leſſer evils that are united to greater; endeavour, if it pleaſes God, to ſee one another again, and not take ſuch violent ſteps as little Rochebonne *; *we muſt leave one another, and never love one another again*: this is a little violent chap, who cannot bear any thing. As to me, I ſhall ſay, *we ſhould always love one another, though we ſhould be obliged to part.* I am fond of the idea you have given me of that pretty child. But let us ſpeak of our good Duke of Chaulnes, he has then called at Grignan; your caſtle has ſuch a fine air, your chapter is ſo noble, your terraces ſo proud and ſo ſuperior to all others in the world, that the Duke will eaſily comprehend that Boreas is not always in a humour to ſuffer ſuch elevated ſtructures, which ſeem to brave and defy him. You muſt inform me what paſſed at this viſit; I am convinced that you muſt have had Coulanges and the diſguiſed Capuchin †. I wiſh the latter could cure the gripes. How, my daughter, is this? M. de Grignan, who never was afflicted with this complaint, to be thus diſordered with it! but we have no choice, and muſt ſubmit. God has not yet pointed out to me the path of my decay, I wait for it with a reſignation that will make me endure it patiently; for the one ſeldom comes without the other. I am perſuaded you have received the Duke in the moſt courteous and friendly manner, notwithſtanding the ill office he is going to do you. I do not think that he amuſed himſelf with anſwering *my Genius*, in the manner he conferred with your's in Lower Britan-

* M. de Chateauneuf de Rochebonne, nephew to M. de Grignan, killed September 11, 1709, at the battle of Malplaquet.

† The phyſician M. de Chalnes took with him, and one of the two Capuchins of the Louvre, whom Madame de Sévigné hath often mentioned in her letters.

ny;

ny; he muſt have had too much joy and buſineſs in converſing with you perſonally; this, in my opinion, is the moſt deſirable part of his embaſſy. You muſt have mentioned your poor mamma, and he muſt have explained to you what he has done for our deputation; what muſt aſtoniſh you is, that we know nothing about the matter; after having learnt what he ſaid to M. de Lavardin to deſire him to give the deputation to M. de Sévigné, ſuch a ſilence has taken place, as I do not comprehend. But as it is this Duke's buſineſs to name the deputy, I have no reaſon yet to doubt of his good-will, and ſtill leſs of the friendly zeal of Madame de Chaulnes; nay, indeed, I have reaſon to be convinced of it. The Parliament is ſent back to Rennes *; this gives incredible joy; this city furniſhes the King with 50,000 livres. M. de Coetlogon † has been canvaſſing in this affair, and I am perſuaded that it is him who has thrown the ſtumbling-blocks in our way through M. de Cavoie: I have nothing to ſay, and therefore ſay nothing, unleſs it be that we are not lucky, by the death of a Pope, at a ſtated period; Marſhal d'Eſtrées complains, which hindered M. de Lavardin from holding the States, as he otherwiſe would have done; the return of the Parliament at this juncture, and a preſent of 50,000 livres; this ſucceſſion and concatenation of unforeſeen events, have juſt produced what you judge as well as myſelf. But, my dear child, do not be more mortified than we are, we have ſtill ſome fortitude remaining, theſe things ſhould not find acceſs to the ſenſible parts of the heart. Marſhal d'Eſtrées tells me he refers me to Madame de la Fayette, with regard to his ſentiments; we ſhall at length know the ſequel, and the curious unravelling of all this intrigue. My ſon conſoles himſelf with the reſolution he has taken of not raiſing the *arriere-ban*, which has been given him, to indemnify

* The Parliament of Rennes had been moved to Vannes in 1675, on account of a ſedition that happened that year at Rennes.

† René-Hyacinth, Marquis de Coelogon, was governor of Rennes, and brother-in-law to Lewis d'Oger, Marquis de Cavoie, Grand Marſhal of the King's houſhold.

him

him for the expence he made at the head of the Nobility. I have already gone too far, I admire the ſwiftneſs of my pen, and which exceeds the preſcribed limits. According to the idea I have of Paulina's perſon and ſenſe, I think ſhe muſt be very ſtriking and agreeable, and a thouſand times more ſo than thoſe beauties who have not theſe attr ctions. I alſo imagine that the Duke conſider'd her as ſhe is, and you, my child, as you are; I am not uneaſy about your beauty, ſo long as you preſerve your health. I informed Madame de la Fayette that her ſon ſhould ſhudder at the thoughts of marrying Madame de Marillac, whom our Marquis is enamoured with: this marriage is much approved, they are a very good family, and the alliance is eſtimable, and all the Lamoignons have 200,000 livres and board for ever. Madame de la Fayette inſures all her eſtate, retaining only the uſe and profits; is not this enough? ſhe is very well ſatisfied; the marriage will not take place till the end of the campaign.

M. d'Arles has written to me an amorous letter, he is well pleaſed with Forges; he informs me that Madame de Vins has gained her ſuit, and I have wrote to him to congratulate her thereupon. My ſon deſires his kindeſt love to you, and he relates all that I told you; he ſaw at Rennes the beautiful daughter-in-law of M. de Pommereuil; ſhe ſtammers ſo much that ſhe cannot utter a ſentence diſtinctly; but we muſt ſay with Moliere, where is the fooliſh huſband who would not wiſh his wife to be dumb *? Really I neither ſtammer nor am dumb; this is a rage, but I muſt tell you once more, I am very ſorry your farmers begin to pay you as badly as ours; this is joined to the loſs of the county—— *but let us not talk of that*, any more than the ravages of time upon our poor perſons, and at length our lives. I ſhould end more joyouſly, but know not what to ſay, *dixi*.

* See Act II. Scene IV. of the Mock-Doctor.

LET-

LETTER DCCXXV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, September 18, 1689.

YOUR letter of the firſt of September is at length come to hand, after having travelled to Rennes; this journey my letters ſometimes take, by their being put into the wrong bag, and how is this to be redreſſed? but here it is, I ſhould have been very ſorry to have loſt it, it carries on a chain of converſation, which informs me of every thing that had eſcaped me. Give me ſpeedily an account of the good Duke de Chaulnes's viſit, of the magnificent and moſt friendly reception you gave him; your houſe had doubtleſs a great air, with good cheer, two tables covered, as at his in Britanny, elegantly ſerved, much company, without Boreas's interfering; he would have ſtunned you, there would have been no hearing each other, and beſides you had gueſts enough without him. Methinks that Flame knows perfectly well his buſineſs, without confuſion, and in great taſte: I picture to myſelf all this with ſo much pleaſure, as I cannot poſſibly make you ſenſible of. I wiſhed that you might be ſeen in all your glory, at leaſt your rural glory for that of Aix is ſtill greater; and that he ſhould find ſomething elſe to eat than our pullet, and bacon omelet. I am now ſenſible of what you are capable; you have laid by enough to do what you like at Paris; he has ſeen your *meagre* and other eating, the mutton-paſty, and the pigeon pye. Coulanges played his part alſo very well, his ſpirits are not yet lowered, I dread this change in him; for gaiety conſtitutes great part of his merit. I imagine his heart overflowed with joy, to meet with ſuch a handſome reception, in which he took an intereſt, and was tranſported with Paulina's perfections. You always accuſe her with not behaving well but before Dukes and Peers; I have, nevertheleſs, ſeen her very agreeable only with us; and you gave an account, five years ſince, of her very diverting behaviour at table. M. de Chaulnes

has

has wrote to me, here is his letter, you will find whether he is perfectly contented with you all, and the manner in which you do the honours of your caſtle. He made you laugh with the *Genius*, *mine* did not appear at Grignan, more agreeable entertainment is there to be found; you knew pretty nearly what he had a mind to ſay, and you have done much honour to my memory; you have mentioned me ſeveral times, and you drank my health Coulanges clambered upon his chair, this I think is a dangerous expedient for a little man as round as a bowl, and very unhandy; I am very glad he trembled in ſolemnizing my health; and am very anxious for one of his letters. The dinner, which you ordered to riſe at la Flame's wand, *Noah's ark*, which you paint very agreeably, muſt have been both elegant and enchanting. The muſic was quite new; it might have made me recall to mind the menagerie at Verſailles In fine, you are very generous, as you ſay to give ſo genteel a reception to an Ambaſſador, who is going to do you ſo much harm; I am convinced that he is very ſorry for it. Madame de Chaulnes informs me that it is thought many difficulties will be ſtarted in the Conclave, and afterwards upon that cruel affair the *franchiſes*; and I ſay ſo much the better,

Rome ſera, du moins, un peu plus tard rendue.

Rome will, at leaſt, ſurrender ſomewhat later.

That county, that charming Avignon, will remain with us, whilſt the *Holy Ghoſt* is chooſing a Pope, and the negotiations continue. You are very right, daughter, it is like the day you were at the ball at the Louvre, ſo brilliant with jewels, and you were to reſtore them on the morrow: but what you retained was better, and you were handſomer the next day; but your income will not be ſo, according to all appearances. I hereupon ſay, as you do, in your funeral orations, *let us not mention it*. Indeed, this did not appear at Grignan, when you received his Excellency; I know not how this is done, or how people can run without

without legs; it is a miracle, which I pray God may ever continue. The Ducheſs de Chaulnes ſent me the letter you wrote; no one can ſay all that is preciſely neceſſary ſo well as yourſelf, every thought ſeems placed in its proper nich, and could not be fixed any where elſe ſo well. In a word, what ſhall I ſay to you? I ſhare in all you have ſo perfectly executed; ſelf-love, friendſhip, and gratitude, are all ſatisfied. I imagine your brothers did not ſet out till they had aſſiſted you in doing the honours of your houſe. I ſhall ſay nothing to you about the deputation, every thing relative to it, has been too ſlow and too long in hand; we will talk of it another time.

Your dear ſon is very well, you know that he was every where ſword in hand, with M. Boufflers; this little rogue, my dear, *God preſerve him*, I ſhall never alter this prayer. Mentz has ſurrendered, this news has ſurprized us; they were ſo eaſy about this ſiege, that I always laughed at M. de Lorraine. It is ſaid that the Marquis d'Huxelles has retired with the eſteem of both friends and foes. I tremble leſt the Dean's brother ſhould be among the number of dead or wounded; all his brave brothers will not attain grey hairs; this he is convinced of, if we may judge by the haſty careleſs manner with which he liſtened to M. Prat; he is accuſtomed to ſuch news. I am in pain about poor Martillac, what can be done in a city taken by aſſault, without a leg *? what noiſe, what confuſion, what an infernal region! I am very uneaſy. I pity M. de la Trouſſe, we ſaid very right, in ſeeing him adjuſt his Truſs (Trouſſe); the worſt that can happen to him, is to enjoy the expence he makes us: this was both juſt and true. You want to know what ſort of a life we lead, my dear child; I will deſcribe it to you; we riſe at eight, go to maſs at nine, we walk or not, according to the weather, ſome-

* Madame de Sévigné was not ignorant that Mentz had capitulated, and that Prince Charles of Lorraine had given M. d'Huxelles a *carte blanche*; but ſhe meant to ſpeak of the attack of the covered way, which was very vigorous and bloody.

times

times different ways; we work after dinner, my daughter-in-law upon a hundred different things. I upon two pieces of tapestry, which Madame de Carman gave me at Chaulnes; at five we separate, and walk alone or in company, and we meet at every pretty spot, with a book, pray or think of my dear daughter; we build castles in the air, and are sometimes gay and sometimes melancholy. My son reads agreeable and good books, we have got some upon devotion, and some upon history, this amuses and employs us, we make our remarks upon what we read; my son is indefatigable, he would read five hours together, if we would let him. We receive letters and answer them, which takes up no small space of our life, at least mine We have had company, and we shall have more, though we do not wish for them; when they come we are very easy. My son has workmen who are cutting the trees of the great alleys, and laying sand in the parterre. In fine, my daughter, it is a strange thing, that in pursuing this insipid, and in some measure, melancholy life, the days should glide and fly from us, and God knows what flies from us at the same time; but no more of that, though I cannot help thinking of it. We sup at eight, Sévigné reads after supper, but then only books of amusement for fear of falling asleep; they retire at ten, but I seldom go to-bed till about twelve; such are nearly the rules of our convent; over the door is inscribed *holy liberty, or, do as you please.* I prefer this life far beyond that of Rennes, it will be sufficient to go and pass Lent there, for the nourishment of the soul and body.

Du Plessis has wrote to me, that his chimera has as yet only displayed the end of its nose, but is not yet come forth; but that he is married to a person quite perfect and agreeable to his taste, who has sense and beauty, of a good family, and who has secured him from all future want; this is what you make me question; he seems still, however, to listen to Madame de Vins. In fine, these are his words, *I love this woman better than the deceased*; this agrees with the grief he displayed at her loss, do you recollect?

LET-

LETTER DCCXXVI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Sept. 21, 1689.

I Do not only read your letters with pleaſure, but I read them again with an affection that engages me, and gives a reliſh to my ſolitary walks; theſe letters have more charms, and are better written than you imagine; you are not ſenſible of the turn and harmony there are in them. I muſt tell you my dear Counteſs, that M. de Chaulnes, after ſo many profeſſions of friendſhip, has forgot us a little at Paris. He received your letter at Verſailles, and it was very proper to awaken his attention; nevertheleſs, in eight days reſidence, and three conferences with the King, he did not find one moment to ſay a word in favour of my ſon, not even to M. de Croiſſi; he was contented with telling M. de Lavardin, who was to have had the States; "Sir, I intreat you to appoint M. de Sévigné deputy." And the next day, upon Marſhal d'Eſtrée's remonſtrances, an alteration took place; ſo that theſe words were nothing more than wind. Madame de Chaulnes is to ſpeak about it to M. de Croiſſi, but it will certainly be too late; they are people who do not ſleep, and you ſee our ſituation. If this buſineſs depended upon Marſhal d'Eſtrées, it would be very certain; Madame de la Fayette has wrote to him two letters with ſurprizing energy; he only requires that at this moment of the *interreggnum*, he might diſcover what would be agreeable, at court, and he himſelf points out the way to Madame de la Fayette, who on her part puſhes the Ducheſs, and places the Abbe Tetu between her and M. de Croiſſi; ſhe certainly does wonders, and we wait the effect of all her cares tolerably eaſy, conſidering the object, but hurt with the coolneſs and ſilence of the Duke, whoſe friendſhip for me and my ſon, whoſe views, advice, manner, all perſuaded us, and the whole province, that he conſidered us with peculiar diſtinction.

tion. This, between you and me, ſo greatly afflicts and ſurpriſes us, that by comparing all that has paſſed ſince their departure, with what paſſed before, we can no way account for this horrid difference, and we think it all a dream, but of the number of thoſe diſagreeable dreams that we are very glad to wake from, and diſcover the illuſion. We ſhall acquaint you with the ſequel; but be aſſured that we cannot be more ſatisfied with the Marſhal; he has even written to us, without opening himſelf to Madame de la Fayette, in the moſt obliging manner in the world. As to M. de Lavardin, it muſt be owned that the holding the States would have been a very pretty appointment for him; but this was taking the fineſt feather out of the Marſhal's cap: his Majeſty may eaſily compenſate this to M. de Lavardin when he pleaſes. What ſay you to Mentz? the Marquis d'Huxelles was in want of powder and muſkets; it ſeems to us likewiſe that the ſuccours were ſomewhat tardy; in fine, it was God's will, as it is that your ſon ſhould be in perfect health. This poor Marquis has wrote me a very pretty letter; he rallies with me, and calls my daughter-in-law his couſin, he ſays they have done nothing yet, but highly praiſes M. de Boufflers; in a word, no one can anſwer better the ſummonſes of courage and valour than he does, *God preſerve him* Coulanges appears to me tranſported with your magnificence, and good cheer, with your taſte, and with Paulina; you are wicked, you think it is forced by the virtue of exorciſm, but I believe him; but without being Dukes, you diſplay more ſplendor than is neceſſary to tranſport him; your company was perfectly good, and your court very decent, nothing could add to ſo good and grand a reception. This M. Rouſſeau is mad about Madame de la Riviere, whom he raiſes as a luminary to heaven, theſe are their reveries ordinary and extraordinary, to which they do ſo much honour that they have almoſt been confuſed with them; for they took for very ſerious truths, all that their imagination choſe to figure. As to me, I am not dreaming when I tell you that one of my letters is either loſt or miſcarried;

I did not wait from the ſeventeenth to the twenty-fourth to write to my dear girl; I wrote to you from hence, where I arrived with Madame de Chaulnes and M. de Revel; ſhe ſet out on Saturday the twentieth, at four in the morning, and I wrote to you the next day, Auguſt twenty-firſt, it is only to ſcold the poſt-man, that I am ſo exact; I do not, however, complain, as I receive your letters very regularly. You praiſe Revel for the ſame reaſon as I did, in ſaying that I had found him a man of veracity, and ſo little tinctured with vanity, that after having related the paſſages of the Rhine and Senef, and other circumſtances of his campaigns, I did not know whether he was praiſe-worthy or cenſurable. He told us that he at firſt fell into the Rhine, and was dragged out by his head of hair, that his horſe ſunk into a hole; in fine, he related all this in ſuch a manner, that one might have concluded he was drowned; nevertheleſs, it ſeems he aroſe very quickly, quite wet, upon another horſe, and went very prettily to charge the enemy, and diſengage the Prince, who had juſt been wounded *. I was, nevertheleſs, in great want of this arret of council from above, which the Chevalier ſends me, for it is really one to me. I am compelled to ſay, to complete Revel's praiſe, that he did not ſpeak in this careleſs manner of the battle of Altenheim †, and of the Chevalier's reputation.

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

I had, nevertheleſs, aſſured my mother that no one could be more eſteemed for valour and even probity than Revel; but this was only a trifling *ſentence*, from an inferior judge, in compariſon of the arret of council, which has juſt been delivered by the *glorious* knight. Since we are upon the chapter of Revel, I will give

* Count de Revel commanded the cuiraſſiers at the paſſage of the Rhine, June 12, 1672.

† The Chevalier Grignan had greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the battle of Altenheim, which happened Auguſt 2, 1675.

you

you a little anecdote, which will appear quite *fuor di propoſito*. I once ſaw Madame le R. * at Madame de Louvois's playing at Baſſette, when ſhe loſt conſiderably; at length, highly piqued at her ill luck, ſhe made a great *Alpion* †, ſaying, "if I loſe this alpion, I will ſay the moſt infamous thing of myſelf that can poſſibly be uttered." She loſt it, and to keep her word, ſhe told the company that ſhe had that very morning taken a clyſter through avarice, not being willing to be at an unneceſſary expence. This is the anecdote: now, my dear little ſiſter, for the application; I am piqued I have loſt the deputation, which I was made to expect, whether I would or not; and, in revenge, I am going to tell you an infamous thing of myſelf, worſe than Madame de la R's. It is this, notwithſtanding all my fine reflections, and that phyloſophy which ſolitude and retirement inſpire, I found myſelf ſo much nettled at M. de Chaulnes's neglect and indolence, at the diſguſt this creates in the province, and the joy with which it has inſpired M. de Chaulnes's enemies, and thoſe who hate me on his account, that it is the greateſt difficulty in the world I have as yet got the better of it. I have therefore carefully avoided every thing that could recall my thoughts to it, and as your letters were filled with the moſt friendly ſentiments towards me, and the intereſt you took in that trifling diſtinction, I would rather have ſuffered death than read them, they were poiſon to my mind. Can I, my dear little ſiſter, teſtify to you a greater ſhare of confidence than relating to you ſuch meanneſs of ſentiment, after ſix years reaſoning and poſſeſſing its fruit, good ſenſe? but tell me, at the ſame time, is there any thing to be compared to the warmth of friendſhip and ſincerity, teſtified by M. de Chaulnes for two years, to do us this ſervice, and the uncommon lethargy he diſplays at preſent, and the profound ſilence he obſerves, after ſo many ſolemn aſſeverations, that the only pleaſure he had in leaving

* A former wife of M. Revel's.

† A term at baſſet, ſynonimous to *paroli* at Pharaoh.

Britanny, was his going to conſummate this affair? How could he approach you after this? how could he write to my mother? in a word, how can he juſtify himſelf for having failed in one of the moſt eſſential duties of friendſhip? could it ever have been thought that M. and Madame de Chaulnes would have become uſeleſs to us with regard to the deputation of Britanny, and that Madame de la Fayette and Marſhal d'Eſtrées ſhould be the only perſons that would have procured it to us, had meaſures been taken in time? I begin to lay aſide all thoughts of it; and now that I am entirely diveſted of hopes, I find myſelf like the man of Dijon, whoſe ſtory M. de Ormeſſon has often related to us: when he was upon the wheel, he ſaid to his confeſſor; "Sir, my mind has not for a long while been ſo compoſed." It is certain that I am in a ſtate of greater tranquility than I was a month ago, when I expected every poſt M. de Chaulnes's letters; my mother will acquaint you with my ſentiments upon this head. I am perſuaded that love alone has played us this game; and this is the only apology that can be offered for ſuch conduct, for who does not know that every thing ſhould yield to the power of love? it is only to be lamented that we may attribute it to that little fretful ſneerer du B. D. L. R. I am already convinced we are in future to meet with more conſolation than at the Rocks, I mean with you and Madame de Grignan in your magnificent caſtle; if God preſerves the health of all the Grignans, and if nothing change upon this ſcore in the family of Madame de Mauron, I foreſee that nothing can prevent my viſiting you at Grignan, under pretence of going to take the waters, but in fact to avoid thereby an *arriere-ban*, which cannot otherwiſe be diſpenſed with this year, by reaſon of the manner in which it was offered me, and becauſe M. de Chaulnes adviſed me to accept of it, on account of the views he aſſured me he had for me. This journey I ſhall take towards ſpring or rather ſummer, when in all human probability I ſhall ſee you, my deareſt ſiſter. My only apprehenſion is, that M. de Grignan will at that time be obliged, at

times, to viſit the ſea-coaſts, and that I ſhall not have ſo much of his company as I could deſire. I am charmed to think Paulina begins to make conqueſts; little Coulanges ſeems to praiſe her moſt heartily and moſt ſincerely. Your ſon informs me very prettily, that after being at the taking three or four cities, he has a great mind to come and expoſe himſelf to the air of the Rocks. Adieu, my moſt lovely little ſiſter, I ſalute and embrace all the illuſtrious Grignans, without forgetting M. de la Garde.

Madame DE SEVIGNE *continues.*

All this muſt be diſcharged, it affords ſome ſolace. You may very well think that if I ſee him ſet out for Bourbon and Grignan, I ſhall requeſt of him a place in his coach. It will at length be found, that I, who do not keep a philoſopher's ſhop, have more of the merchandize than all of them. Providence aſſiſts me wonderfully upon theſe occaſions; it was by ſubmitting to theſe mandates, that Mademoiſelle de Camus heroically underwent the rupture of her marriage; I am much inclined to think, that the Cardinal de Camus * did not bear the ſhock with ſo much fortitude. His eminence ſeeks only the road to paradiſe, he minds not how many of the *chriſtian mob* get in with him. I can never believe that people of real good ſenſe, chuſe to carry on the farce too long, it is *outréying* the part. I feel the chagrin of this family †. It is conſtantly believed that the affair of the Parliament of Rennes is determined.

* This relates to a prelate who piqued himſelf much upon his high birth, and who preaching one day to the people of his dioceſe, treated them as a *chriſtian mob.*

† Madame de Sévigné was very intimate with all the Cardinal's brothers.

LETTER DCCXXVII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1689.

THE reſtraint laid upon me by Mr. de Grignan, does not very well agree with me; he is continually attending to my actions, he is afraid leſt I ſhould give him a father-in-law: this captivity will induce me to make an *eſcapade*, but it will not be with *Monſieur* le Count de Revel, yes, *Monſieur*, for he is not only *Monſieur*, but *Monſieur* le Count de Revel; we are here quite unacquainted with the cuſtom of giving a title to a perſon who has no right to it*; we neve theleſs ſometimes forget ourſelves, and call him ſimple *Revel*, but this is under the roſe. I will not marry him, and ſo you may make yourſelf eaſy, he is too gallant; this will excite your curioſity to know who are his miſtreſſes, you name two who are quite females of Britanny, but there are three others; a young lady daughter to a *feneſchal* who was here, but is not related to her you have ſeen: it is Mademoiſelle de K———, who is very pretty, and who was at Rennes; he ſeems, however, to pay more attention to little Madame de la M. C. *your niece*, for ſhe is grand-daughter to *your father* Deſcartes; ſhe has a great deal of wit, and ſeems to think that the fire is hot, and that ſhe may burn and be burnt. Nevertheleſs, this is all tranſacted with ſo much decency, that their common lover ſeems mortally tired with Rennes; he, the other day, told M. de Louvois, that if he wanted for a winter campaign the moſt ſteady officer in the world, he would think of him. Let us now, my daughter, conſider the Chevalier's prejudice; does friendſhip ſo far blind us? I think I am acquainted with it, but it ſhould ſeem to me that it would never err againſt conviction; we do not love

* M. de Coulanges ſaid that the children of the members of the parliament of Rennes were all born Marquis's and Counts.

thoſe

thoſe leſs who are in the wrong, but we perceive their miſtake. What ſhall a certain *incognita*, called reaſon ſupported by truth, rap at the gate, and ſhall ſhe be driven away, as from the univerſity of Paris (you have ſeen that charming work of Deſpreaux *) without being heard, though accompanied by juſtification! what do not two and two any longer make four! a gratification given by Marſhal de Meillaraie, of a hundred crowns every two years, which was never a ſettled penſion, and which was unknown, cannot be diſcontinued without a crime; for they ſay, "Sir, we muſt ſee at the meeting of the next States; if I am deceived, it will be eaſily rectified." For as to the eraſed death of the States of 71. Cœtlogon does not diſagree to it. Can one be in the wrong, when all theſe things are ſo clearly proved? If the Chevalier had ſo good a cauſe in hand with that warm blood that creates heroes and the gout, he would know how to ſupport it in a manner different to what I can. But can a perſon with ſo much good ſenſe, ſhut his eyes and fence up his judgment to this piteous truth? No ſurely, my dear Counteſs, no ſurely the Duke de Chaulnes was not to blame upon this ſcore, this is his maſter-piece of friendſhip, here he fulfilled all its duties, and even went beyond them; it is with regard to us that he was wrong, and his behaviour is entirely incomprehenſible: ſuch is the miſerable ſtate of man; all are Janus-faced, all pretend to veracity, and ſuch is the world. This good Duke has wrote to me again from Toulon, he is inceſſantly thinking of me, without having once thought of me for a ſingle moment during eight days ſtay at Paris: not one word was hinted to the King about the deputation ſo often promiſed, in ſo friendly a manner, and which there was ſo much reaſon to think would be accompliſhed; not a word to M. de Croiſſi, whoſe ſon he

* See the burleſque arret, given in the high chamber of Parnaſſus, in favour of the maſters of arts; for the ſupport of Ariſtotle's doctrine, &c. *See Beileau's Deſpreaux works, Vol.* ii. *p.* 209. *Amſterdam Edit. fol.* 1718.

took with him, and who would have appointed your brother; he ſays a flying word to M. de Lavardin, but could he think he had more power than himſelf to create a deputy? we were perſuaded that this was after he had mentioned it to the King. At length he ſets out, he learns that Lavardin is not to hold the States, it was therefore neceſſary to write. He goes to Grignan, you to ſpeak to him about it, he ſeems to be inclined to write, but this does not come to an upſhot; he writes to me from Grignan and Toulon, but does not ſay a word about it. Madame de Chaulnes is to ſpeak to M. de Croiſſi about it, but this will be too late, the place will be taken by M. de Coëtlogon. As to Marſhal d'Eſtrées, he has engaged himſelf only to Madame de la Fayette, with ſenſible joy, provided the court leaves him maſter of the nomination: we were but too well on this ſide; but we think no more about it, M. de Cavoie will have the deputation for his brother-in-law, and will be in the right. The good Ducheſs has loſt too much time, ſhe is timid, and will find the paſſage blocked up; every one does not know how to ſpeak. I cannot tell you that I can reconcile this lethargic conduct with an undoubted friendſhip; for indeed I do not comprehend it any more than my ſon; but we are reſolved to have the glory of not complaining, this would give the Duke's enemies too much pleaſure, and ſerve them for a triumph. We are incloſed in theſe woods, and it is eaſy for us to be quiet; changes may take place another year, ſo that we are very well pleaſed you give him ſuch a magnificent reception; we ſhall not ourſelves diſcontinue our correſpondence; I ſhall only relate the fact, and aſk *his excellency* how he could inceſſantly think of us, and yet forget both us and himſelf? We ſhall not go at all to the meeting of the States, and we laugh at the *arriere-ban*, which is only fit to make us uneaſy. Theſe are our wiſe reſolutions; if you approve of them, we ſhall think them ſtill better. We are, nevertheleſs, very ſenſible of the loſs you are going to ſuſtain of your charming county; we cannot too much regret ſo many fine and good things that

flowed

flowed from it. I feel this blow as much as you, and perhaps, more; for you are ſublime, and I am no. A propos of ſublime, methinks M. de Marillac * does not act amiſs. La Fayette is handſome, and has no bad qualities, he has a good name, he is in the warlike path, and has all his mother's friends, whoſe number is infinite; his mother is a woman of diſtinguiſhed merit, ſhe entails all her eſtate upon him, as does alſo the Abbé †. He will one day be poſſeſſed of 30,000 livres a year, he does not owe a ſingle piſtole, theſe are not mere words of courſe. Who is there preferable, when the law is out of the queſtion? the lady has 200,000 livres, beſides her table; could Madame de la Fayette expect leſs? tell me your opinion, for I ſay nothing but the truth. M. de Lamoignon is the depoſitory of the articles, which were ſigned four days ago, between M. de Lamoignon, Lieutenant-Civil, and Madame de Lavardin, who made the match.

But what ſay you to all theſe motions in the magiſtracy? I am quite unhappy that our M. de Lamoignon ſhould not have been among them; both he and his friends are affected at it. Your M. de Torci ‡ was certainly born dreſſed, would you had made him write with good ink! but it was not deſigned that we ſhould avail ourſelves of the ardour of friendſhip; it was not God's will, this is plain, and we think no more about it. M. de Pontchartrain is appointed Comptroller-general; this was expected, but not ſo ſoon; we are going to write to him, you will not fail doing the ſame, as well as to Madame de Mouci; ſhe is

* Rene de Marillac, Dean of the Counſellors of State, married Maria Magdalen de Marſillac, his daughter, to Rene-Armand Motier, Count de la Fayette, younger ſon to Magdelan Pioche de la Vergne, Counteſs de la Fayette, and Colonel of the regiment de la Fere.

† Lewis Motier, Abbé de la Fayette, eldeſt ſon to Madame de la Fayette.

‡ John Baptiſt Colbert, Marquis de Torci, appointed ſecretary of ſtate upon the death of Charles Colbert, Marquis de Torci, his father.

now ſiſter to the firſt Preſident*, but ſhe will not exult upon it.

How happy Paulina is to be with you! you will new-model her; it is a good ſign when ſhe approves of the praiſes you beſtow on Madame de Dangeau. This little girl is quite capable and worthy of all that you are willing to teach her; I have always thought ſo ſince you told me ſhe had ſenſe, and was deſirous of pleaſing you. Once more I ſay, how happy ſhe is to be with you, and to ſee and hear you! Coulanges ſeems charmed with her, as well as you and M. de Grignan, and your caſtle, and magnificence, your manner of doing the honour of the houſe ſeems to have made every deep impreſſion upon his brain; he will, at laſt, acknowledge you for Duke and Ducheſs of *Camto boſſo.* In a word, my dear Counteſs, what can you not do, when you have a mind, and with what an air and a grace? My ſon has read, with pleaſure, your intelligence; he has lately wrote to you his thoughts; he deſires you will be convinced I am in perfect health, and the air of the Rocks is excellent. M. d'Aix has ſcarce acted decently not to come and ſee you; what madneſs to deſire being firſt Preſident†! but the truth is he is mad; luckily thoſe on whom it depends, will not do it: if notwithſtanding your endeavours to live with him upon good terms, his conduct ſhould diſpleaſe you, I adviſe you write to Madame de la Fayette; ſhe is not convinced that he can be in the right when he oppoſes you, and there are few things he dreads more than to appear extravagant in her eyes. I am ſenſible of the contempt in which your Parliament is held, in leaving them ſuch a leader as we are acquainted with; attend a little to what has been the fate of thoſe who have been allotted that province, M. d'Argouges, Pontchartrain, Boucherat, theſe are men, and not *ſea-horſes*, who neigh and commit a thouſand extravagancies. I ſhall alſo name la Falure, whom all the world is completely

* Achilles de Harlai.

† Of the Parliament of Aix.

ſatisfied

ſatisfied with. Adieu, my child, I embrace you with infinite tenderneſs.

LETTER DCCXXVIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, September 28, 1689.

YOU aſtoniſh me, in telling me of the kind of illneſs with which M. de la Trouſſe is afflicted. I was informed a kind of palſy had ſeized him from the hips downwards; this is a ſhocking circumſtance, and eſtranges him from all company, which muſt make him inconſolable. I do not comprehend how this malady can be cured by the waters of Bourbon; how can it be imagined that waters which are only cathartic, ſhould be fit to reſtore ſtrength and vigour to relaxed and intenſible parts? In a word, my daughter, this is one of the moſt extraordinary illneſſes: I pity M. de la Trouſſe, more than he would pity me. I hope that the Chevalier will find as much benefit from the waters as he is made to expect. They muſt ſurely have great efficacy, that people ſhould repair from one end of the world to the other, to bathe an hour and a half in three days, the ſole remedy, for they are not drank. Inform me of their effect, and particularly whether the Chevalier has been eaſed by them. This journey muſt not be of a great length, if they only bathe three days; if after this, the Chevalier ſhould be capable of ſerving, you would all have great reaſon to wiſh the campaign in Dauphiny fell to his lot, as your fine caſtle would then be a quite eaſy retreat for him. Incloſed is a letter from Coulanges, wherein you will find he is always very full of your magnificent reception and Paulina. Madame de Chaulnes informs me that ſhe has ſpoken to M. de Croiſſi, who will do his beſt, and that a letter ſhall be ſent from the Duke de Chaulnes to M. de Pommereuil; all this hangs ſo badly together, that I have no further hopes of it. M. de Pommereuil and the Marſhal d'Eſtrées are entirely devoted to us; the laſt wiſhes only for a hint to name my ſon: this is what M. de Chaulnes

Chaulnes ſhould do, or Madame de Chaulnes after her huſband's departure; this is what ſhe ſhould have wrote after he had learned at Lyons that M. de Lavardin was not to hold the States. In a word, I ſhall never comprehend this lethargy, after their long continued friendſhip, they having told us a hundred times, *this is more our buſineſs than your's.* As for my part, I imagine they did not chuſe to oppoſe M. de Coëtlogon, to whoſe affiduity the return of the Parliament is attributed, and the preſent given by the city of Rennes, though in fact he had no hand in it, as it is the effect of their own good-will; but as he is governor of Rennes, he put on an importunate air, and they were a good deal embarraſſed to acquaint me with this diſagreeable circumſtance; but why then ſhould they recommend my ſon to M. de Lavardin? this is what I can no way comprehend, and will puzzle my imagination no more about, though I cannot, however, believe, they have no longer any regard for me; it is to be aſcribed rather to timidity than indifference, and I find that this good Ducheſs is over-whelmed with vapours. Did I not inform you that her huſband wrote to me from Toulon? I ſhall anſwer him at Rome, when I ſhall be more certain of what I have to acquaint him with: but I will not complain of them, this would be acting a bad part; every thing is in confuſion, and concealed under the voyage to Rome; we are not ſenſible of any kind of humiliation with reſpect to the public, and my heart juſtifies them, not doubting but they will love us better than M. de Coëtlogon.

There is here an Abbé of Francheville, who has a great deal of wit, and is agreeable, natural, and learned, without oſtentation; Montreuil is acquainted with him. He has paſſed his life at Paris, he has ſeen you twice, and you have made an impreſſion on his memory, like a divinity; he is a great Carteſian, and is Mademoiſelle Deſcartes maſter; ſhe ſhewed him your letter; he admired it and your enlightened underſtanding; his wit pleaſes and diverts me infinitely; it is a long time ſince I have been in ſuch good company. He calls my ſon *nate deâ*, and thinks me alſo a kind

a kind of divinity, not of the *plebe degli Dei*; as for my part, I conſider myſelf only as a ſylvan divinity; but to ſatisfy M. de Grignan, who may be apprehenſive that I ſhall marry him, I inform him that another widow, young, rich, and of a good family, has been married to him for theſe two years, ſtruck with his wit and merit, after even refuſing *Preſidents à mortier*, what more need be ſaid? as to him, after being ſought for by this widow, whom he ought to have ſought for, at length yielded at the age of ſixty, quitted his abbey, to have no other employment than that of a Chriſtian and Carteſian philoſopher, and be the clevereſt man in this province. He is always at his caſtle, and his wife who is both young and genteel, is never happy but when ſhe is with him. He has viſited my ſon and me, and if we are very well pleaſed with his converſation, he ſeems raviſhed with ours, You would certainly like this man, whoſe name is M. de Guébriac; he came fourteen leagues to ſee us, and the idea he entertains of you gives me great pleaſure; I ſhould not be ſatisfied with any merit that was ignorant of your's.

My dear Paulina, I have been raviſhed at ſeeing once more your writing; I was apprehenſive you would have forgot me in your proſperity; it is ſo great a one for you to be upon good terms with your dear mamma, and to be worthy of her eſteem, that a little head like your's might eaſily be turned by it. I adviſe you to continue the exerciſe of all your little perfections, which will ſecure your mamma's friendſhip for you, and at the ſame time the eſteem of all the world. I am, indeed, my dear, very well pleaſed, for your amuſement and the honour of my prophecy, that Paulina is become amiable and gentle, and as you would wiſh her to be. I cannot comprehend why Mademoiſelle de Camus's pretenſions to matrimony, are not as good now as if her uncle had went to Rome, what a jeſt! was ſhe conſidered as the niece of a miniſter of ſtate? he is nothing more than a Cardinal of great merit, and a ſaint; there is no change in all this.

LET-

LETTER DCCXXIX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, October 2, 1689.

IT will be to-morrow a twelve-month ſince I ſaw you, ſince I embraced you, ſince I heard you ſpeak, ſince I left you at Charenton. Good God, what a lively remembrance I have of that day! and how I wiſh for another, that may be diſtinguiſhed by ſeeing you again, embracing you, and clinging to you for ever! can I not thus end my life with the perſon who has ſolely occupied it? this is what I feel, and what I tell you, my dear child, without deſigning it, as it were to commemorate the end of this year of ſeparation.

After this, I muſt tell you, that your letter is ſo gay, ſo vivacious, has ſo much of the *currente calamo*, that it charms me, becauſe it is impoſſible to think any write ſo pleaſantly, without being blithſome and in good health. Let us firſt ſpeak of the Chevalier; I find his ſituation very different from that in which I ſaw him. What ſee him ſtamp with his right foot! as to the left, it ſtill kept the field with glory, though it was ſometimes pretty much humbled by the ſtate of its coadjutor, and which made us as uneaſy as it did him. In truth, nothing but a miracle could reſtore him the uſe of that right foot; for he moved pretty nearly with the ſame gait, as M. de la Rochefoucault, which often excited tears; and is this change brought about by three quarters of an hour's bathing for three ſucceſſive days, in that ſalutary water? neither *Mont d'or* nor *Barege* could have effected ſuch a cure. This remedy, then, is only uſed for three days. You may aſſure the Chevalier of the ſincere joy I feel, from the efficacy of theſe charming waters, till ſuch time as we may pronounce a complete cure. You greatly praiſe M. de Carcaſſonne's aſſiduity, in comparing it to your attention for me; I can eaſily judge none can be ſo tender or ſo conſolatory. The Chevalier

valier thinks, then, that Madame de Ganges* is greatly altered, this is very pleaſant; ſhe was really much to blame, not to correſpond with the idea he had framed of her: as to me, I thought her ſomewhat reſemble that model, but then ſhe was far beneath it; for beſides her face, ſo many things are wanting, as well with reſpect to air and grace, and what conſtitutes beauty, that the reſemblance is almoſt dwindled to nothing. If I had known ſhe had been the wife of Ganges, whom I had ſo often ſeen, methinks I ſhould have viewed her through a very different medium; but the thing is paſt now, and let us talk of Madame de Montburn; Good God! with what vivacity do you paint this woman! your brother is charmed at the portrait, but he will not tell you ſo, he only embraces you, he is with his honeſt friend; and I thank you for having left every thing, and taking the trouble to fly with ſuch impetuoſity, and depict once more this woman, who is really an original! crammed full with her noble anceſtry, which ſhe traces as far back as the flood; not to mention her Guelph and Gibelin relations, that make ſo reſpectable a figure in the page, and which at once excite contempt and laughter; her reveries in calling the Marquis d'Huxelles her enemies, when ſhe certainly means the Germans; and all thoſe crowns with which ſhe decorates and entrenches herſelf; her aſtoniſhment at ſeeing your natural complection; her fancying you have neglected yourſelf, in leaving the natural colour of your little veins and ſkin perceptible, and that you ſhould dreſs your face; and becauſe you diſplay that which God has given you, to her you appear quite neglected and undreſſed; theſe are extravagancies you have touched off to a charm. Meſſieurs de Grignan are very ſkilful to find her complexion quite natural: this ſhews men's diſcernment, they neither know what they ſee or what they ſay; I have met with thoſe who have admired beauties ſtill leſs admirable.

* Siſter-in-law to the unfortunate Madame de Ganges. The name of this lady was *Gevaudan*.

You

You have made a pretty journey to *Saint Eſprit*; you have ſeen M. de Baville, the terror of Languedoc; you have alſo ſeen M. de Broglio *. I look upon our Revel as the *Cæſar*, and Broglio *the neglected Laridon* †. Has not the Chevalier ſeen them both in the chains of Mademoiſelle de Bouchet? Broglio was ſo furious a lover, that he was one of the cauſes of her throwing herſelf into the Carmelites.

I muſt add, my dear belle, we are no longer angry at our good governors, which charms me; I was almoſt diſtracted to think they were blameable. It is certain, and all our friends agree, that the Duke could not ſay a ſyllable to the King, neither about Britanny or the deputation, without being quite improper; Rome was the ſole object. He ſpoke to M. de Lavardin, and wrote to Marſhal d'Eſtrées: Madame de Chaulnes has told M. de Croiſſi all that could be ſaid; and nothing can be plainer, than that they would have been much delighted in ſucceeding; but we think no more about it, and if by accident, we ſhould get it, we ſhould conſider it as a miracle. This is not the greateſt evil that ariſes to me from the Pope's death; I am really afflicted, when I reflect on the loſs you are going to ſuſtain by this death.

I thank you, daughter, for making me ſo cleverly one of the members of your ſociety, by acquainting me with what paſſes in it: nothing is ſo dear to me, as what comes from you and your family. I recommend to you the care of your valuable health, and to preſerve your youth, and this for a particular reaſon. I laugh with you at M. de Grignan's gout, this is a fine conſolation to a groaning man; but every thing is preferable to a violent cholic. God preſerve you all; my compliments, friendly remembrance, and addreſſes, where proper; and as to you, my dear child, you know your ſhare, it is myſelf altogether.

* Victor Maurice, Count de Broglio, commanded in Languedoc; he was brother to Charles Amadeus de Broglio, Count de Revel.

† See La Fontaine's Fable upon Education. Fab. 165.

LET-

LETTER DCCXXX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Oct. 5, 1689.

I Never thought it adviſeable to attack certain iron wires in the cap, which run the length of the face; this advice would be very good to give to certain people of our acquaintance. I have heard it ſaid that this was a ſign of good harmony; but this cannot be, as too ſmall wires penetrate the temples, prevent the circulation of the blood, and cauſe abſceſſes; ſome die of the application, the luckieſt have only their faces lengthened an ell, and as pale as corpſes; but youth who come from the country recover with time. I am much inclined to lump this ſtory with ſome others formerly related by the good Princeſs of Tarentum; however, it is good to know every thing. I do not in the leaſt doubt that M. de la Garde, who never refuſed a remedy, will avail himſelf of that of Madame ——— whom you mention. You will ſee him with his head bowed down, his feet uplifted, *turning an affair* * like that; I, indeed, believe, that if we were to purſue for any length of time this regimen, we ſhould no longer have ſore eyes; I have no oppoſition to make to the recital of this viſit. We have had a very honeſt man, with much good ſenſe, the moſt agreeable, the moſt eaſy, the moſt learned, and the moſt of evething deſirable, capable, and worthy of every kind of converſation; he has been here eight days, one of his brothers-in-law is come, the Abbe du Marbeuf, who ſpoils nothing, another brother in-law of the Count de Lis, who would ſpoil every thing if he opened his lips; this is a latent miſanthrope, for his melancholy never eſcapes him; he is very well made, and ſings ſo much like Beaumaviel, that he might be taken for him. When our worthy man departed, every thing

* It has already been obſerved that this was a favourite expreſſion of M. de la Garde.

was

was ſuperlatively flat and ſtupid; we renewed the juſt obſervations we made in this country with you, upon good and bad company; we found that the bad was infinitely preferable, it admits of an agreeable reſpiration, and makes thoſe happy, whom it quits; and the people who pleaſe, leave you as if you were fallen from the clouds; there is no purſuing the clue of the day's work; in fine, it is a great misfortune to aſſociate with ſenſible people, but this misfortune does not often happen.

You tell me news about our deputation, we are not willing to think any more about it. Madame de Chaulnes has twice treated upon it very well with M. de Croiſſi. Abbe Tetu is animated by Madame de la Fayette to remind the miniſter, and paſſes ſo well in review all that Madame de Chaulnes had repreſented, that every thing is to be hoped from his zeal and earneſt endeavours to accompliſh all he undertakes. Madame de Chaulnes has entruſted him with the care of this affair, as ſhe is not always at Verſailles; Madame de la Fayette performs miracles; the Duke de Chaulnes has written to Marſhal d'Eſtrees, who deſires nothing more than to ſerve us; ſuch is our ſituation. For my part, I believe M. de Coetlogon will carry it, for the reaſons I gave you the other day. The other candidates are M. de Lanion, and M. de Chateaurenand; we wait for the unravelling of all this with a ſerene look, and undiſturbed mind. I thank you for having prevented the Chevalier's writing to M. de Cavoie * about this affair; it would be highly improper.

My ſon laughed moſt immoderately about your Madame; he has heard of a certain long viſage at Rennes, he wants to know from whence ſhe has borrowed it; he is gone to viſit Marſhal d'Eſtrees at Rennes. You aſk what we have done with our thirty ſhips. Alas! only what is always done with them. We were charmed to receive them at Breſt, this was one of the moſt important matters in the world,

* Brother-in-law to M. de Coetlogon.

they

they are all ſet ſail together, they ſteered as far as the iſle of Uſhant, and then they returned to Belleiſle, from thence to Breſt, and that is the whole. You find that he who ſaid there had been no deciſive action at ſea ſince the battle of Actium, was quite in the right. Madame de Lamoignon has been brought to-bed of a ſon at Baville; in her way to Paris, the coachman overturned the vehicle, and killed the poor child, what ſay you to having or not having a good coachman? You are in the right to be pleaſed with the diverſion the gout affords M. de Grignan's inteſtines. May God preſerve the inſide of this place, and prevent the outworks being ſo dreadfully inſulted, for whatever comes under the denomination of pain is very dreadful to ſuſtain; this the Chevalier will not contradict. Let me conſtantly know how the waters of Balaruc agree with him, and at what time your ſtates of Languedoc are to meet; ours will be convened the 20th of this month at Rennes. Adieu, my deareſt girl, how heartily glad I ſhould be to go and walk with you all upon that beautiful terrace!

LETTER DCCXXXI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, October 9, 1689.

NONE of your letters, daughter, are yet come to hand, I am quite unhappy when this ſatisfaction fails me; I ſhall, to-morrow, have two at once; I muſt, I find, accuſtom myſelf to theſe diſappointments. I am here all alone, my ſon is gone to Rennes to viſit Marſhal d'Eſtrées, and my daughter-in-law to ſee her mother. I ſhall to-morrow, have with me a woman, whom I like well enough, ſo that I ſhall not be quite alone. M. de Pommereuil has given Marſhal d'Eſtrées the Duke of Chaulnes's letter. Madame de Chaulnes has conferred twice with all her might with M. de Croiſſi; the Abbe Tetu dwells upon this Duches's diſcourſe and memory to the miniſter; if, after this, we loſe the deputation, I ſhall ſay it is be-

cauſe

cauſe M. de Chaulnes is at Rome; becauſe M. de Lavardin did not hold the States; becauſe M. de Chateaurenaud, and M. de Coetlogon, who are in the ſervice, are preferred; in fine, becauſe it was not God's will, for we have, on our part, gone beyond the utmoſt of our little abilities; and I ſhall not amuſe myſelf with hating people, who are, I am perſuaded, as much vexed at it as myſelf; and ſo here ends the chapter. What ſay you to M. de Seignelai, a miniſter at ſix and thirty? Madame de Lavardin tells me prodigies of Madame de Mouci and her brother *, who has forbid his ſecretary, in a manner to enforce obedience, to take any thing whatever, either directly or indirectly; and to make this conduct the more agreeable to him, he has given him 2000 crowns at ſtarting, and has doubled his ſalary from eight to ſixteen thouſand livres; and the wages of the other ſervants are raiſed in proportion, to ſecure them from every kind of temptation. You will agree that this alteration is both fine and noble, and which muſt flatter a great ſoul, like this magiſtrate's. Madame de Mouci, his worthy ſiſter, finding his table and expences increaſed, gave him the other day 12,000 livres worth of entire new plate, and will not even allow her brother to thank her for it, becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe has no uſe for the money, and it is no object. Sincerely, I do envy ſuch deeds, it touches me to the heart to find ſouls of this turn; it is making a proper uſe of riches, and placing virtue in her proper and foremoſt rank: I thought you would be pleaſed with this ſtory concerning a family whom you love: I alſo wrote to Madame de Mouci, that the King, the Parliament, France, and all the Pleaders, ſhould be publickly told to rejoice at the nomination of ſuch a man for ſuch a place. I am perſuaded that my letter did not diſpleaſe her; but it is plain ſhe does not intend to anſwer it, and that ſhe will not allow herſelf the leaſt raillery: God bleſs and conduct her; ſince ſhe will

* Achilles de Harlai was juſt appointed firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris.

be

be in Paradiſe after leaving this world, ſhe is no longer with us, and is very happy.

I have been informed that the Marquis d'Huxelles has been very well received at court, which is at Fontainebleau, and that the Duke of Burgundy and his governor † have both an intermitting fever: all this you know, my dear Counteſs. Had I received your letter I would have anſwered it, and would not thus ridiculouſly amuſe myſelf in beating the buſhes. If I had received a viſit from Madame de Montbrun, I could have written innumerable volumes; but every thing here is ſo uniform that matter is wanting. I believe that the States will not be convened till the twenty-fifth at Rennes. I do not know the preciſe time that the Parliament will return thither. A Preſident and four Counſellors have been created: it is, perhaps, expected that theſe poſts will be filled. M. de Bailleul has reſigned his poſt in favour of his ſon, M. de Memes officiates for himſelf; here am I a Gazetteer again. Let us enquire about Grignan, how doth the poor Count? where are the enemies? are they within, or without the place? he muſt allow us to wiſh him pains in his arms, that his inteſtines may be ſaved; but wiſh that the whole place were in a good ſituation. Does the Chevalier return to Balaruc? it would be laying in a good winter ſtock of health. Where is M. de Carcaſſonne? cannot M. de la Garde raiſe his head, and move his feet down? is Paulina born dreſſed, or does this only happen ſometimes? and you, my daughter, are you handſome, that is to ſay, are you well? I inceſſantly think of Grignan, about you all, and your terraces, your fine and triumphant perſpective; I leave my woods to walk with you; but amidſt ſuch a ſucceſſion of ideas, I am terrified, when I reflect on the negociation that is this very inſtant carrying on to diſpoſſeſs you of this charming county; *but no more of that.* Embrace me, love me, and believe me to be entirely your's, and that it is now a year, a complete year, ſince I have either ſeen or met with you.

LET-

† The Duke de Beauvillier.

LETTER DCCXXXII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, October 12, 1689.

HERE they are both; but, good heaven, how miſerable, I ſhould have been at receiving the firſt without the ſecond, by which it appears that the Chevalier's fever has abated, and afforded him a day's eaſe! this changes the horrid aſpect of a continual increaſing fever, accompanied with ſuffocation, light-headedneſs, or drowſineſs; this is a moſt dreadful diſorder. The blood, the conſtitution, the gout muſt all combine in this. What a pity it is that ſuch warm blood, which often does ſuch brilliant things, ſhould, ſometimes, perform ſuch ill offices, and render the others uſeleſs. In a word, this is a very melancholy affair for you all, and you in particular, as the goodneſs of your heart makes you the guardian of all thoſe you love. This makes me ſtill more with you at Grignan, though I was frequently there, by the greater attention to what paſſes ſince this illneſs. Diſtance expoſes us to the writing of ſuch nonſenſe, or at leaſt it becomes ſuch by its tardy coming to hand: we are melancholy, buſy, or uneaſy; a letter from Britanny appears, which breathes nothing but mirth, eaſe, and bagatelles: I am aſhamed of it, but I ſhould have told you a hundred times, theſe are the jarrings of a diſtant ſeparation.

I have informed you that I am no longer diſpleaſed at M. or Madame de Chaulnes. It is certain, and his friends have informed me, he could not, with any kind of propriety, have mentioned the affairs of Britanny. He recommended my ſon to M. de Lavardin, thinking he would have the ſame deſire to ſerve him as he had, and this was true. He has ſince wrote to Marſhal d'Eſtrées, and this letter would have had a proper effect, if the King had not publickly declared to all the candidates for the deputation, that it had for a long while been engaged; Madame de la Fay-

ette

ette tells me this, without ſaying to whom, but it will ſhortly be known ; ſhe adds that M. de Croiſſi mentioned my ſon to the King, who did not ſeem to make any objection to him ; but that the ſame day his Majeſty declared himſelf, and this was what the Marſhal expected, who is not very willing that the governor of Britanny ſhould loſe this brilliant privilege, provided it goes hand in hand with his intereſt. Madame de la Fayette has freed him from all his engagaments, and thus the buſineſs has ended. My ſon is at Rennes, where the Marſhal is much pleaſed with him, being very intimate with him, having ſeen him an hundred times at the Marchioneſs d'Huxelles, ſtrenuouſly conteſting for Rouville ; he plays every night with him at back-gammon ; he waits for the arrival of M. de la Tremouille to pay all his reſpects, and then return hither with his wife ; this is the moſt decent plan he can purſue. I am ſtill quite alone, but do not find any inconvenience from it : the lady from Vitre will be with me to-morrow, ſhe has been detained by buneſs. I muſt relate to you what Madame de la Fayette writes, in the ſtyle of an arret of council from above, firſt from herſelf, then from Madame de Chaulnes and Madame de Lavardin, threatening to love me no longer, if I refuſe returning ſoon to Paris ; ſaying that I ſhall be indiſpoſed here, that I ſhall die, that my wit will flatten, in fine, I muſt make no oppoſition but come, and that they will not even read my wicked reaſons. There is ſo much vivacity and friendſhip in it, my dear, that I could not help being pleaſed. Theſe are their ways and means propoſed ; I am to go to Malicore with my ſon's equipage ; Madame de Chaulnes is to diſpatch thither the Duke's ; I am to lodge with her at Paris, I am not to buy any horſes till ſpring ; and the pleaſanteſt of all is, I am to find a thouſand crowns in my coffer, from a perſon who has no occaſion for the money, who will lend it me without intereſt, and will not hurry me to repay it ; and that I muſt ſpeedily ſet out ; this is a long letter from a perſon juſt recovered of a fever, I alſo anſwer with gratitude, but in raillery, aſſuring her that my

ſon's

ſon's company, and his wife's books, and the hopes of returning to Paris without lodging out of doors, or being in want of an equipage, as I ſhall have one, will not be very irkſome to me, any more than not being in debt a thouſand crowns to a generous friend, whoſe noble and magnificent behaviour would diſtreſs me far beyond all the bailiffs in Chriſtendom; to which I added, that I gave her my word that I would not be ill, would not grow old, and would not doat; and moreover that ſhe would always love me notwithſtanding her menace; this is the manner in which I anſwered my three worthy friends. I will, one of theſe days, ſhew you this letter of Madame de la Fayette *. Good heaven? what a propoſal to be out of my own houſe, to be dependent, to have no equipage, and to owe a thouſand crowns! indeed, my dear child, I would much rather, without compariſon, be here; winter in the country is horrible at a diſtance, when it approaches it wears a different aſpect. Tell me whether or no you approve of my conduct; were you, indeed, at Paris, this would be an inſuperable argument; but this is not the caſe. I have taken my time, and concerted my meaſures accordingly, and were you to fly thither now miraculouſly like a bird, I know not whether my reaſon would not intreat your's, with the permiſſion of our friendſhip, to let me accompliſh this winter, certain little payments which conſtitute the repoſe of my life. I could not refrain from relating to you this trifle, hoping it will not come unſeaſonably, and that the Chevalier will enjoy as good a ſtate of health as I can wiſh him.

You aſtoniſh me in ſaying that M. de Chaulnes appeared to you ſuch as you paint him to me. I aſſure you that during our voyage, it was impoſſible to be better company than he was; I know not whether your genius inſpired him with vivacity; but you would certainly have found him as I have deſcribed him; I do not trace his reſemblance in the picture you have drawn of him. My ſon imagined that the

* See the collection of Select Letters, p. 27, 28.

ſneering

ſneering female he mentioned, had deſired him not to ſpeak in his behalf, but he now finds he was miſtaken.

Your dream has greatly ſurprized me, you think it a falſity, becauſe you did not perceive ever a tree before the door; but you will laugh to hear it is certainly true; your brother cut down all the trees two years ago; he is very fond of a fine perſpective, juſt as you dreamt, and to ſuch a pitch does he carry this paſſion, that he is going to raiſe a buttereſs wall in his parterre, and turn the tennis-court into a bowling green; ſo that there will be nothing between the road but a ha, ha, wall. It is true, that when executed it will be very agreeable, and make the parterre uncommonly beautiful; it is planned upon the deſign of M. de Notre, and quite filled with orange-trees in the place *Coulanges*. Futurity muſt have unfolded itſelf to you in this dream, ſince you obſerve all that is paſt. I preſerve your letters and your dream for my ſon and his wife, who will be charmed with your amiable friendſhip.

I am far from being upon bad terms with M. and Madame de Pontchartrain*; I ſaw them at Paris ſince your departure; I have wrote to them both; he has already anſwered both me and my ſon very agreeably; there is nothing particular between them and me, for it is now time to be our governor's friend. I return twofold all the friendly regard of my dear Count, I honour and ſalute the ſage la Garde, I embrace Paulina, and my heart finds its deſtination in my deareſt girl. May the Chevalier be cured by the will of heaven, and may this letter find you all in health

* Lewis Philipeaux, Count de Pontchartrain, ſucceeded in September 1689 to M. Pelletier, as Comptroller-general of the finances, upon his predeceſſor's deſiring leave to retire. M. de Pontchartrain had been firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Britanny, and had for ſome time officiated as Intendant of that province. It was at this time that he had ſome miſunderſtanding with the Duke de Chaulnes. He was afterwards Miniſter and Secretary of State in the department of the Marine, and then Chancellor of France.

and happineſs. Tell me which is the Chevalier's chamber, that I may be with him. Abbé Bigorre informs me that M. de Niel fell down the other day in the King's bed-chamber, by which he received a contuſion; Felix bled him, and cut the artery, and it was abſolutely neceſſary for him to have the grand operation performed upon him immediately: what ſay you to this, M. de Grignan? I know not which I pity the moſt, he who ſuffered, or the King's firſt ſurgeon who cut the artery.

To the Same.

LETTER DCCXXXII.

The Rocks, Sunday, October 16, 1689.

HOW happy I am, my dear child, that the bark ſhould have its uſual effects! I acknowledge that I trembled when I opened your letter, for every thing is to be feared from ſuch a conſtitution as the Chevalier's. How happy that ſo hot a remedy ſhould agree with the warmth of his blood! you have great reaſon to believe that I was uncommonly concerned in the event of this diſorder. But as you are the center of all theſe conduits, and the ſource of all health, I am infinitely rejoiced with you at ſo much ſucceſs.

Do you know that I am ſtill more ſurprized that the gout ſhould have cured M. de Grignan's inteſtines, and fine weather have driven away the gout, than that the bark ſhould have cured the fever? you may then praiſe yourſelf for the rice diet, which is ſo ſoftening, and which may have wrought all theſe miracles. I take care not to be abſent from Grignan, whilſt you have ſo much ſatisfaction in ſeeing all your Grignans in ſuch good health, I am too deeply concerned. I cannot now go to Paris, leſt I ſhould be an abſentee; Madame de Lavardin's manner of intreating me, is ſomewhat pleaſant, as ſhe would facilitate all the means of doing it, and in what a ſtyle Madame de Chaulnes talks; it ſhould ſeem that ſhe were governeſs of Britanny, but I ſhall plainly ſhew her that

Marſhal

Marſhal d'Eſtrées lady is the preſent governeſs *, and that I am no longer under her laws. In truth, it muſt be owned, my friends are very amiable; I do not think it poſſible to uſe more forcible expreſſions, or to deviſe more ſolid expedients; and all this becauſe they conjecture my preſent ſituation irkſome, that I ſhall be ill, that my mind will loſe its proper bent, and, in a word, that I ſhall die; ſo they want to ſee me, hold me, and govern me: M. du Bois is alſo an accomplice, this is a whimſical conſpiracy; I am fond of it, and am greatly obliged to them for it, without being in the leaſt moved. I will preſerve their letters for you; you will find whether friendſhip and truth do not ſhine in them.

I am informed that M. de Coetlogon will have the deputation; I never doubted it; nor do I think that M. de Chaulnes doubted it either. He is not without diſcernment, he ſaw the return of the Parliament, the preſent of the city of Rennes, the part that M. de Coetlogon ſeemed to act in all this, as governor of the city where the States are held. Every thing is in his favour, he makes an enormous expence; it is lucky that the journey to Rome confuſes this affair, and prevents the right object being perceived; I queſtion whether this good Duke could with all his might have prevented it, ſo that God orders every thing for the beſt.

But when I accuſed M. de Chaulnes of negligence, I was not for depriving him of juſtification; what, my daughter, ſhall I catch you, a Carteſian philoſopher, reaſonable as you are, and ſo juſt in ſentiment, judging him guilty where he is not, becauſe he may have been ſomewhat inactive upon another occaſion, which blinds you to other objects? This is a ſtrange kind of juſtice, you would have been ſorry if the fourth Court of Inqueſts had judged your cauſe in this manner; for my part, I am, in this reſpect, juſt of the ſame way of thinking as if we had obtained the depu-

* Marſhal d'Eſtrées commanded in Britanny in the abſence of M. de Chaulnes.

tation. I nevertheleſs felt in this part whilſt I was writing upon it, but I thought he would have found a paſſport with you, and that you would have recollected what I often repeat, *whatever is good, is really good; and whatever is true, is really true*; this ſhould always be viewed in the ſame point of light; if there be any falſe faces in other reſpects, they ſhould not be blended upon this occaſion, any more than certain waters with other certain rivers. I moreover thought that you recollected that ingratitude was the object of my greateſt averſion; in truth, I cannot endure it, and I hunt it wherever I meet with it: but I find you have forgot all this, as you imagined there was ſomething forced in what I ſaid to you; I felt it, but ſpare me, at leaſt from the thought of diſplaying that kind of ridiculous provincial generoſity, I ſhould be ſorry you thought me ſo altered; this pretty ſentiment flowed ſo naturally from my pen, that I reſume the ſubject again very naturally, and I conjure you to be perſuaded with the ſame juſtice, that if tardineſs and negligence have appeared upon this laſt occaſion, that juſtification is not leſs true, nor ungrateful people leſs ungrateful; in truth, theſe things ſhould not be confounded; and you even find now that theſe Governors were not to blame.

I am not recovered from my aſtoniſhment concerning M. de Chaulnes's wit, and the alteration you tell me you found in it; indeed I do not know it again; he was quite a different kind of man during our little journey; it was your genius that reſtored him to life, your preſence was too powerfully added to the buſineſs of Rome; they overcame him. There is a Venetian Cardinal named Barbarigo, Biſhop of Padua, who had more votes than were neceſſary for his being elected Pope; but the *acceſſit* poilt all. I know not what this is; all that I can find is, that it prevents the election of a Pope; but, nevertheleſs, there will be one too ſoon, I often wander, ſtruck with this melancholy reflection.

I am quite pleaſed with Coulanges's natural praiſes of Paulina, they are very well applied, and make me compre-

comprehend her kind of accompliſhments, curbed, however, by intruders; if the Count had painted only her fine eyes and her fine ſhape, and left the reſt to you, Paulina would have ſet the world in a blaze; the colouring would have been too powerful to withſtand; this pretty mixture is far preferable, and makes altogether a very amiable creature. Her vivacity reſembles your's; your wit always bore away the palm, as you ſay of her's; this panegyric I am fond of. She will ſoon learn Italian, by the aſſiſtance of a better miſtreſs than you had. You deſerve as perfectly amiable a daughter as that I had; I told you, that you might do all you would with your's, by reaſon of her diſpoſition to pleaſe you; ſhe appears to me very worthy of your friendſhip. Here I am all alone, my ſon and his wife are ſtill at Rennes; my female viſitor from Vitré is returned, I am very well, ſo do not pity me. My ſon waits the arrival of M. de la Tremoille, who is expected immediately. He is with Marſhal d'Eſtrées as with a perſon of his acquaintance, he plays every night with him at back gammon. Every countenance is expreſſive of joy at Rennes, upon the return of the Parliament, which will take place the firſt of December; the States will meet the twenty-ſecond of this month; the Marſhal's behaviour is very polite and agreeable; the Britons are very well pleaſed at the change; this, my dear girl, is all the news I can tell you. Be not uneaſy about my ſolitude, I do not diſlike it; my daughter-in-law will return ſpeedily. I take care of my health, I would not chuſe to be ill here; when it is fine, I walk; when it is wet or foggy, I do not ſtir out; I have learnt wiſdom; but you who are Queen and the efficient cauſe of health in others, take care of your own, and conſider that your preſervation is a ſtill greater good for them, than that which you have conferred upon them.

Madame de Mouci has made another preſent to her brother of a beautiful piece of Bellievres tapeſtry, the ſubject is, *the beheading of St. John*, and is worth 2000 piſtoles. How happy ſhe is to be able to make

ſuch pretty preſents! I find that M. de Grignan iſſues very good orders againſt *the half converted.* You are, I find, to have M. de Vins for a neighbour; his grandfather* made a great figure there formerly. It is ſaid here that the K. of E. has defeated M. de Schomberg: I ſhall not give entire credit to it, till that news reaches St. Germains.

LETTER DCCXXXIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, October 19, 1689.

YOU may, if you pleaſe, be angry at M. de Chaulnes: as for my part, I cannot; you have juſtified him to me, your words had their effect upon my mind, I ſhall not change my opinion, more particularly becauſe the perpetual remembrance of him, Grignan, Toulon, and Rome, from whence he wrote to me the fourth, work upon me, as if he had really done me a kindneſs: I can diſcover nothing but agreeable aſſiduities; and the moſt I ſaid at firſt was, that I never knew a perſon remember thoſe he had forgot. But I now diſcover his policy, and I do not comprehend how you Meſſieurs Grignans, who are courtiers, particularly the governor of Provence, can think it ſtrange, having known before we did, that for various reaſons this deputation would be M. de Coetlogon's lot, that upon his departure he ſhould only ſignify his intention to M. de Lavardin, and write about it to Marſhal d'Eſtrées. It may eaſily be conceived that he was not willing to lay himſelf open, and make it appear a diſappointment, when he is happy enough to be able to conceal it under the Governor of Britanny and the Ambaſſador to Rome, and puzzle all enquiry by his abſence. It is lucky to fall to M. Coetlogon's lot, as he had no ſhare in the appoint-

* Hubert de Vins made himſelf reſpected by the League party in Provence and in Dauphiny. See the Memoirs of Caſtelnau, p. 606, and the following, Vol. ii. Bruſſels, 1731. *See Noſtradamus and Bouche's Hiſtory of Provence.*

ments.

ment; if he could not have ſucceeded in preventing it, we ſhould have had a bitter doſe to ſwallow; and I moreover ſay, if he had not been Ambaſſador, methinks according to the politics of a courtier, the King being engaged to M. de Cavoie, he ſhould have ſeemed to be reconciled to it, rather than appear in his government with a deputy that was diſagreeable to him. I leave M. de Grignan to judge of what I ſay, and I look upon the haſty concluſion you draw in your letter, as the effect of your friendſhip for us all, and not the reſult of your reflection; in God's name tell me whether I have made a convert of you, as for my part, I cannot alter my belief. Formerly a Governor was the moſt agreeable ſituation in the world, he choſe whom he pleaſed, and the King approved of him without any difficulty; this charming prerogative has, by degrees, vaniſhed. M. de Charot made the firſt incroachment upon it, he made MONSIEUR write; and by means of this turn he, that is to ſay his ſon, was not deputy till two years after; the enemies afterwards became powerful, and they lay very heavy upon Britanny and the Governor. Gacé compleated the ruin of the whole through M. de Cavoie, and it was neceſſary to have recourſe to a haſty ill-cemented peace to avoid this mortification; at length this deputation is this year compromiſed, and it is given to a man, who really is entitled to it, and who has never had it; and M. de Chaulnes was not forced to conſent to it. All this is according to rule, ſhould we not be juſt and conſider ourſelves in the ſituation of others? this is what is never done. My ſon is clever, he is well qualified for it, but he has quitted the ſervice, and it has been made up to him by the *arriere-ban*. M. de Chaulnes was nevertheleſs, in hopes of giving theſe things a favourable turn, by means of the circumſtances, whereby Britanny has got into favour this year. God orders a haſty journey to Rome, nothing is to be mentioned to the King but Rome, inceſſantly Rome; what can be done? this is an arrangement of Providence; it is a cruel journey to us, equally fatal to my ſon and daughter. This letter, my dear child, is ſomewhat long and tedious, I am ſenſible of it,; but it is dangerous

to ſet me once a ſpeaking; yet I muſt have a few more words, did not that duke write to you from Rome? Madame de Chaulnes is tranſported with joy to know that he is not only very well, but that he was ſaluted by the diſcharge of cannon as Ambaſſador, without giving up the franchiſes, which enraged the Spaniſh Ambaſſador; he had ſolicited all the Cardinals to prevent it. The court is very well pleaſed with this auſpicious beginning, and conſider it as a preſage of the ſequel. A word to the Ducheſs upon this head would be very pretty. Here is the Abbe Bigorre's billet; but how I am correcting myſelf; well, it ſhall poſitively be the laſt time.

I am ſtill all alone here, but I am not weary; my daughter-in law will return in four or five days. My ſon is the Marſhal's favourite: Revel who is going, will keep him till the opening of the States; he alſo expects M. de la Tremoille.

LETTER DCCXXXIV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, October 23, 1689.

I AM always alone, my dear child, without being dull, my health is good, I have books to chuſe, work and fine weather; theſe with a little reaſon will go a great way. I ſee through all that my ſon and his wife tell me of their great inclination to ſee me, that they are charmed at being at Rennes; and I, from this moment, am really willing they ſhould be there. I forbid their returning, I even think they are in the right, there is very good company at Rennes, where every thing is very brilliant; the Bretons appear inſenſible with regard to the ſeveral millions that are going to be aſked of the province, they think only of the return of the Parliament in that poor city, and in that palace which is the fineſt in France; this is where the States are held; nothing can be more magnificent; curioſity alſo drew many people thither to ſee the new faces of Marſhal d'Eſtrées, M. de Pommereuil, M. d'Eaubonne, M. de Lezonnet, inſtead of Meſſieurs de

de Chaulnes, de Fieubet, de Harlai, with d'Harouis; people are fond of change. M. de la Tremoille paſſed through Vitré three days ago; he was received with much noiſe on account of his horſemen, this is one of thoſe occaſions, when honours and duties are increaſed according to the prerogative of certain eſtates. He makes a *tremendous* appearance, with his fine ſhape and his blue ribband; no one but M. de Grignan can be compared to him, I would even ſay on account of *beauty*, were I not afraid of offending this Count, for it is certain that M. de la Tremoille ſurpaſſes him in that. He ſent me numerous compliments, and would have waited upon me, if his retinue had not been ſo fatigued; and I returned them, without having any. Abbe de Roquette is with him, he wrote me a very pretty letter full of praiſe and affection, juſt as his uncle would have done. The States met yeſterday, I queſtion much the beauty of the ſpeeches. The Nobility are fond of having M. de la Tremoille for their Preſident; they do not like M. de R. though he is of a good family; and when he will be diveſted of the order of the Holy Ghoſt, he will be much humbled; for he ſhould not, at leaſt, be without it, this is a ſlur upon a Duke and Peer. So much for Britanny, you will, perhaps, be tired with it; but theſe are the natural fruits of your garden; we ſhall afterwards ſpeak of Provence. Let us ſay ſomething of the Pope, for there is one; if I had been at Paris, I would have gone to kiſs his mule in the chamber of the Abbe Bigorre, he is there painted to perfection. It is Cardinal Ottoboni, a Venetian *, an intimate friend of M. and Madame de Chaulnes, as alſo of Madame de Carman †, whoſe merit he adored, beſides her beauty, at eighteen. This is the man we have to deal with; here is this Duke tracing out the greateſt intereſts; this is he who deprives you of your dear Avignon: I wiſh he may upon this occaſion diſplay all the good ſenſe which I have known him to be poſſeſſed of, and I do not think he has left any of it behind him. Madame de

* Elected Pope October 6, under the name of Alexander VIII.

† Madame de Carman was at Rome with M. and Madame de Chaulnes in 1670. She was then Madame de Murinais.

Lavardin informs me that this Ottoboni is the honeſteſt and moſt able man in all the ſacred college; but he is ſeventy-nine years of age, is not the mind ſomewhat beyond the line at this age? the poor Abbé ſays yes; but the late M. d'Arles ſaid no *. So that we ſhould believe that, every one when choſen will fill very well this high employment. For my part, I ſhould be of Patrick's opinion, that it was not worth while to put on the papal robes at ſo great an age, any more than to dreſs again upon the return of a violent illneſs, with which Patrick was afflicted at that age. Madame de Chaulnes is very much afraid that her huſband will be left at Rome, to be at hand for the approaching conclave. Let us ſay a word or two about this Ducheſs; I will tell you a ſecret that will make you love her. But we muſt firſt lay it down as a fundamental fact, that if they could they would have been charmed to have conferred the deputation upon my ſon; it may eaſily be believed, that they would have liked it much better than that it ſhould have fallen to M. de Coetlogon. Nor can we imagine that they intereſted themſelves in behalf of the latter, as you all exaggeratedly ſay, ſince M. de Chaulnes mentioned my ſon to M. de Lavardin, and recommended him by writing to the Marſhal; and Madame de Chaulnes, ſupported by the vivacity of the Abbé Tetu, mentioned him twice to M. de Croiſſi; this appears very clearly, but obſerve the ſequel. This good Ducheſs really grieved, that M. de Chaulnes's preſence before his departure, had not operated in favour of this deputation what they both hoped for, took it into her head, with Madame de la Fayette and Madame de Lavardin, to make me come to Paris, imagining that the ill ſucceſs of this buſineſs keeps me in Britanny, and that her abſence from Rennes caſt me upon the Rocks, for ſhe imagines if the Duke had held the States, I ſhould

* Madame de Sévigné quotes the example of the Abbé de Coulanges, her uncle, who died Auguſt 23, 1687, aged eighty; and that of M. d'Arles, uncle to M. de Grignan, who died March 9, 1689, aged eighty-ſix, to infer that the minds of thoſe who attain to their eightieth year, loſe more their powers in ſome than in others.

not

not have left them. She was agitated by these notions, which gave such strength to that conspiracy of my friends, as greatly importuned me; and, in a word, it was Madame de Chaulnes who was to lend the thousand crowns, but with so good a heart and so good a grace, and with such an earnest desire that the offer should take place, that Madame de la Fayette, thoroughly satisfied of the sincerity and friendship of this good Duchess towards me, earnestly entreats me to plague myself no more about this deputation. Madame de Chaulnes continues to write to me that what is deferred is not lost; that my son is young, that many people wait ten or fifteen years for this place; and that it is her business, without saying a syllable about the thousand crowns; I am, nevertheless, going to say a word to her about them, as Madame de la Fayette has entrusted me with the secret; but this Duchess wanted to put them into the hands of Beaulieu, that I might think they had fallen from the sky; but all this neither tempted nor bewildered me, for such a behaviour would sooner compel me to acquit the debt, than all the bailiffs in the world. I have made a just observation about the misfortune of being in debt; those who press us are very pressing, those who do not press us are still more pressing. This is a long harangue, but I was willing to shew you the bottom of the bag, and also of her and myself; and as it is a difficult thing not to have a good opinion of the heart of a person who is quite natural, and who is continually thinking of me in so friendly a manner. My Paris friends are very well pleased with the behaviour of this Duchess; such is the course of the things of this world, and the judgments that are formed without hearing both parties. I hope you will not be tired with reading all this minutiæ, for I must acknowledge it would be difficult to curtail them, as I take an uncommon pleasure in relating them to you. But I have done, my amiable girl, in embracing with a tenderness that is peculiar in its kind. I do not yet talk of my schemes, methinks I shall be free about the end of the summer, it is still a good while till then:

then: we will concert our meaſures together, having the ſame deſign of meeting.

LETTER DCCXXXV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Oct. 26, 1689.

I Believe, my dear girl, that at this very moment you are no longer in poſſeſſion of your fine country. The firſt thing the King does with this new Pope, who is entirely agreeable to him, and beyond our hopes, is to give him up this charming ſpot, which was ſo convenient to you: this reflection overwhelms me with grief. I have ſome news about the Abbé Bigorre that you will not be diſpleaſed to hear. M. de Chaulnes is too fortunate, no one can diſpute him the claim of being the beſt Pope-maker in the world. The preſent is ſo good a man, that we could not hope for him, he is a Venetian; it was he who anſwered on the fourth of October to the Ambaſſador's compliments; and on the ſixth, by way of thanking him, M. de Chaulnes made him a Pope; for this exaltation was a ſudden operation quite in the French taſte, againſt the opinion of the Spaniards and Germans; he is one of the cleverest men of the Sacred College, and has no other fault than being eighty years of age. This news has quite tranſported Madame de Chaulnes; the holy father has enquired after her and Madame de Carman, ſaying he ſhould die contented, if he could but ſee them once more. All France has been to compliment the Ducheſs, I imagine you will write a line to her, as well as the Duke, though he deprives you of Avignon. This is the luckieſt event in the world for him, you know all this, but one cannot help talking.

M. d'Arles is now with you; he writes to me from Paris, and I ſhall anſwer him at Grignan, and as he ſpeaks to me of his abdication *, I ſhall not heſitate telling

* The place was that of Preſident of the States of Provence, which

telling you my thoughts upon it, though it be a ſettled thing, and he ſays M. de Pomponne and Madame de Vins have approved of it: it is ſo eaſy to obtain approbation, that it cannot conſtitute authority. He tells me it was only uſeful to M. de Grignan, this alone confutes him; is being uſeful to one's relation in ſuch a place nothing? he need only conſider how agreeable this will be to M. d'Aix, to know how mortifying it muſt be to M. de Grignan. Beſides, when does a Grignan think it no object to be agreeable to his family? Thoſe, whom you ſay love one another to the laſt drop of their blood, in whatever ſtation have they not given ſufficient public teſtimony that they form but one? whence, then, does it happen that the Archbiſhop gave his opinion the lie, and renounced this happy and good reputation? I am of your ſentiment, that one muſt be very punctilious to be galled with a bit of wood upon a bench, which conſtitutes all the differences of places, which is neither perſonal or nominal, and which has no other foundation in this *aſſembly* for a few days, but as it relates to the Archbiſhop of Aix, and the Archbiſhop of Arles. Should this be ſufficient to urge him to ſpeak to the King, like a man who after having made a long ſacrifice, can no longer endure the weight and diſguſt that are become inſupportable? Is it poſſible that the King ſhould have really entered into the merits of this complaint, without being ſurprized that the honour of ſerving, which was ſo highly valued, upon entering on the office, can no longer ſupport him againſt a mortification which exiſts only in his imagination? In a word, my dear, I am hurt at this abdication, and I wiſh he may repent of this as of the others, in order to avenge us. But I have ſaid

which M. Arles *(John-Baptiſt Adhemar de Monteil)* had filled after M. de Marſeilles *(Touſſant de Forbin)*. But by the nomination of M. de Valence *(Daniel de Coſnac)* to the Archbiſhopric of Aix, M. de Arles being obliged to give him up the place of Preſident, he thought it was no longer incumbent on him to aſſiſt at the aſſembly of the States, to avoid being only in the ſecond place, according to the rank of the Archbiſhop.

ſo much upon this head, that I ſhall refer the Archbiſhop to it, if he is willing to do me the honour of knowing my ſentiments upon what he informs me of, and I ſhall only ſlightly touch upon this affair in my anſwer.

But let us enquire a little about Madame de Reinié *, what a fury! did you not think ſhe was dead, and that her ſpirit came to perſecute you with her noiſe, as in her life? as to me, I ſhould have been greatly terrified, and ſhould certainly have made the ſign of the croſs; but I believe ſomething more is neceſſary to get rid of her. Is it poſſible a woman can travel 150 leagues to aſk money of a perſon, who dies with impatience to pay it as ſoon as poſſible? no one's arrival at Grignan would aſtoniſh me ſo much as her's, I ſcreamed out. You are, however, quite in the right to behave civil to her; but how could you avoid her paws, and that inundation of words, in which one is ſo drowned, and overwhelmed? I am quite pleaſed at what you tell me about Balaruc, I ſaw it upon the map. It is a melancholy thing that the Chevalier can find no relief, and that his diſorder ſhould have ſpoilt all the good effects, which we at firſt thought the waters had produced; I ſenſibly feel this misfortune. Theſe waters are very violent, I would not truſt any of my limbs with them, and more particularly becauſe I have now no diſorder in my hands; I know not where all thoſe little extravagant diſorders are concealed, I ſometimes think there is treaſon going forward, I am ſo perfectly well. I ſhall greatly pity you, when you are all ſeparated; you will then really have no other company than Madame Reinié, and another, whom I muſt own is quite inſupportable to me, as ſhe is to you. But you ſometimes bid me ſay certain things only to the echo; I ſhall take care not to intruſt it with the leaſt thing: we have one here in this *place Coulanges*, which is like that of la Trouſſe, and which babbles quite into one's ear. A propos of la Trouſſe, M. de la Trouſſe has received very little benefit from the waters of Bourbon.

* A ſhopkeeper at Paris.

The

The day after I wrote to you, I ſaw my daughter-in-law return when I the leaſt expected her; ſhe left Rennes, in ſpite of all the world and all the amuſements there, to come, as ſhe ſays, to me, preferring this pleaſure to all the paſtime of the States. This ſurpriſed me, and would have made me uneaſy, if I had not clearly perceived ſhe was very well pleaſed, and that this expedition was done with as good a heart as it was a grace. Du Meſnil has brought the opera of Atis to Rennes, it is curtailed, but it is very pretty. My daughter was preſent at the repreſentation of it once, and was very well ſatisfied, and more ſo to return hither; ſhe ſays "that all the world tormented me at Rennes upon my being ſo deſirous to return to the Rocks; but, Madame, when I reminded them it was to be with you, they all agreed that I was quite in the right; particularly Marſhal d'Eſtrées, M. de Rennes, M. de la Tremoille, and M. de Pommereuil." In fine, here ſhe is, I judged that this little account would not make her appear in a bad light to you. As to my ſon, the Marſhal would not let him come, he is the only one with whom he converſes upon every ſubject. He is quite unhappy that my ſon is not appointed deputy, he was very deſirous of doing us this piece of ſervice, as well as Madame de la Fayette, who had ſollicited him upon the occaſion. He does much approve of the choice made of M. de Cavoie, the friend of M. de Seignelai, you ſee the reſt.

Our States met on Saturday the twenty-ſecond, there was a great throng, crowd, and confuſion; but at length the Marſhal ſpoke very well, better than was imagined. The firſt Preſident *de communi martyrum:* M. de Pommereuil is very lively in his way, but not ſo well as Fieubet and Harlai, whoſe ſpeeches were very energetic; in all the harangues the Duke de Chaulnes met with elogiums, and the news of the exaltation arrived very opportunely the ſame day. On the morrow M. de Pommereuil aſked three millions for the King, which were immediately granted, though, in fact, we know very well where they are to be

be had, with M. de Harouis's conteſt; for he cannot now, with a good grace, make any rejoinder. After ſeeing theſe good beginnings, Revel is ſet out to reſume, as he hopes, his firſt calling. He paſſed through here on Monday, but only ſtaid to dinner, and went to lie at Laval. We aſked him what kind of death all his miſtreſſes had choſen? he anſwered very well, that they would chuſe it with M. de la Tremoille and the Count d'Eſtrées, in whoſe hands he had left them. We ſpoke about the Chevalier, he appeared but lukewarm in his eſteem for him; he boaſted of having known him both in war and commerce, I alſo aſſured him that ingratitude was among the number of vices he held in the greateſt abhorrence. He hopes to be ſent to Germany with Marſhal de Lorges, I recommended to him the Marquis of Grignan; he told us it was for him to requeſt the Marquis's protection, he was ſo much out of exerciſe. How cruel it will be, my dear girl, if you cannot this winter ſee this poor child! is he not eighteen years old this month? The Germans are provoking with their winter campaign.

We paſs our time here in much tranquility, which you have no reaſon to doubt, but very faſt, which is ſurpriſing work; walking, converſation, reading, all theſe are called in to our aſſiſtance. A propos of books, you tell me wonders of the laſt productions of M. Nicole; I have read ſome paſſages that appeared to me very fine; the author's ſtyle is enlightened as you ſay, and makes you enter into your own ſentiments, in ſuch a manner as diſcovers the beauty of his mind, and the goodneſs of his heart; for he never ſcolds out of ſeaſon, which is the moſt diſagreeable thing in the world, and never produces the deſired effect. I did not then purchaſe this work, it was this laſt Lent, I contented myſelf with the good le Tourneux *. We are reading a treatiſe of that pious

* Nicholas de Tourneux, Confeſſor of Port-Royal, ſo well known by his excellent book entitled the Chriſtian Year, and by a great number of other important works.

man

man of Port-Royal †, upon *continual prayer*, which is a ſequel to certain pious works, that are very fine; but, child, this which is much larger, is ſo ſpiritual, enlightened, and holy, that though it be far above us, does not fail to pleaſe and charm. We are pleaſed to find there have been, and are ſtill people in the world, to whom God has communicated his holy ſpirit and grace in ſuch abundance; but my God! when ſhall we be poſſeſſed of ſome ſpark, ſome degree of it? How ſhocking it is to find ourſelves ſo far behind, and ſo near to other things! oh fy, let us not mention this misfortune, we muſt be humbled at it a hundred times a day.

It is a month ſince the news of M. de Schomberg's defeat has been propagated in this country; it was communicated from St. Malo's to M. de Louvois; but as it has not yet been confirmed by a courier to the Q. of E. it is judged to be falſe.

Madame DE SEVIGNE'S *daughter-in-law.*

I have, my dear ſiſter, ſeen all that you have ſaid about M. de Sévigné and myſelf. He continues at Rennes, and I have had ſenſe enough not to heſitate a moment in repairing to Madame de Sévigné. I am certain you will not diſapprove of my taſte, and that this choice will not place me in a diſagreeable point of view in your opinion. I ſhall not ſpeak to you about the deputation, this ſubject is exhauſted; we ſupport ſo well this diſgrace, that it ſhews we were worthy of what we hoped for. I am charmed, my dear ſiſter, to find that our apartment is quite ready at Grignan; I embrace you moſt tenderly, is it not agreeable to you? If I dared, I would alſo embrace M. de Grignan; but my friendſhip for him is ſo lively, that I have many ſcruples.

Madame DE SEVIGNE.

In truth, it is with regret I reſume the pen, for ſhe

† John Hamon, phyſician to Port-Royal, author of ſeveral very pious and enlightened writings.

writes

writes very well; but I muſt embrace my dear Counteſs.

LETTER DCCXXXVI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Oct. 30, 1689.

I Cannot refrain from mentioning the grief of all your ſeparations; I have long ſince felt for you upon this ſcore, ſaying that you would be too ſenſible of the misfortune of having had ſuch good company; but you have changed your opinion. I informed you this ſummer that the Chevalier might paſs the winter at Avignon, or in ſome other part of Provence, to enjoy your fine ſun, and add ſuch a benign winter by way of appendix to the waters of Balaruc, as many people do who dread the colds of Paris; you refer very far back, ſaying this is wiſhing him the worſt thing that could happen to him; that if he were to remain there, it would be a ſign that he were too ill to return; that otherwiſe he would go to ſee his friends and the world. Tell me, then, what has happened to make you now think, that he would do well to paſs the winter in Provence; for as to me, being perſuaded that the waters have not ſucceeded too well, he would have but a melancholy winter at Paris in that little chamber, with your handſome picture, which does not utter a ſyllable, let one ſay what one will to it; and I think that if it pleaſes God that he ſhould be ill, and cry out loud, in this caſe he muſt infinitely regret your abſence, for he is not a man that admits of trifling conſolations; we ſhould hope for a more agreeable ſtate. I ſhould therefore have been of opinion that the climate of Provence would have been the moſt eligible this year only, as it was ſo near at hand. You will acquaint me with the manner in which all your ſeparations have taken place. M. d'Arles is with you, and you have put my letter into his hands; I am more pleaſed than ever to have frankly told him my mind with reſpect to his abdication. He boaſted

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of having obtained the approbation of Madame de Vins; but ſhe informs me that he concealed from her this reſolution, thinking very juſtly that ſhe would diſapprove of it on account of M. de Grignan, and ſeveral other things relative to it; this, then, is the manner in which Madame de Vins and Madame de Pomponne approve of this meaſure. You did not inform me of the King's anſwer, which you were ſo curious to know; as for me, I did not in the leaſt retract what I ſaid upon this head.

It is aſſured that the firſt thing M. de Chaulnes did the day after the exaltation, was to give up Avignon. My God, daughter, how this thought affects and troubles me; this grief too is juſtly founded, conſidering the circumſtances it throws you into. When I reflect and ſpeak upon this ſubject, it is my own real buſineſs, I can think of no other. But I muſt ſuppreſs theſe bitter thoughts in my letters, they do but renew them in your heart; but they will eſcape ſometimes. It is ſaid that M. de Lorraine is going with his troops into winter quarters; we ſhall do the ſame if this be the caſe, and you will then ſoon ſee your ſon again, I wiſh you this conſolation.

The taking of Bonn, and the death of Baron d'Asfeld*, has cauſed ſome chagrin; the King and M. de Louvois regret his loſs, and highly praiſe him as a very able officer, and a ſkilful negociator. M. de Chaulnes's negociation may continue longer than is thought for; he is conſidered as the only perſon that can inſpire the Pope with a real inclination to reſtore peace to the Princes of Chriſtendom. His Holineſs does not at all like Cardinal d'Eſtrées, who it is thought will return to court. We ſhall ſee what God

* Elder brother to Marſhal and Abbé d'Asfeld. He commanded in Bonn, where he made a vigorous defence; he ſuſtained an aſſault, in which he was mortally wounded; he ſurrendered October 12, and made an honourable capitulation twenty-ſeven days after the trenches were opened, and after a blockade of upwards of three months, during which time the enemy had deſtroyed the city by cannon and bombs, before they began to beſiege it in form.

has

has ordained; *leave him alone*, ſays the holy Biſhop of Angers, who comes to make his viſitation at ninety-two, with the ſame good ſenſe as he always poſſeſſed. Adieu, my dear child, why do you ſay you are no longer handſome? why are you heated? why is your blood choleric? my own is ſometimes moved at it; endeavour to pacify yourſelf, avail yourſelf of your fortitude, your philoſophy, your chriſtianity, to ſupport the burden of your troubles which Providence allots you. Your ſiſter-in-law ſays a thouſand civil tender things to you; one of her greateſt extravagancies is, to make me ſpeak of you. I embrace M. de Grignan; I no longer know how I ſtand with the others; I fear that ere this reaches you, the birds will be all flown. We had here for ſome time your ſun, and you had our ſhowers; but for theſe two days paſt, I believe every thing has reſumed its former ſituation; ſo that you muſt have fine weather. Paulina has wrote me a charming letter, ſhe ſays with great audacity, that *ſhe is not afraid of deſtroying*; that, on the contrary, ſhe pretends to ſurpaſs the praiſes Coulanges has beſtowed upon her, that ſhe learns Italian, you are her miſtreſs, and ſhe reads *le Paſtor-fido*; and then puts a very pleaſant queſtion, the ſlut! Truly I ſend her back to her relations.

LETTER DCCXXXVII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Nov. 2, 1689.

YOUR letters come now better to hand, than when it was fine weather. The ſky of your Provence is in a ſtate ſufficient to terrify one; you are not accuſtomed to theſe torrents; you paint your caſtle in great diſorder, and if you had not ſaved all your fine goods, and particularly your cabinet, that is worthy of a place at Verſailles, I ſhould have been very much afflicted. We begin to feel the rain, but as we have ſtill ſome fine rays of Phœbus, I profit of them with pleaſure, becauſe this ſoil is as dry and agreeable

agreeable as that of our poor Livri; ſo that I ſhall often walk. The beginning of your letter is filled with great things in a few words; Ottoboni *Pope*; the county, *given up*; the King and M. de Chaulnes *triumphant*; and Madame de Grignan, *ruined*; this is what hurts me greatly, and which my heart feels but too ſenſibly; we muſt endeavour at leaſt to let hope ſupply the place of that ſolid conſolation which his Majeſty gave you. If you ſhould enter upon this buſineſs towards the end of next year, and you ſhould both go to Paris, it would be quite convenient for me, as the horſes would ſerve us both. But I do not comprehend M. de Grignan's notion, *only at Eaſter*; I comprehend better that of returning to Grignan to paſs the winter after the Aſſembly, notwithſtanding the North wind, which becomes ſtill more untractable at that time; this would, at leaſt, agree with the Chevalier's health and your buſineſs. In fine, my dear, you are all wiſe folks, your conventicle is met, you will take proper meaſures, and ſo we will confide in ſuch good heads. I am very deſirous that M. de Arles ſhould give you his reaſons, and that he ſhould alſo ſee my letter; we are upon good terms enough for me to tell him my ſentiments upon a ſubject which he mentions to me firſt; I beg you will not allow him to place Madame de Vins among the number of thoſe he has conſulted, and whoſe approbation he has received. You think my friends propoſals very agreeable, you are quite right; they were very much ſo; but it is ſufficient to have had the pleaſure of the trial of their hearts and friendſhip; for, in other reſpects, it would have been doing little honour to our firſt reſolutions, to have changed them, and have been burthened with another debt of a thouſand crowns. Indeed, daughter, there were no other ſteps, to be taken, than what I did, that is to ſay, being ſenſible of their goodneſs, and being completely grateful for it. Were I to frame a Gazette of the ſtate of my health, you would be convinced that I kept my promiſe with Madame de la Fayette; you would ſee under the article of *the bladder*, that all that country was

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in a perfect ſtate of tranquility; that the ſandy people, who had formerly made ſome incurſions there, carry on their operations in more diſtant countries; that letters have been received from the extremities of the kingdom, which impart that the legs were never in better condition nor more fit for ſervice; that the hands, which are upon the frontiers, are no longer ſubject to the caprices of the nerves their neighbours; nor the vapours their auxiliaries: in a word, that this ſtate would be a moſt perfect country, if the fountain of youth could be met with in it; this conſtitutes all its misfortunes. After this ridiculous Gazette, which you have deſired, methinks you may be quite eaſy with regard to my health.

It ſeems you are making ſome reparation to M. de Chaulnes's faculties; you find they are ſo good at Rome, that you muſt think he was meditating at Grignan upon all theſe important affairs; thus he is reſtored to your good opinion in this reſpect, and he muſt alſo with regard to the deputations. He was not in the wrong to diſpoſe of them for fifteen years, without mentioning it to the King, as Marſhal de la Millarie always did *. But a change has taken place with regard to this for four or five years, as in every thing elſe. What gudgeons has he not ſwallowed! you have ſeen him. He knows that his good friends have found out a new road for the deputations; he is ſenſible of it, and he always ſaid to my ſon †, except this year, that it is neceſſary to be a courtier now, as theſe times are changed. As to this year, he thought the Nobility and their commander might have ſome weight. He had, at leaſt, reaſon to believe that his recommendation might do ſomething, either by writing from the province, where his ſervice was agreeable, or in ſetting out for Rome; his timidity, or elſe the impoſſibility of ſpeaking about Britanny, prevented his propoſing the deputation to the King; he

* He was Governor of Nantes and Breſt; and Lieutenant-general of Upper and Lower Britanny.

† M. de Sévigné had quitted the court upon retiring from the army.

only

only recommended it to M. de Lavardin, and wrote about it to Marſhal d'Eſtrées: nor do I yet know, if he did not expect to find M. de Coetlogon in his way, and he would thereby have only expoſed himſelf; I believe this is the truth of the matter. It is ſo certain that nothing is thought of but pleaſing the city of Rennes, that by the moſt unheard-of meaſures, which I am much pleaſed at, the deputation of the clergy has been given to M. de Rennes by a letter de cachet; this is ſuch a packet as never before entered Britanny upon ſuch an occaſion; for the Biſhops uſed to ſucceed according to their rank, and this year it fell to the lot of M. de Vannes, or M. de Trequier, who are ſo frequently aſtoniſhed at the proceeding, that they know not what to think; but it is ſufficient to be M. de Rennes, who is quite aſtoniſhed too, and aſks if the packet be certainly for him; for never was one before ſent for a deputation; judge if the governor of Rennes would not have obtained it with more juſtice. Madame de Chaulnes is ſo ſurprized at all this, that ſhe keeps her eyes conſtantly fixed upon Rome, and is much in the right. The King ſaid to her laſt week; "Madame, M. de Chaulnes was not long at Rome before he made himſelf ſpoken of, he has met with more good friends there, and he has been very well received." She anſwered, "Sire, he that bears your Majeſty's orders, is always well received." The whole court was ready to ſtifle her with compliments and friendſhip; I hepe you have wrote to her. I am of your opinion, my dear child, that M. de Chaulnes will remain there for another conclave, or rather to conclude with the Pope, who loves him, the principal object they have to confer upon together, and thoſe which he intends diſpoſing him to approve, or confirm for the general tranquility; this would be a fine ſtroke; and if Madame de Chaulnes and Madame de Carman were at Rome, they would be proper ſeconds for him. But this Pope hates Cardinal d'Eſtrées as much as he loves the Ambaſſador, and it is thought his eminence will return to France; if ſo, Madame de Chaulnes's departure will be deferred.

red. I am as much afflicted as you, that the laſt Pope, who let us remain in poſſeſſion of Avignon, did not live as long as M. d'Arles *; but ſuch longevity would have been too lucky for you, and it was not God's will. I informed you that M. de Chaulnes entered Rome like an Ambaſſador, *al diſpetto* of the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, who endeavoured to prevail with the Cardinals to prevent it; but out of fifty-ſix voices he had but five. I do not give mine to M. de la Garde, either to preach or ſcold; I know very well that Jeſus Chriſt, St. Paul, and St. Auguſtine, preached and exhorted, it was their buſineſs; this latter gives ſuch good reaſons for it. But a poor ſinner, recovered only three days from a worſe ſtate than our's, ſhould keep ſilent, penetrated with God's mercy towards him, ſolely occupied with his happineſs, and the ſenſible acknowledgment he owes to his Saviour, for having ſelected and diſtinguiſhed him from among ſo many others, without any merit, but through free grace: ſuch ſhould be the only ſentiments of his heart, and if charity ſhould make him intereſt himſelf for his neighbour, it ſhould be in lamentations before God, and ſupplicating the ſame grace for others, as has been ſo plentifully poured upon his head. Such was Madame de Longueville, that penitent and holy Princeſs; ſhe did not forget her ſituation, nor the abyſſes from which God had ſaved her; ſhe preſerved the remembrance as a baſis for her penitence and lively acknowledgment towards God. Thus is chriſtian humility preſerved, and the grace of Jeſus Chriſt honoured. This does not preclude reflection, and chriſtian converſation with one's friends; but no ſermons, no ſcolding; theſe revolt, and make us recollect and refer them to their paſt life, becauſe we find that they have forgot it. I am aſtoniſhed that people of good ſenſe ſhould be guilty of this injuſtice, but we ſhould be aſtoniſhed at nothing; for what do we not meet with?

* Theſe two prelates lived the one to ninety-five, the other to eighty-ſix.

It appears that our Marquis will ſoon be in winter-quarters, with the reſt, and who may pay you a viſit; I wiſh it, my dear child, this is the greateſt conſolation you can have; I have a great deſire to embrace him as well as my dear Counteſs. I am very glad that the Count grows fat, he was always thin when I ſaw him, which made me uneaſy. The deſcription you give of your ſtorms, is ſo beautiful and poetic, that it gladdens my imagination.

LETTER DCCXXXVIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Nov. 6, 1689.

M. De Chaulnes has wrote to me very tenderly and very agreeably; he ſays that he might boaſt of the brilliance of his negociation, were it not for the mortal grief he feels at having been compelled to offer the Pope the charming county; that he did it with ſo bad a grace, that he thought his Holineſs would have refuſed it; but that he was unfortunate enough to be deceived, and that, on the contrary, the Pope received it with ſuch pleaſure as renewed the good opinion he already had of his Holineſs. Thus, daughter, the deed is done; *God gave it you, and God has taken it away from you,* we muſt bear up againſt this loſs, as well as many others. I muſt tell you once more, that, if you are juſt, you muſt agree that this Duke has not deceived us. He told us before the laſt meeting of the States, that things had changed, that he was no longer the maſter as formerly, and that one ſhould ſhew one's face a little at Court; I have told you what grounds he went upon latterly; he had ſome reaſon to believe that at leaſt this year, his ſolicitation would have as much weight as another's. He ſpoke in this ſtyle to M. de Rennes when he paſſed through Malicorne: I cannot doubt of his inclination to have obliged me and my ſon, he did not think it proper to talk of Britanny at Verſailles; he ſaid a word to M. de Lavardin, and wrote to Marſhal

d'Eſtrées; Madame de Chaulnes to M. de Croiſſi; and M. de Cavoie has done what you are acquainted with. The Ambaſſador is lucky, that all the diſguſt he muſt have had upon this head, is concealed and confounded in his abſence, which has done us much honour in this country; for every perſon at Rennes conſiders my ſon as the deputy M. de Chaulnes would have appointed; and M. de Coetlogon, as the deputy of his journey to Rome; wherefore we have no reaſon to complain, and indeed we are very far from doing it. I muſt acknowledge to you, that I do not believe either you, the Chevalier, or any great Lords or Governors of Provinces, will think it fitting that the Governor of Britanny ſhould be diveſted of the agreeable privilege of appointing deputies independently, without having it ſaid that M. de Chaulnes took upon himſelf a ſovereign power; he certainly would have been much to blame not to have done it, as all other Governors do it. Since the marriage of the Ducheſs Anne with Charles VIII. this fine extenſive province had many other privileges. M. de Chaulnes for fifteen or ſixteen years followed the laſt footſteps of the Marſhal de la Mailleraie; do you think it either noble or juſt to make a merit of degrading this handſome government? Is it not the common intereſt of all great Lords and Governors? Should they not view themſelves in this example? I am acquainted with two or three who have been very lively affected at it with regard to themſelves, and it cannot be one of this body who has introduced ſuch a revolution. Alas, what do not theſe poor Governors do to pleaſe their maſter? with what joy, with what zeal, do they not fly even to the hoſpital for his ſervice? Do they conſider their health, their pleaſure, their buſineſs, their lives as any thing, when obedience to his pleaſure is neceſſary? and yet it is a matter of complaint for them to have an honour, a diſtinction, an opportunity of obliging perſons of quality in a province! And wherefore is it they want to be beloved and honoured, and act as Kings? is it not for the ſervice of the real King? is it for themſelves? Alas! they are

ſo paſſionately attached to his perſon, that they only wiſh to lay aſide thoſe great comic parts, to come and behold him at Verſailles, when even they cannot expect to be looked at; and yet they are denied that grandeur which they ſo properly uſe. But, my child, is it poſſible that you ſhould differ from me in opinion? M. de Grignan, come then to my aſſiſtance, ſupport me, it is your buſineſs; if you deſert me, I ſhall wiſh you every kind of diſguſt in your province, and I ſhall praiſe and admire thoſe who, by their induſtry, may find out how to place you upon the footing of others. I will ſay no more, and why do you make me ſpeak my thoughts? I will, at leaſt, confide in you; and moreover, I know nothing ſo clever as to underſtand reaſon. M. de la Rochefoucault and M. de la Feuillade would not indict me for my ſentiments upon this head.

Let us ſpeak of our States. The Holy Ghoſt came in a cloak-bag to the council of Trent, ſays Fra-Paolo; ſo the deputation is come in a letter de cachet to M. de Rennes; theſe vehicles are equally extraordinary. Marſhal d'Eſtrées will not let my ſon leave him for a moment, he knows no body but him, he ſpeaks to no body but him, he pays his viſits in company with him; in a word, he is ſo little acquainted with Britanny, that if he had not found a commenſal officer of the Marchioneſs d'Huxelles, he would have been quite embarraſſed. He keeps a moſt extravagant table, the Marſhal ſurpaſſes M. de Chaulnes, it conſiſts of eighteen covers noon and night, all ſerved in gadrooned plate; in a word, it is who can ſpend the moſt; for there are twenty tables of the ſame magnitude. The Opera of Atys is performed very agreeably, by Menil; and there are alſo comedies.

How ſorry I am for the Chevalier's ill ſtate of health! what a cruel fever! good God how I pity him! He is much in the right not to go to Paris in ſuch a ſituation; how much I ſhould be diſcountenanced there without you or him! Your ſtay in Provence has compleatly ſettled mine here. Here are Madame de la Fayette, and Madame de Lavardin's let-

ters; as to Madame de Chaulnes's, it was a volume without end; dwelling upon the perſuaſion that it is her abſence that makes me paſs the winter at the Rocks inſtead of Rennes, ſhe places to her account all that can poſſibly happen to me there; and ſhe was ſo ſincerely diſpoſed to give me that golden ſhower, that ſhe was never tired of intreating me to ſet out; but, daughter, this is finiſhed, I find myſelf very well here, particularly when you are at Grignan.

I am informed that the Pope has convened his friends to terminate the affair of the franchiſes with France and with all crowned heads; and another congregation to examine the means of making a general peace in Chriſtendom. It is thought that Cardinal d'Eſtrées will return, and that Cardinal Bouillon will remain for the affairs of France. I am perſuaded that the Ambaſſador is not ready to return.

Sainte-Marie, my old friend, the King's lieutenant at St. Malo's, has been to ſee me. He told me he had wrote to you for a ſolicitation; I beg that you may ſatisfy him: he is a man that would go any lengths to ſerve me: every body loves him in this country; he is the conſolation of all exiles, and priſoners of St. Malo's; in a word, he is a little Artagnan faithful to his Prince, and humane to thoſe whom he is obliged to guard. He has a thouſand good qualities, he ſays that he has borrowed them of me: you recollect how I anſwered him, in aſſuring him upon my word and faith that our religion was preferable to that of Calvin. I ſhould greatly pity M. de la Garde, if he had forgot his firſt condition which ſhould never be ſeparated from chriſtian humility, any more than our gratitude to God. M. Nicole is quite divine.

My ſon ſtill continues at Rennes; his wife takes great pains to divert me. M. de Lauzun is going to make a romantic voyage to Ireland with ſix thouſand men. Preſerve yourſelf, my dear girl, and love me with that tenderneſs purpoſely deſigned for us.

LETTER DCCXXXIX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, November 9, 1689.

M. D'Arles has, then, gone through thoſe fires of Taſſo, thoſe gigantic phantoms, thoſe armed men, for theſe were the defenders of the paſſage *; and has found nothing but dry and barren heaths. For my part, I was in hopes to have found wood enough for our laſt floor, and that M. d'Arles would thus have found his apartment habitable, and M. de Grignan would no longer have been compelled to go up the gutters, the impropriety of which I thought he was convinced of long ſince. Thus, my dear, all would have been finiſhed; but how can M. de Carcaſſonne reſiſt M. d'Arles's vivacity, who ſeizes upon the hare, ſaying give me four thouſand crowns, go to ſleep again, and let me alone? As for me, I really think he is in a lethargy; it muſt be a very thick vapour that prevents his anſwering a ſyllable to ſuch forcible reaſons, and he muſt be ſhook ſtill more, and tormented ſtill more to awake him. I imagine M. d'Arles will receive at Grignan the letter I wrote to him; will he anſwer eaſily in regard to that noble haughtineſs for which I blame him, and which makes him perſonally feel a preference of ſeats, that relates only to his benefice, and which as little diſhonours the Abbé de Grignan, as it does honour to the Abbe de Coſnac? In a word, daughter, theſe are flights of imagination, that cannot be ſuppreſſed.

I thought the letter you wrote to M. de Chaulnes very pretty; he anſwers you with reaſons, and you

* See Canto III. of Taſſo's Jeruſalem.

Madame de Sévigné's imagination was ſo lively, her wit ſo juſt, and ſo ornamented, that the excellent uſe ſhe made of her reading is not at all ſurpriſing. But it is extraordinary, that as a mother, ſhe ſhould be perſuaded to find a daughter worthy of her, as well with reſpect to wit as taſte, which were ſo neceſſary to comprehend perfectly all the delicacy of certain applications.

find he did all he could. Madame de Chaulnes has ſent me a little account, which ſhe ſays is only for myſelf, of a converſation between the Ambaſſador and the Pope; I find in the anſwer which the Holy Father made him, a preſence of mind and ſurpriſing vivacity, which greatly ſurpriſed me, and which plainly ſhew he poſſeſſes all his faculties, and is long lived. I ſend it you, as you may perhaps be pleaſed to know it. The Ducheſs ſays ſhe hopes you will pardon her huſband the injury he has done you, and that the armies are preparing to ſend you back your ſon. She is afflicted at the grief of Madame de Soubiſe, who has loſt her ſon *, after incredible ſufferings, and at that of Madame de Guenegaud, who has not only loſt her youngeſt ſon at Bonn, but her eldeſt, whom ſhe loved dearer than her life; ſhe has none now but the Abbé Guenegaud, and another, who is alſo a prieſt; thus our foreſight into futurity affords us only uſeleſs anxiety, as God is preparing for us other troubles.

I dread mentioning to you the magnificence of Rennes, leſt it ſhould cauſe you an indigeſtion, for there is nothing but feſtivity going on; they dine with M. de la Tremoille, and ſup with the firſt Preſident; or dine with the M. de Pommereuil, and ſup with M. de Rennes; then dine with de Coetlogon, and ſup with M. de Malo; thus it is each ſucceſſive day. How does it agree with you? there are twenty tables equally elegant, this is devouring of eſtates. My ſon informs his wife, I imagine through regard, not ſuppoſing it is upon my account ſhe is here, that her abſence is much lamented by all her friends, and that he is very ſorry her delicate ſtomach prevents her partaking of all thoſe paſtimes. She anſwers him in a paſſion, that ſhe is quite offended at ſuch language; that ſhe did not come here on account of her health; that ſhe is acquainted with the life that is led during the ſitting of the States; that it was ſolely for the pleaſure of being with me, which

* Lewis Prince de Rohan, Colonel of a Regiment of Cavalry, died November 5, of a wound he received July 5, near the Camp of Leſſines in Flanders.

ſhe

ſhe prefers to every thing elſe; that if her ſtomach was equal to that of the beſt chairman's in Rennes, ſhe would do juſt the ſame; and all this ſo naturally, that I am greatly obliged to her for it, without my having the leaſt ſcruple at ſeeing her here. We read a good deal, and the time paſſes away ſo faſt, that we are not much wearied, except it be in wiſhing to embrace you; for this is what, I muſt acknowledge, I ardently wiſh for. Adieu, it is the fineſt weather in the world, and I imagine you enjoy a ſky ſtill more ſerene; it is the ſummer of St. Martin tide with us, and the dog-days with you. I embrace and kiſs my amiable daughter on both cheeks.

LETTER DCCXL.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, November 13, 1689.

YOUR letter is not yet come to hand, this is always a melancholy circumſtance for me; though I ſomewhat got the better of thoſe apprehenſions occaſioned formerly by this retardment: it is the whim of the poſt, and we muſt endure it; but as I am conſtantly with you at Grignan, I loſe the thread of the converſation, this is what grieves me. I know not whether you go to the aſſembly with M. Grignan, or whether you remain at your caſtle. I am very uneaſy about the Chevalier's health, and the effects of the bark, repeated in its uſual doſe: its heat operating upon that of the Chevalier's blood, makes me call to mind what is ſometimes ſaid, *when a bravo meets a bravo, they remain bravoes.* We alſo hope that this brave bark will make the blood remain brave: may it pleaſe God; it is very hard to conquer.

Tell me what you have done with Madame de Reinié; is ſhe ſtill clamouring? how have you ſilenced her? I will not looſe the rein to tell you about my tender and ſenſible friendſhip, and the lively intereſt I take in all that concerns you near or diſtant, as all this keeps the firſt place in what is dear and precious to me; I hold it in much higher eſteem than my own little affairs, which appear like hyſſops in compariſon to your tall cedars. How can I help feeling all that

you ſay to me upon this journey to Paris, the propoſal of which you envy my friends for? I had much fortitude to reſiſt, when you were at Grignan; had you been at Paris, the great offers would have been ſuperfluous, you deſtroy all my meaſures, I find: but having concerted them ſo agreeable to yours, it was not eaſy for me to be put out of my way. Thus, my dear child, I entertain myſelf, this forms my ſubſiſtence, which I would not mention to you, but cannot avoid it, conſidering it as the ſolace and conſolation of my latter days: God and providence are above all things. I am informed of the death of that good and worthy man the Biſhop of Nimes; ſo that our poor Livri is again to give away; I wiſh the Abbé Pelletier may obtain it.

I have received a long letter from my new friend, the *Man Wolf* Guebriac; I would have ſent it you, as his ſtyle, which is very natural, would be very agreeable, if he did not praiſe me ſo much; in truth, my modeſty will not ſuffer it: he is aſtoniſhed to find a woman with ſome few good qualities and principles, and who in her youth had ſome charms, that he ſeems to have paſſed a life in a whirl-wind of paſſions, among a banditti equally diveſted of law and faith, and where love alone reigned, deſpoiled of every kind of virtue; this gives riſe to ſome very pleaſing things. I claim my credit with you, in the name of M. Deſcartes, to inſtruct him properly with regard to the Court of Love*, which he has heard mentioned, and

* The Court of Love was nothing more than a ſociety of people of wit of both ſexes, which was inſtituted in Provence towards the end of the 11th century. They communicated to each other their works, and they converſed upon different ſubjects, in which love had always ſome ſhare. The quarrels and jealouſies of lovers were the common objects of their judgment; they determined upon the merits of the *Tanſons* written upon this ſubject; the *Tanſons* were a kind of poetry which the *Troubadours* or *Trouveres* had brought into reputation, in which were treated curious queſtions about love and lovers. Martial of Auvergne gives in the ſequel a collection of theſe judgments, intitled *Areſta Amorum*, and upon which Benoit le Court, a famous lawyer, publiſhed in 1533, a learned Latin Commentary.

which

which he conſiders as a fable. He is a man of the cabinet and curious, he wants to know this truth from the Governeſs of Provence, and if upon complaint to that court, and judgment were pronounced, it would be by female judges: you have got ſome wits from Arles, and a prior from St. John at Aix, am I not right? who will acquaint you with the truth of this affair? Guebriac met with this ſheet by way of preface to a book of Francis Barberin's †, who makes mention of it: I ſend it to Paulina, ſhe will underſtand this proſe as well as *le Paſtor fido*. Such a trifle you will intruſt ſome one with, and not trouble yourſelf about it. Were you at Aix, Montreuil ‡ would ſettle this matter for his old friend, whoſe ſenſe is very different from his; but, in fine, you will do what you can without trouble.

The handſome Abbé of Rohan ||, ſo fine and indeed too fine, is at preſent the head of the houſhold of M. de Soubiſe, and his livings are given to his younger brother §. Our States broke up yeſterday, he will himſelf ſend you the news. The Marſhal's expence was extravagantly ridiculous: he had every day ſixty gueſts to dine and ſup with him, and every thing was ſerved with ſuch magnificence as eclipſed M. de Chaulnes, who indeed would have been ſorry to vie with him. Adieu, my moſt amiable girl; this is enough for today, how ſtand all the particulars of your complaints?

† See Bayle's Dictionary, under the article *Barberin*.

‡ The ſame as is mentioned in the Hiſtorical Dictionary of Moreri, under the *article of Montereul*. It is there ſaid, that *Mathieu Montereul* or *Montreuil* died at Valence in Dauphiny in the month of July 1692, and, it is added, that he then lodged with M. de Coſnac, his friend, and Biſhop of Valence, afterwards Archbiſhop of Aix. But M. de Coſnac was not Biſhop of Valence in 1692, as he was named Archbiſhop of Aix in 1687; and as it is certain that Montreuil followed him thither at that time, we muſt conclude, that Montreuil died at Aix, or any where elſe, rather than at Valence.

|| Hercules Meriadec, Prince and Duke of Rohan Rohan, became the eldeſt by the death of Lewis Prince of Rohan his brother.

§ Armand-Gaſton-Maximilian de Rohan, afterwards Biſhop of Straſburgh, Cardinal and high Almoner of France.

your ſide, your cholic, in fine your little *Gazette:* mine always continues the ſame. My daughter-in-law embraces you, and continues her ſolicitude to divert me.

LETTER DCCXLI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, November 16, 1689.

HERE they are both; that of the 3d travelled to Rennes without my being able to diſcover the reaſon; the fault was occaſioned at Paris; I received it on Sunday, after having ſent away my letters. I will begin by entering upon the motion that agitates you all, and which is ſo reaſonable, to know ſpeedily if Madame de Maiſon's compliment is well grounded: ſhe has frequently told us very wicked news, I recollect; ſometimes good too: but when we hope to learn that the Chevalier's regiment will devolve to his nephew, it is ſo natural and eaſy to believe, that we muſt commit violence upon ourſelves to doubt of it; and you that are ſo ſkilful in raiſing phantoms, will find ſome difficulty to find ſubjects of deſpair upon an occaſion where very thing is in favour of the Marquis; examples, his name, his father's and his uncle's merit, his own perſonal merit, all theſe place him at the head of this fine troop. You do not doubt, my child, that I am entirely like yourſelf in every thing that regards you; you cannot dwell too much upon it, nor too often repeat your thoughts; I ſhare in your reaſoning *pro* and *con*, and in the dialogue of fear and hope: I therefore wait like you with all the impatience excited by real and cordial friendſhip.

I now know what is become of that talking mill Madame Reinié. I know that you have reſolved to go to the aſſembly, and afterwards return to Grignan. Thus am I intruſted about the Chevalier's health, whoſe pardon I aſk for not coinciding with him concerning M. d'Arles's reſignation. I ſhould have heightened the value of holding this ſecond place to the King, which I ſhould have made him underſtand I

filled

filled only for his ſervice; but, in fact, I ſhould not have been the leaſt diſpleaſed; I ſhould have been charmed to have kept, and ſerved my elder brother. The more I feel myſelf a Grignan, and above M. d'Aix in every other reſpect, the more I ſhould have been inſenſible of that ſhort meeting, when the prerogative of one Archbiſhopric over another conſtitutes the difference upon this occaſion only *. In fine, I acknowledge to you this is my notion, and which, I thought, from his nobility and elevated ſentiments, would alſo have been his: I have been miſtaken, but however much I eſteem his good ſenſe, I ſhall not change mine. On the other hand, I praiſe the Archbiſhop to have the reſolution of compleating his building, and I admire him for having obtained 4000 crowns from M. de Carcaſſonne.

Your ſiſter-in-law deſires me to tell you ſhe thinks herſelf too happy in having been able to pleaſe you, as ſhe did in following her own inclination. You greatly increaſe by your approbation the joy ſhe had in doing what ſhe calls her duty. She has not been ſenſible of her huſband's abſence, he was ſo near her, and ſhe ſo frequently heard from him; ſhe was ſo ſure that he would ſoon be with her, that no chagrin has appeared in this amiable conduct. You ſpeak of all this in ſo natural and friendly a manner, that you rekindle all my fondneſs.

Your county then is given up. I wiſh that principality of Orange, which is ſo ſincerely ſurrendered to the King, would recompenſe you for your loſs; but it has been a long while in your government without your being any better for it. I am charmed to think you have wrote to Madame de Chaulnes. Do you not like the little converſation I ſent you? I am informed that Coulanges is a favourite with the Pope, that M. de Chaulnes is making a ſtate-coach, and he keeps a table as he did in Britanny; this looks like being ſettled. A propos, our States broke up on Monday laſt, they have granted 10,000 crowns to Marſhal

* The Archbiſhop of Aix is the firſt *Procureur*, by birth, of the county of Provence; and in this capacity he always preſides at the aſſembly of the States, which are held every year at Lambeſc.

d'Eſtrées,

d'Eſtrées, he has ſpent that ſum and more. The deputies are M. de Rennes*, and M. de Coetlogon, the reſt are not worth naming. Your brother will be here to-morrow; he brings with him the Abbe Charier, and my Farmer of Buron, who is a luſty gentleman, Madame de Marbeuf, and ſome others; we are more afraid of ſo much company, than our ſolitude. Surely my ſon often quotes the good brothers, who order ſeparate beds in the dog-days; romances are reaſonable productions in compariſon of this idle book. I ſhall ſay nothing of Paulina's taſte with regard to romances; I read them like many other perſons of ſuperior underſtanding to myſelf, ſo that I muſt hold my tongue. Examples might be quoted good and bad with regard to the reading of theſe books; you do not love them, and you have ſucceeded very well; I did not like them, and yet they did me no harm; every thing is wholeſome to the healthy, as you ſay. As to me, who choſe to ſupport my taſte, I found that a young man became generous and brave in viewing my heroes; and that a girl became wiſe and honeſt in reading Cleopatra. There are people who ſometimes take things wrong; but they would not act better, perhaps, if they could not read; the eſſential thing is to have the mind well diſpoſed, and then it is not eaſy warped: Madame de la Fayette is another inſtance in my favour. It is, nevertheleſs, very true and very certain, that M. Nicole's works are preferable; you are charmed with them, this may ſerve as a panegyric to the book; from what I read of it at Madame de Coulanges's, I am eaſily perſuaded it muſt pleaſe you. You will be very happy, and much to be envied, if God has made uſe of this amiable book to inſpire you with love. I, at leaſt, derive this grace from it, that I am perſuaded there is no other object truly worthy of our eſteem in this world. Upon this ſuppoſition, I conjure you, my dear Paulina, not to let your mind turn towards frivolous things, but that you attach yourſelf to what is ſolid, in which claſs I place hiſtory; otherwiſe your taſte will be but of a wan complexion. We are read-

* John Baptiſt de Beaument, Biſhop of Rennes.

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ing the Hiſtory of the Church by M. de Godeau *; it is really a very fine work; in what a reſpectable light it places religion! we are ready to ſuffer martyrdom with *Abbadie*. Every thing is properly timed, *Coriſca* is very pretty and very roguiſh, *altri tempti, altre cure*. Ever love me, my dear belle, but never weigh other friendſhips in the ſame ſcale with your's; your order is placed in the foremoſt of all ranks, which no one elſe can approach.

LETTER DCCXLII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, November 20, 1689.

YOU have extricated me from much uneaſineſs in telling me that our Marquis is Colonel of his uncle's fine regiment; nothing could be more favourable to him; it is ſcarce poſſible to be more advanced at eighteen. Now your anxieties are removed, and ſo the dialogue of hope and fear is moſt happily concluded. I defy you, be you ever ſo induſtrious, to find out any diſagreeable circumſtance attending this affair; there is nothing more now to be conſidered, my dear Counteſs, than to ſupport this rank which neceſſarily creates a greater expence than that of Captain. The Chevalier muſt be paid—how much? It is to be hoped that you will have leave to ſell your fine company, the work of your own hands. In fine, good and evil are blended, honours increaſe expence; we are much diſpleaſed when they are not obtained, and we are much embarraſſed when they are, ſuch is the ſtate of wordly affairs. Will not your colonel pay you a viſit? I ſhould think he would have time enough. I have a great mind to write to him, and ſuperſcribe his letter according to my fancy. You are, then, uſually, a hundred at Grignan, and fourſcore in the great intrenchments. I find they are not very ſcrupulous about burthening you. I approve of your not going to Lambeſc to expoſe your beauty and Paulina's

* Anthony Godeau, Biſhop of Graſſe and Vence.'

youth

youth to the fury of the ſmall-pox, this is an evil we cannot too much avoid. You have given me ſuch a dreadful idea of the north wind of Grignan during the winter, that it terrifies me. I imagine M. de Grignan will have much difficulty to reſolve not to paſs theſe three months at this good city of Aix; we muſt ſometimes yield to impoſſibilities, but how diſagreeable is this reflection! and it is a great misfortune to find one's ſelf ſo exhauſted, when it is eſſentially neceſſary to be otherwiſe: theſe are very ſenſible objects, in regard to which, I wiſh you, as well as myſelf, all the requiſite fortitude. The Chevalier will communicate ſome of his to you, he has ſo much, the uſe of which he is deprived of by the gout, that he has ſome to ſpare, and ſhould furniſh his friends with it. Never fail acquainting me with his and your deſigns. Madame de Chaulnes informs me, that ſhe has received a very pretty letter from you. Madame de Lavardin was under great affliction, M. de Chalons was dying, and his pious mother * was overwhelmed with grief at the foot of the croſs. M. de Senlis †. and all the Sanguins are very joyous; they have obtained our little Abbey (*of Livri,*) and they have given up a Priory to be free of the penſion. It is ſo agreeable to them, that it ſeems nearer to me, than if it had been given to another; they are all our old neighbours.

My ſon is at length returned from the States, and he is very well pleaſed to be with us; Madame de Marbeuf is here for ſome time, and the Abbé Quimperlé (*Charier*) who thinks of nothing but ſerving me. We expect our farmer, with whom we are to ſettle a long account without any money. The Count d'Eſtrées ‡ ſupped and lay here laſt night, and ſet out this morning for Paris; I found him very agreeable and lively; his mind is quite noble, and ſo greatly turned to the ſciences, and what are called the *belle-*

* Louiſa Boyer, Ducheſs of Noailles, mother to Lewis Anthony de Noailles, Biſhop of Chalons upon Marine, afterwards Archbiſhop of Paris and Cardinal.

† Dennis Sanguin, Biſhop of Senlis.

‡ Victor-Mary, Count, afterwards Duke d'Eſtrées, Vice-Admiral and Marſhal of France.

letters,

lettres, that if he had not acquired a very good reputation by ſea and land (as the Chevalier can inform you) I ſhould imagine him of one thoſe, whoſe ſuperior talents are ſo many obſtacles to their fortune; but he knows very well how to make them coincide at the expence of his reſt, indeed, for he paſſes whole nights in reading; this is too much. I wiſh our Marquis had only a moiety of this diſpoſition, it would be ſufficient. It was a pleaſure to hear him converſe with my ſon, upon antient and modern poets, hiſtory, philoſophy, morality; he is acquainted with every thing, no ſubject comes amiſs to him; this is very clever. The ignoramus's were quite nonpluſſed; and the G's, with the Counts de R. and de R. and their good things, had nothing to ſay; but we were very merry at their expence. Madame de Marbeuf pays you a thouſand affectionate compliments; and the Abbé Charier ſends you ten thouſand of the moſt reſpectable. Your M. d'Aix has an Abbey worth 6000 livres a year, which belonged to the Abbé de Soubiſe; he will tell you it is worth twelve, but you may take off one half. I take my leave, my moſt amiable girl, your brother is diſpoſed to write to you. Send me the chronicle of your health, this is the ſource of my repoſe, as you ſay the fountain of youth with me would be the ſpring of your's; there is a thought which I think is worthy of your friendſhip.

LETTER DCCXLIII.

Monſieur de Sévigné

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Nov. 20. 1689.

HERE I am, my pretty little ſiſter, with our dear mamma, charmed to find her in perfect health, and charmed to find myſelf in repoſe at the Rocks, and out of the phrenzy of the States, and once more charmed to renew my correſpondence with you. My mother has preſerved all your letters, which have ſtill

to

to me the graces of novelty, ſo that it is only ſince yeſterday, that I am acquainted with all that you have ſaid concerning me. I ſhall neither compliment nor thank you for what you have wrote to my mother and me, as you know how ſenſible I am of the teſtimonies of your friendſhip. I had quite conſoled myſelf upon not having the deputation, as ſoon as I perceived I had not been deſerted by M. de Chaulnes, as I had imagined. You know that I always complain of croſſes; thoſe which have befallen me this year, were of ſuch a kind, as it was impoſſible to foreſee; for it is certain out of the three powerful men in the province, there was not one who was not ſtrenuouſly my friend, and whoſe intereſt was not connected with mine with regard to the deputation; ſo that it was much more their buſineſs than mine to bring it to bear. M. de Chaulnes, Marſhal d'Eſtrées, and M. de Lavardin, are equally opponents to M. de Seignelai, M. de Cavoie, and M. de Coetlogon; and they were all three diſpoſed to deprive their antagoniſts of the ſatisfaction of appointing a deputy, and to have one of their own nomination. I was the only one they all three had in view, and it was, in fact, their deſign to appoint me. Marſhal d'Eſtrées entertained hopes as long as he could; he at length received the mandate, which he ſo much dreaded, and which was nevertheleſs determined upon four months before, as I have been informed. You rightly think that having been thus with him, no diſagreeable thing could happen to me during the ſitting of the ſtates, I tell you this in confidence, for it would not be proper to publiſh Marſhal d'Eſtrée's earneſt deſire that M. de Seignelai and the friends of this miniſter ſhould not ſucceed upon this occaſion, though every one is acquainted with the miſunderſtanding that ſubſiſts between them. I am very happy to find that I ſhall ſoon be uncle to a Colonel, and perhaps very ſoon grand uncle, not indeed to an officer of ſuch conſiderable rank; but I ſhall conſole myſelf hereupon, as this affront cannot be given without your ſharing in it. Adieu, my pretty little ſiſter, I am going to reſume my uſual lucubrations

with

with my mother, in amuſing her by reading of hiſtory, and taking care of her health; and I ſhall not, in your opinion, have much merit, for the ſhort time ſhe ſtays, conſidering how well ſhe is at preſent.

LETTER DCCXLIV.

Madame de Sévigné

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Nov. 23, 1689.

HOW charmed I am, my dear child, that you have taken a little tour to Livri *! you have ſo often celebrated this feſtival there, that if you had met me there, you would not have thought any change had taken place, not even amongſt thoſe Sanguins, whom we have ſo often ſeen there, and who are now maſters of it, and all our old furniture devolved from Abbés, to Abbés and which will long continue in the ſtate you have ſeen them, for this Abbey is going to be ſettled as a patrimony in the family. You have charming weather, and it is the ſame here; we have a fine temperate ſun: Madame de Marbeuf is compelled to walk, though ſhe cannot do it like me. The Abbé Charier and I have been theſe two days ſettling with the farmer; he is a very honeſt man; but as his predeceſſor deſtroyed our eſtate, nothing but repairs and drawbacks ſtare us in the face, and I ſhall not touch a farthing of the thouſand piſtoles he owes me, as the produce has been theſe two years applied to replacing things properly; theſe are ſtrange accounts; but let this conſole you, as it does me, things will be better for the future. I greatly approve of your having avoided Lambeſc, whoſe air is infected with the ſmall-pox, which is a thing the moſt carefully to be avoided. I ſhall not be ſurpriſed if the Chevalier, with his complaints, to which the air of Paris is ſo fatal, ſhould

* Madame de Grignan imagined ſhe would be there upon St. Martin's day.

profit

profit of the opportunity of paſſing a winter in your ſerene climate, as he finds himſelf there already; I am rather aſtoniſhed, that finding himſelf better after uſing the waters of Balaruc, he did not inſure the ſucceſs of thoſe baths, by the temperature of the climate, which affords relief to all gouty patients; ſo that I am very far from concluding that he intends to leave you alone.

I have received compliments from the Abbé Bigorre upon the Marquis's having obtained a regiment. I have juſt wrote to the young Colonel, and the compoſition of this letter certainly coſt me leſs trouble than your anſwer to Madame de Vaudemont muſt have done you: if abſence, joined to a ſtill farther ſeparation has doubled and encreaſed the pomp of your rank, you have much reaſon to be quite out of breath, to wipe your face, and cry *halt*, like M. de la Souche; but you would be the only one who had occaſion to wipe your face, if they endeavoured to underſtand you *: I am ſaying all this only in jeſt, for God always beſtowed ſufficient grace upon me to underſtand you perfectly well. You amuſe yourſelf with building and finiſhing all your hotels that are ſo commodious and ſo different from thoſe pompous ill-finiſhed buildings; there is much more reaſon in what you are doing. You aſk me what books we are reading; when we have the leaſt company, reading is laid aſide: but before the meeting of the States, we read ſome little books that ſcarce took us up a moment. *Mahomet* II. who took Conſtantinople from the laſt Emperor of the Eaſt; this is a great event, ſo ſingular, brilliant, and extraordinary, that we are carried away with it; and it happened but two hundred and thirty-ſix years ago. *The Conſpiracy of Portugal*, which is very fine; the *Variations* of M. de Maux; a Vol. of *the Hiſtory of the*

* Madame de Sévigné ridicules here *en paſſant*, letters that are too elaborately written, too much ſtudied, and therefore unnatural; what would ſhe not have ſaid, could ſhe have foreſeen the time when all the various ſtyles furniſhed frequent examples of this very defect, and by endeavouring at wit and novelty, modern writers become unintelligible?

Church,

Church, the ſecond is too full of the detail of the Councils, and therefore might be tedious; *Iconoclaſtes* and the *Arianiſm* of Maimbourg; this author is deteſtable, his ſtyle is not agreeable, he is always deſirable of being ſatirical, and compares Arius, a Princeſs, and a Courtier, to M. Arnauld, Madame de Longueville, and Treville: but ſetting aſide theſe fooleries, the hiſtorical paſſages are very fine, the Council of Nice ſo admirable, that one reads it with pleaſure; and as he brings us down to Theodoſius, we are going to find conſolation for all our evils in the elegant ſtyle of M. de Flechier *. We run over other books, we have once more dipped into the *Abbadie*, and we ſhall reſume it again with my ſon, who reads it to perfection; ſo my dear child, the time glides away only too faſt, and it is at preſent an object of great importance to me. If I had found out that *ſpring of your repoſe*; I never met with ſo pretty an expreſſion; if I had found it, I ſay, I ſhould be a prodigal of time, as formerly. I am ſtill more affected with that you have loſt in loſing the county; I was in hopes it would have remained with you much longer; this, as you ſay, was a *ſpring of juſtice*; I wiſh it had depended upon the health of the preſent Pope, as nothing is talked of but the goodneſs of his conſtitution and his vivacity.

I have read at intervals the Life of the Duke d'Epernon, which has highly pleaſed me. You muſt tell me ſome news about Lambeſc; alas! will not poor Madame du Janet be much afflicted? why did not her huſband remain peaceably with her? what did he go to do in that *curſed galley?* the life of man is but a trifling affair, it is ſoon at an end; in all theſe hiſtories it paſſes ſo quick, and all go off younger than me! *but no more of that*, the reflection is ſufficient. My ſon and daughter, with Madame Marbeuf, deſire to be remembered to you in the moſt friendly manner. The Abbé Charier ſends you a thouſand compliments. I am much obliged to this Abbé, he takes

* Eſprit Flechier, Biſhop of Niſmes, author of the Life of Theodoſius.

upon

upon him all my buſineſs of Lower Britanny, which is no ſmall affair, and which I could not have done at Paris; and after all this, my child, I only aſk the ſenſible joy of ſeeing you again, and embracing you moſt heartily.

LETTER DCCXLV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1689.

I Have not received your letter; theſe delays do not now make me uneaſy, I am accuſtomed to the caprices of the poſt. I am quite of Mr. de Courtin's opinion, your preſence would be very neceſſary at court for your ſon; nothing is ſo certain, and this is one of the reaſons that make us murmur againſt impoſſibilities; this is the cauſe of all obſtacles and confuſion. Do you recollect, when we uſed ſometimes to ſay, there is nothing ſo pernicious as the want of money? we perfectly underſtood each other. But will not the little Colonel pay you a viſit? what can prevent him, after having returned thanks, and paid his court for a ſhort time? I expect to hear from you upon this ſubject, you can never dwell too much upon all that regards you, I have a real intereſt in it.

I ſhould alſo be glad to hear ſome news from Lambeſc, and how much M. d'Arles muſt have been humbled by the wooden arm upon his ſeat, and which did not ſeem to touch him; I am always of the ſame opinion. I forgot on Wedneſday to incloſe a conſolatory billet which I had wrote to poor Madame de Janet. I have ſent it to Paris, and you will receive it by the way of Poirier; I find I have ſome feelings for Provence, which makes me believe I ſhall return thither one of theſe days. Madame de la Fayette acquaints me with the preparations ſhe is making for her ſon's nuptials. She has turned her little chamber into a cabinet, ſhe has given me an idea of it, give me your's; I know not how either you or Paulina is dreſſed, if I were to ſee you paſs, I ſhould not know you.

We

We are reading the life of Theodoſius, my ſon's manner increaſes its value; it is abſolutely the fineſt piece of writing I ever met with; the ſtyle is admirable; but ſuch a book laſts only two days; I had read it, and yet it was new to me. I ſhould be ſorry, for inſtance, if Paulina had no taſte for ſuch a life; romances ſhould only be foils to ſuch productions, otherwiſe they are pernicious. Madame de Marbeuf accommodates herſelf to our reading; and we accommodate ourſelves to her play, when there are performers: ſhe is a worthy generous woman, who is capable of loving, and adores you. The Abbé Charier is gone to make a tour to a living he has near Vitré, and he will ſoon return; I really ſometimes admire the goodneſs of Providence towards me; he is ſo neceſſary for me in the buſineſs I have to tranſact in Lower Britanny, that if he were at preſent at Lyons, as he ought naturally to be, I know not what I ſhould do.

Madame de Chaulnes has received a brief from her friend the Pope, conceived in the moſt obliging terms poſſible. Popes do not uſually allow that they are indebted for their exaltation to any one; but you find that his preſent Holineſs does not heſitate ſaying that he owes it to the Ambaſſador according to the King's intentions. I incloſe you a copy of this brief; my ſon ſays it is ill tranſlated, but the ſenſe is good. The Abbé Bigorre has ſent me the Holy Father's picture; I doubt not but he will ſend you one alſo; his countenance pronounces his longevity; if our county had been upon this life, it would have remained with us a conſiderable time: but that *churl* to die at the end of the firſt year! you, nevertheleſs, apply ſo happily that *ſource of all juſtice*, that I ſhould think heaven had preſerved it in ſtore for you; but we are unacquainted with the ſecrets of that country; the only certainty is we muſt ſubmit to them. Coulanges paid his compliments to the Pope in Italian, he was in the circle of the firſt audience, when the Ambaſſador was accompanied through the ſtreets by fifty coaches and a great multitude of people; it was a very fine ſight,

and

and after having received from the Pope every kind of paternal goodneſs in public, he was ſhut up with his Holineſs two hours in his cloſet; what paſſed is ſtill a ſecret. Coulanges then paid his ſhort compliment, the Holy Father anſwered with much good humour and very politely; he told him he had heard of Madame de Coulanges, and that ſhe ſhould come to Rome with Madame de Chaulnes, this will not be forgot. A pretty girl repeated the other day at Rennes an *extravaganza*, which much reſembled Madame de Coulanges's epigrams. You know M. de la Tremoille with his fine ſhape and ugly face, he was looking at another lady, with whom he ſeemed enamoured, and turned his back upon this; inſtead of being embarraſſed, ſhe ſaid with much ſprightlineſs, *it is certainly me he is endeavouring to pleaſe*——is not this Madame de Coulanges to a hair? But ſuch ſallies are agreeable every where, when they flow naturally. Theſe are trifles, indeed, my dear child, we might enter upon more ſolid ſubjects; but then they would be melancholy, and we are very diſtant from each other: you know how ſenſibly they affect me; this is enough for one day, though I anſwer nothing. Inform me what Field-Marſhals ſell their regiments for. Adieu, my dear amiable girl, tell me a little about you, be particular in the *Gazette* ſtile; for you have countries, alas! which were formerly much ravaged; give me ſome account of them, I cannot reflect upon thoſe times without emotion, or returning thanks to God.

LETTER DCCXLVI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Nov. 30, 1689.

HOW greatly I am obliged to you for having ſent me the letter of M. de S. Pouanges! It is a pleaſure to ſee, that is literally ſee, ſuch improvements in the wiſdom and merit of our Marquis, formed purpoſely for this age; you are not forgot in it: I

am

am charmed with having read this letter, and I return it to you with a thouſand thanks. For my part, I believe that you will be allowed to ſell the Marquis's company, and I wait for this joyful event.

I always intereſt myſelf in what concerns the Chevalier; not becauſe he amuſes himſelf with reading and liking my letters; on the contrary, I take the liberty of laughing at him for this; but the reaſon is, becauſe his head is very well turned, and agrees miraculouſly with his heart; but whence comes it, as he is fond of this kind of reading, that he does not take the pleaſure of reading your letters before you ſend them? They are very worthy of his eſteem; when I ſhew them to my ſon and his wife, we feel the beauty of them. My friend Guebriac, the other day, met with the paſſage of La Montbrun; it greatly ſurpriſed him, it was a very lively, agreeable picture. In a word, daughter, it is a happineſs for me that your letters pleaſe me, otherwiſe they would frequently be tireſome to you. M. de Grignan has not then lent me his aſſiſtance in that, where I ſpoke of the maſterly ſtroke of having deprived the maker of Popes of the nomination of the Governor of Britanny. I am perſuaded that the Chevalier and you both could not help being convinced of the truth of what I ſaid: that blood which circulates ſo warmly in the Chevalier's veins, could not be frozen when the intereſts of great Lords and Provincial Governors came into play. I alſo hope that he has adopted my ſentiments upon the ill-judged pride of the Archbiſhopric of Arles, for the Archbiſhop is out of the queſtion; but I may, perhaps, vainly flatter myſelf upon theſe occaſions: I ſhould, nevertheleſs, be fond of that ingenuouſneſs, if united to ſo many good things; and, were it in my favour, I ſhould much glory in it. Let us now enter upon this gout and fever, methinks they reign alternately, the gout turns to a fever, and the fever to a gout; he may chuſe; and I am of opinion, that the reigning power is always the moſt diſagreeable; in a word, it is a great misfortune that ſuch a man ſhould be obliged to keep his bed.

You

You have, I find, been ſtruck with Madame de la Fayette's expreſſion blended with ſo much friendſhip *. Though I ſaid to myſelf this truth ſhould not be forgotten, I muſt acknowledge I was much aſtoniſhed at it; for as yet I feel no kind of decay that makes me recollect it. I cannot, however, refrain from calculating and reflecting, and I find that the conditions of life are very hard. It ſeems to me that I have been dragged againſt my will to this fatal period, when *old age* muſt be endured, if it be viſible, I have attained the goal; and I would, at leaſt, contrive not to go beyond it, not to go forward in the road of infirmities, pains, and the want of memory, ſuch *deformities* almoſt diſtract me; and yet I hear a voice which ſays, you muſt go on, in deſpite of yourſelf; or indeed, if you will not, you muſt die, which is an alternative nature recoils at. Such is, however, the fate of all thoſe who are ſomewhat too far advanced: but returning to the will of God, and that univerſal law which is impoſed upon us, our reaſon recovers itſelf, and makes us call in patience to our aid; ſummon it alſo, my deareſt child, and may your too affectionate friendſhip not excite you to ſhed thoſe tears which reaſon condemns.

I was not much embarraſſed to refuſe the offers of my friends, I only anſwered them like you, *Paris is in Provence*, ſaying Paris is in Britanny; but it is ſomewhat extraordinary that you ſhould feel it in the ſame manner as I did. Paris, then, is ſo far in Provence for me, that I would not be this year any where elſe but here. The thought of *paſſing the winter at the Rocks* is dreadful; alas! daughter, it is the pleaſanteſt thing in the world, I ſometimes laugh, and ſay; this is called paſſing a winter in the woods. Madame de Coulanges ſaid to me the other day, leave your humid Rocks; I anſwered, you are *humid* yourſelf;

* Madame de la Fayette told her in a letter of the 8th of October, 1688: You are OLD, the Rocks are full of woods, catarrhs, and fluxions, which will overcome you; you weary yourſelf, and your mind will be foured, and your intellects decay."

it

it is Brevanes that is humid, but we are upon an eminence; it is as if you were to ſay, your humid Montmarte. The ſun when it ſhines now penetrates on every ſide into theſe woods; it is a dry ſoil, which at noon is exactly beneath that planet, ſo that the moſt delicate conſtitution could not take cold; and the ſetting ſun has a fine effect from the end of a long alley: when it rains, a good room, and a good fire, warm two card tables: this is now the caſe, as we have a good deal of company, who no way incommode me, as I have my own way; when we have none, we are ſtill better, as reading affords a pleaſure ſuperior to every other. Madame de Marbeuf is very good, ſhe enters into all our taſtes; but ſhe will not be always with us. This idea I was willing to communicate to you, that your friendſhip might be at reſt.

My daughter-in-law is charmed with what you ſay about her, I make no ſecret of it to her, and ſhe returns you every kind of friendly acknowledgment, for the praiſes you beſtow on her. M. Courtin's friendſhip for you claims many from me; he is a friend of conſequence, and who is not afraid of ſpeaking in your behalf; but this is not a very proper time to repeat favours and gratifications, when conſiderable augmentations are aſked on every ſide. Tell me what penſions are retrenched, is it that of M. de Grignan, or Menin? If ſo, I ſhall be in deſpair. You are going to ſee M. du Pleſſis, he writes to me, and makes me underſtand that his domeſtic plan does not ſucceed; and that inſtead of being at his eaſe and independent, as he hoped, he has thought of nothing but leaving his houſe; ſo that we may ſuppoſe him gone for two months with M. de Vins, into Provence: he will relate to you his grief; he ſeems to have been caught with reſpect to intereſt; I am very ſorry for it; tell me what you learn from him. You certainly ſhould ſend me M. de Grignan's ſpeech, as he is ſatisfied with it; I ſhall be ſtill more ſatisfied than him. Tell him how I ſummoned him to my aid, and upon what occaſion. You ſpare me very much in your let-

ters, I am ſenſible of it; you paſs ſlightly over thoſe parts that are troubleſome, but I feel them equally as you do. It is a great conſolation, that M. de Grignan is with you; he is the only perſon whom you could entruſt with confidence, and the only one that could be more affected than yourſelf at what regards you: he knows how worthy I am to confer with him upon this ſubject: we are ſo ſtrongly united in the ſame intereſt, that a natural union muſt ſubſiſt. A thouſand tender things to my dear Paulina, I have a very good opinion of her little vivacity, and her curtſies: you love her you amuſe yourſelf with her, which charms me; ſhe anſwers your queſtions very pleaſantly. My God! daughter, when will the time come for me to ſee you (how heartily ſhall I embrace you!) and alſo to ſee that little woman? I die with impatience.———I will give you an account of the firſt *coup-d'œil.*

LETTER DCCXLVII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Dec. 4, 1689.

I Thank you for your letter of the twenty-fourth of November, it breathes nothing but confidence and friendſhip, and inſtructs me in what I was willing to know. I told you that I ſhewed my ſon only ſuch parts of my letters, as I choſe he ſhould ſee; truly this is amongſt the number. We had here the other day ſome ſenſible people, who upon ſeeing in the *Paris a-la-main*, what relates to your ſon's regiment, were all immediately of opinion that this young Colonel would be no very great charge to his father and mother; and that his two uncles, who were ſuch mighty Lords, would certainly ſupport him. I could not help laughing in my ſleeve, and left them to think as they pleaſed. As to the Chevalier, you cannot ſurpriſe me in telling me of his friendſhip and goodneſs, they are admirable; it is him, I find, that waits to furniſh you with the means of paying him, it

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is an uncommon term ; but the difficulty conſiſts in finding the money, though the ſecurity is good. Why could not M. de la Garde procure you this trifling ſum ? I would have every one exert himſelf, finding they are ſo backward. Would to God I were poſſeſſed of another ſmall transferable ſum !——methinks I ſhould ſoon ſend it to you ; but I have nothing but vile lands that turn to ſtones inſtead of bread. I am, therefore, only fit to talk, and find fault with what is amiſs, pity you, and ſenſibly feel your misfortunes ; as for the reſt, alas ! you ſee it, *and yet you ſee nothing, nor me neither.* I conjure you to let me know the ſequel of theſe important and urgent matters ; be not afraid of afflicting me, I am more afflicted when I am ſo alone, and only acquainted with things in the lump. Your aſſembly, I find, is to ſit only a fortnight, and our States three weeks : their ſittings will hereafter be ſtill ſhorter, for the only object now is the free-gift. M. d'Arles ought to be very well pleaſed, that M. d'Aix has reſigned his place to him ; muſt this be called pride ? It is, however, a ſpecies of it that highly gratifies the Archbiſhop of Aix ; theſe two haughty Biſhops, one of whom remains in the other's abſence, agree very well together. If M. d'Arles thinks he has caught M. d'Aix, he is always ſure of confounding his enemies upon thoſe terms. I know not whether I ſhall be in a humour to write to M. d'Aix upon this Abbey, it is not ſuperior to my compliment. Acquaint me with all that follows upon this head, and when you have found money to pay the Chevalier out of his own eſtate——how eaſy it is to comprehend this ! I am not over pleaſed with the wiſe La Garde, I do not find that generoſity and gratitude are virtues he much practiſes ; I wiſh they had their rotation as well as others. Let me know when you will have leave to ſell the Marquis's company.

But are you not too good to form Paulina's mind, and be her dancing-maſter ? You are preferable to Deſairs, ſhe need only look at you, and imitate you. Is ſhe tall ? is ſhe graceful ? I thank her for not having confounded me with all her other grandmothers,

whom ſhe hates; I am ſaved, thank God! I am fond of the regimen and preſervation which ſhe takes, according to her confeſſor's preſcription, againſt the *Paſtor Fido*, it is juſt like the rhubarb and marmalade that I ſaw Pomponne, Madame de Pomponne, take before dinner; but ſhe afterwards eat champignons and ſallad; adieu to the marmalade, my dear Paulina, you are to make the application. But do you not adore your dear and amiable mamma? Do you not find yourſelf too happy in ſeeing her, to look at her, liſten to her, and hear her? Each of theſe words has its degrees. I know not, my dear, where either M. de Grignan, you, or the Chevalier is: you mentioned to me a journey to Lambeſc, the air of the ſmall-pox always diſpleaſes me. Pay my compliments as you can; accept thoſe of my ſon; his wife will not write to you till ſuch time as you have obtained leave to ſell your company.——She has an eye to the main chance: ſhe is charmed with your friendſhip and approbation. Madame de Marbeuf is ſtill here, and the Abbe Charier: this company is juſt what is agreeable to us: they pay you a hundred thouſand compliments. This fine weather we walk; I wear your cloak, which I am fond of; it does me both honour and profit; it is admired and praiſed; I ſay it is *a preſent from my daughter*. Do not imagine that I am in an obſcure ſolitary wood, with an owl's-hood upon my head; this is not the plan: nothing paſſes ſo inſenſibly as a winter in the country, it ſhocks only at a diſtance. My health is always very good, give me a circumſtantial account of your's.

LETTER DCCXLVIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Dec. 7, 1689.

I Have already told you, my dear child, that when one is once ſettled in the country, the months of November and December are not difficult to get over. Nevertheleſs, your North wind greatly terrifies me,

we

we have no tempeſts of this kind here. I would not have you loſe any of the good company that is now with you, and I could wiſh that if the Chevalier's health ſhould not be reſtored this winter, he would rather paſs it with you than in his little chamber at Paris; this would afford conſolation both to him and you. So then, I find you are reſolved to paſs the winter at Grignan, leaving the game to M. d'Aix, and ſetting forth the reaſons which prevent your keeping your court at Aix for three or four months, as was cuſtomary with M. de Grignan. But do you not hope to ſee your ſon this winter? I cannot imagine that any thing can prevent his going to Grignan. My ſon and I were the other day admiring how happily you had puſhed him forward in life, in order to fix him in that ſtation that was proper for him, the command of his uncle's regiment; all this has been very well brought to bear, and M. de Grignan has crowned all in having ſent him to make the firſt campaign of Philipſburgh, which coſt you ſo many tears. The Academy, the Muſqueteers, or even the company of light-horſe, could not have advanced him ſo much as theſe three ſieges with the Dauphin, and that contuſion ſo prettily and ſo coolly received: in fine, our utmoſt wiſhes have been hitherto accompliſhed, may God ſupport and conduct the reſt.

Madame de Vins has wrote to me about the regiment, ſhe teſtifies the ſtrongeſt friendſhip upon the occaſion: ſhe acquaints me that M. de Vins has taken M. du Pleſſis with him, this I knew, and informed you of; you will ſee and he will acquaint you with his uneaſineſs. One may eaſily ſee that the poor man has been impoſed upon, it is a pity, but marriage ſhould not be entered upon with ſo little conſideration. The weather has been dreadful for theſe ſix days paſt. There are two card-tables in my apartment at the hour I mention to you, at which Madame de Marbeuf, the Abbe Charier, and others aſſiſt: this is very well; when they are gone we ſhall reſume our books with pleaſure. My health always continues very well, you talk very ſuperficially of yours;

how are your low ſpirits, your ſides, your cholic? in a word all your perſon, are you handſome? for this determines the whole.

LETTER DCCXLIX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Dec. 11, 1689.

I Begin by exclaiming againſt the *ſixth-denier*, I have never heard it mentioned ſince the loan of the Miſer in Moliere's Comedy. I imagine you intended ſaying ſix and a half per Cent. which is the *denier* I have heard mentioned in Provence; this I imagine amounts to the ſixteenth-denier, but the ſixth-denier is ſo uſurious, that I do not think any notary would draw up a contract upon ſuch terms: this is paying one thouſand ſix hundred ſixty-ſix livres thirteen ſols for ten thouſand livres; which is not at all in the uſual courſe of loans; in a word, I ſtand in need of an *eclairciſſement* upon this head, for I cannot believe this firſt account you give me. I agree with you in regard to the reaſons that urge you more than all the bailiffs in Chriſtendom to pay the Chevalier, not only in part but the two thouſand piſtoles *; nothing can be more juſt; I entirely coincide with you upon this head.

I laugh with you at the pleaſantry of our thoughts, with regard to the little Abbey. Such a ſimilar turn of fancy ſeldom occurs; you will call it childiſh weakneſs, or whatever you pleaſe: but it is certain that theſe Sanguins, this Villeneuve, the idea of old Pavin †, thoſe ancient acquaintances are ſo confounded with our garden and foreſt, that they appear to me

* That is to ſay, the price of the regiment.

† Denis Sanguin de Saint-Pavin, one of the moſt agreeable poets of his time, died in 1670. There is a letter of his in rhyme to Madame de Sévigné in the *collection of the fineſt pieces of the French poets, ancient and modern*, 5 vols. 12mo. Paris, printed for Barbin in 1692. This letter begins with theſe words, *Paris, at your hands juſtice doth require*, &c. p. 366. vol. IV.

like

like the ſame thing, and not only as if we had lent it them, but as if it were ſtill our's, as we are ſure of finding our goods there, and the ſame people we ſo frequently ſaw there. In fine, my child, we were worthy of Livri by the taſte that we had for it, and which we ſtill have for that pretty retreat.

You praiſe me too much for the gentle recluſe life I paſs here, nothing gives me pain but your abſence. If it be neceſſary to heighten the value of this retreat, to give courage to certain people, I conſent; but otherwiſe, you forget that Paris is in Provence for me, that every thing is equal to me, that I could not paſs my time better, and that I do not deſerve praiſe for my journey hither; but for that when I left you at Paris, and which good breeding, maternal care, and the laſt commands of the good Abbe, to reſtore to my ſon the lands I had enjoyed, compelled me to take five or ſix years ago; it was this that gave me real affliction, becauſe I left you; for which I was deſervingly puniſhed by a narrow eſcape from being drowned, and a ſore leg. At preſent, my belle, all I pay for it is ſleep, that is to ſay ſlumber. for I have always my houſe and little houſhold at Paris, and am at ſome expence here; but all this is ſo middling, that I find means to remit ſome money, which eaſes my mind, and calls into play thoſe charming virtues, which you ſo highly extol. When I have regulated, as I hope to do, my affairs in Britanny, I ſhall think of nothing but going to meet you; I ſhall paſs through Paris, which is the theatre of nations, and perhaps by that time you will think of coming thither. In fine, we ſhall ſee what Providence ordains concerning our deſigns, this journey can be only in perſpective till the autumn of ninety. As to the journey of my ſon and his wife to Bourbon, it ſeems to me like a viſion. This, my dear child, is all I can ſay to you to-day.

The little Colonel has wrote to me, to his uncle, and his *couſin*, to acquaint us with his promotion. He had not yet received our complimentary letter. He acknowledges he is charmed at finding himſelf at the head of ſuch a handſome troop, and to be able to

ſay *my regiment*; this is ſomewhat juvenile, but conſider he is only eighteen; he relates to us the manner in which he has paſſed his latter years; I would ſend you this letter, were I not fond of it. It ſeems that you have more apprehenſions at the thought of a Colonel's *rib*, than you had at that of a Captain of cavalry: you carry your tenderneſs too far, my dear Counteſs, I have more courage than you have, and I would have him be a married Colonel, even were he to be a father by the end of the firſt year: this, indeed, would charm me. We ſhould accuſtom ourſelves to think of the worſt that can happen; there are in your letters ſome paſſages ſo affectionate and natural, that they touch me very ſenſibly, and inſpire me with a tenderneſs, that is not eaſy to deſcribe; we ſhould ſay, as you do ſometimes, *God knows*.

I have ſpoke to you of Madame de Coulanges, but what you ſay is more to the purpoſe. It is true that this ſin of Madame de Coulanges admits of ſome indulgence; ſhe will turn this new friend (Alexander VIII.) to whatever ſhe pleaſes, and he will for ſome time be the *beſt figure in her whole groupe*, but I return your own words; *She is my friend, you know it well; you will not betray me*. Madame de la Fayette acquaints me that Madame de Coulanges is quite in a good road, and that ſhe will endeavour to get into one alſo, as ſoon as her ſon is married. Tell me, my dear Counteſs, how you contrive to paſs the winter in your caſtle, upon that mountain, with ſuch hurricanes they make one tremble. M. de Grignan will greatly regret the loſs of Madame d'Oppede's ſweet company. For my part, I am almoſt lifeleſs, duſt to duſt in theſe woods: I ſometimes keep my room a whole week; I never think of going out when it rains; when it is fine, it is perfect ſummer, by reaſon of the goodneſs of the ſoil; for theſe two days paſt the ſun has been very warm, and has ſhone every where; it is very mild; this is the weather that I walk; at length you will approve of my conduct: this is all that can be ſaid, we have for theſe three weeks paſt had ſome very agreeable company, I mean the Abbe Charier and

Madame

Madame de Marbeuf. They leave us to-morrow, they repeat a thouſand and a thouſand compliments to you; I could have wiſhed that you had anſwered the firſt, but you did not think they would have ſtaid here ſo long. Play enlivens a houſe; I fear that your's has coſt you ſome money, as well as M. de Grignan, as I know your ill-luck.

I have been much ſurpriſed that your province ſhould have increaſed ſo conſiderately their preſent to the King: when M. de Grignan entered upon his poſt, they gave only one hundred thouſand crowns, and they have given five hundred thouſand crowns after the firſt year. We have received an edict from Paris concerning the tontine. His Majeſty, the Dauphin, and MONSIEUR, have ſent all their ſilver moveables to the mint, which will produce many millions, and furniſh money, which was much wanted. You calculate in your diſorder, daughter, and you eſtimate a ſubject on various ſides; this ſhews a ſpice of ſolid underſtanding; it is always much better to know what one is doing, than to live blindfolded, deaf and mute; a-propos of deaf, I intreat you to make the Chevalier dread as much as I do this kind of family diſorder. A-propos again of family, M. de Lamoignon has obtained the reverſion of M. de Nemond's poſt, it belonged to the late firſt Preſident; the King has wrought this miracle; for *William* thought that the word *reverſion* would kill him. I am charmed that our neighbour * has at length got this place, and will not die in his former poſt. You ſon is in a ſtrange place, *Kaiſers-Lautern* †; if it were a word of the Breton-tongue, it could not be worſe. He tells us he is going to ſet about reading; he is in the right, for it is a ſhocking thing to be ignorant; ſince he loves war, he ſhould as naturally love the hiſ-

* Chriſtian Francis de Lamoignon, ſon to William de Lamoignon, firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, was Advocate-general, and afterwards Preſident a Mortier to the Parliament of Paris.

† A valley in Germany in the Lower Palatinate, upon the ſmall river *Lauter*. This is alſo called *Caſelauter*.

tories that treat of it; adviſe him to employ his time uſefully whilſt he remains in that ſtrange city: but will he not come to ſee you? I ſhould be as much ſurpriſed as you to ſee him once more a firebrand with the tone of a commander, *God preſerve him.*

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

I am quite of your pionion, my dear little ſiſter; I aſſure you, I have no more thoughts about the deputation, ſince to obtain it, I muſt become once more a courtier or a warrior. It was not properly ſettled, that in order to attain this dignity, one of theſe qualities was abſolutely neceſſary; and the moment I found it was, I thought of nothing but retiring from the poſt to which I had been appointed, and I return better pleaſed than ever with my retreat; but I do not give up the pleaſure of paying you a viſit, which I more impatiently wiſh for than I can expreſs. Madame de Mauron * ſpeaks of a journey to Bourbon, as a thing ſhe has reſolved upon, and propoſes taking her daughter and me with her: this journey does not yet form any part of my mother's plan; we ſhall ſee the diſpoſitions of Providence concerning it as well as our's. I am very well pleaſed that you are ſatisfied with your ſiſter-in-law; I can aſſure you I envied very much the pleaſure ſhe had of keeping company with my mother, which I ſhould have preferred far beyond the furious diverſities of the States. We have paid our compliments to the new Colonel, who has alſo wrote to us very prettily, to acquaint us with his new dignity; he ſeems quite full of it, as a young man like him muſt naturally be. God knows how heartily I wiſh him proſperity; I wiſh it as much as I do health to his father, whom I embrace moſt tenderly, and alſo you, my lovely little ſiſter.

* Mother-in-law to M. de Sévigné.

LET-

LETTER DCCL.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, December 14, 1689.

IF the Chevalier read your letters, he would not ſeek for amuſement in thoſe that come ſo far. What you told me the other day concerning Livri, which we have lent to M. Sanguin, allowing him even to make a fountain there; I ſay this whole paſſage, that concerning Madame de Coulanges, and all your friendly expreſſions, are animated and agreeable. I admire the livelineſs of your ſtyle in the midſt of ſo many thorny, perplexing, ſuffocating matters; really, my dear child, all the admiration is due to you and not to me; I am only like a violet, eaſy to be concealed, I hold no place nor rank upon earth, except in your heart, which I eſteem more than all the reſt, and in thoſe of my friends. My taſk is the eaſieſt in the world; but for you, in the rank you hold, in the moſt brilliant and moſt agreeable province in France, to unite œconomy with the magnificence of a Governor, is ſcarce to be imagined, which I cannot believe will laſt long, conſidering particularly your ſon's expence, which every day increaſes. As theſe thoughts often interrupt my quiet, I fear that you being nearer the abyſs, are ſtill more ſubject to theſe diſagreeable reflexions; this, my dear Counteſs, is the true cauſe of my anxiety; for as to ſolitude it does not in the leaſt make me gloomy. Our good agreeable company are gone; I have at the ſame time driven away my ſon and his wife, the firſt is gone to his aunt's, the other upon a preſſing viſit; I have ſent them both forth their different roads, which greatly pleaſes me: we ſhall meet again in two days, when we ſhall be ſtill more pleaſed to ſee one another: I am not indeed alone, for I am beloved in this country; I had a viſit yeſterday from two very ſocial men, both *Moliniſts*, I was not at all tired with them; I have books, workmen, fine weather; if my dear daughter were leſs afflicted

afflicted, with the hopes of ſeeing her again, wha could I be in want of?

I have wrote to the Marquis, although I had before paid him my compliments: I intreat him to read in that gloomy garriſon, where he can do nothing elſe; I tell him that ſince he is fond of war, it is ſomewhat monſtrous to have no inclination to ſee thoſe books which treat upon it, and to be acquainted with thoſe perſons, who excelled in thoſe arts: I ſcold him, I torment him, and I hope we ſhall work a reformation: this will be the firſt door he ever refuſed opening to us. I am not ſo uneaſy at his being a little inclined to ſleep, knowing he will never be wanting in what affects his glory, as I am at his being fond of play. I make him perceive that this will be his ruin; if he plays but little, he can loſe but little; but a ſmall rain wets a great deal; if he plays often he will find himſelf deceived, he muſt pay, and if he has no money, he muſt either forfeit his word, or break in upon his neceſſary expences. One is unlucky too through ignorance, for without being cheated, it often happens that we loſe. In a word, daughter, it would be a very bad thing both for him and you, who would feel the effects. The Marquis would, therefore, be very happy to have a taſte for reading, like Paulina, who is charmed with knowledge and inſtruction. What a happy, agreeable diſpoſition! this ſets one above idleneſs, and prevents the time appearing tedious, which are terrific monſters. Romances are eaſily gone thro', I could wiſh that Paulina had ſome order in the choice of hiſtories, that ſhe began at one end, ended at the other, that ſhe might be capable of taking a ſlight but general tincture of every thing. Do you ſay nothing to her about geography? we will reſume this converſation another time. D'Avila * is admirable, but we like him the better when we are a little acquainted with what leads to that period, ſuch as Lewis XII. Francis I. and others. It is your part,

* Author of an hiſtory of the Civil Wars of France, which contains all the memorable events from the death of Henry II. in 1559, to the peace of Virvins in 1598.

daughter,

daughter, to govern and rectify; it is your duty, you know it. As to other things, I do not doubt that in a very ſhort time you will make her very amiable and pretty; ſenſe and an earneſt deſire of pleaſing you are ſufficient.

You tell me you expect M. de Vins to dinner; had you not been adverti ſed, you would have been much ſurpriſed to ſee M. du Pleſſis behind him; he will relate his grievances to you, he has told them in part, and made me hope for the remainder. He ſeems to me cheated and duped, with regard to the fortune, and he has ſo great an inclination to be rid of his *Dorimena*, that I might gueſs at the other part, though he has aſſured me her honour is no way concerned; pleaſe God it may be ſo. This is nevertheleſs very fooliſh; for there are things which ſhould be done ſeriouſly and with prudence, as for inſtance, that of taking a wife. M. de la Fayette was married the day before yeſterday (Monday 12) and was to return to dinner at his mother's, and lie at M. de Marillac's; ſuppoſing then, that there is a young Counteſs de la Fayette, you may reflect that you will hear your ſon ſay, I have danced a whole night with Madame de la Fayette, which muſt greatly ſurpriſe you; this young Counteſs is very lively, and the Marquis is among the foremoſt of her friends. Our's approves, and is willing to imitate every thing the Chevalier does; ſhe loves and eſteems him; but the Chevalier's ſhocking gout renders him glorious, and almoſt inſenſible to all my friend's advances. Here is a good deal of chat, my dear belle, but I know you will have it, and that you are not ſorry for having diverted me this afternoon.

LETTER DCCLI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, December 18, 1689.

NOBLE Lady, have I not done well to ſend you Madame de Chaulnes's apoſtolic-pullet of the holy father? You obſerve to me, that he makes not the

the leaſt mention of the Holy Ghoſt in the Pope's elections; I had only remarked the ſincere avowal he makes of being indebted to France and the Ambaſſador for his election; this alone, added to the praiſes and friendſhip with which he honours our Ducheſs, appeared to me worthy of attention. As for the Holy Ghoſt, I do not believe it is offended with being ſo little celebrated in the Conclave; he knows very well, and ſo do we, that it always makes them; yes ſurely, we the diſciples of Providence, are not to be deceived, and we know by how many paths, by how many hands, and how many wills, he conſtantly performs what it reſolves upon. I have a very good opinion of the letter you are writing to M. Selletier, without being acquainted with either the particulars or the ſubject; and I am perſuaded that you make a very good one of this Holy Ghoſt, which has deprived you of the county. Your ſon appears to me an officer of great conſequence; his poſt may very well excite envy, and ſurpaſſes what you could have expected at his preſent age; all the meaſures were ſo juſt and ſo well taken, that there has not been a moment loſt; no croſſes but all the circumſtances agreeable; in a word, my dear, if you are not contented, I know not what will pleaſe you, and this company which you are going to ſell, methinks crowns the whole. I find that the Marquis will remain ſome time at Keiſerſlauter; theſe winter wars are ſometimes productive of as much as campaigns; we make ourſelves ſpoken of: the neighbourhood of Mentz is a poſt of truſt, you wrote in this ſenſe, ſince you have ſome ſcruples about the courage which you diſplay by your fire-ſide; it is by being with the Chevalier that you have gained this martial humour; I have a lively idea of the poor man with his arms acroſs, as well as of that lion with which you made your court ſo well to the Prince; he has alſo his paws croſſed, but I am perſuaded that, in ſuch a ſituation, paſſing a winter in Provence, under your fine ſun, will do him all poſſible good. I know, at leaſt, that thoſe he laſt paſſed at Paris were very diſagreeable. We have no reaſon to complain of the preſent thus far; there has been no ſnow, no froſt,

but

but a fine ſun: I walk every day, the woods are ſtill very pleaſant, and every thing is ſo well planted and ranged, that it ſeems as if the leaves had fallen that the ſun might ſhine through all the walks, and that we might enjoy our rambles. I ſung the other day,

Pour qui, cruel Hiver, gardes tu tes rigueurs?

For whom, cruel winter, preſerveſt thou thy rigour?

I was charmed to find that it was not for you; but let us wait the concluſion, for you know from the extremity of the horizon there may come the moſt dreadful child of the North; you are but too well acquainted with him, he has committed dreadful devaſtation upon you; but, however, in the name of Boreas, continue to enjoy his abſence, this is ſo much gain. You have depicted to me, at the end of a walk, a ſleepy debauch which has much pleaſed me; for conſidering the number of thoughts liable to agitate you, I am always afraid of your being awake at four in the morning, as I have known you ſometimes; ſuch warm blood would but ill agree with Provence; I cannot recommend too ſtrongly to you the care of your health, if you eſteem mine, which is always very good. I imagined that M. du Pleſſis would ſurpriſe you behind M. de Vins; here I expected you would be caught; but to be freſh ſhaved with large dirty boots is a ridiculous contraſt. He has wrote to me from Grignan, and is delighted with your goodneſs, your ſplendor, and the charms of your little Paulina. What harmony there is throughout her perſon! what an expreſſive countenance! how becoming her vivacity! what fine blue eyes, with black eye-laſhes; for my part, I think ſhe muſt be ſtriking or attracting, I know not very well which, I beg you will inform me.

What ſay you to the example the Kings ſets of melting down his fine plate? our Ducheſs de Lude is quite in deſpair, ſhe has ſent her's; Madame de Chaulnes her table and her candleſtick-ſtands, and Madame de Lavardin the plate that is returned from Rome,

Rome, being perſuaded that her huſband will not return thither again: See if you have any thing to do upon this occaſion. I ſend you a letter from M. du Pleſſis, in order to ſettle your opinion; do not appear to have ſeen it, nor mention it to him; but confine your cenſures to deceit and mercenary views, but avoid touching the *cow* or the *calf*. I ſincerely pity the poor man, it is a very dangerous diſorder to be given to matrimony, *I had rather drink*. I could not comprehend why my letter to Madame de Janet ſhould find its way back; the reaſon is admirable; I will keep it for the firſt time her huſband dies, for I can ſay nothing elſe upon the occaſion. You ſcold me for taking what you ſay too ſeriouſly; yet, who could doubt that a man in Provence where you are, could be ſo well, when you aſſure me he is dead? I ſhall be more careful for the future. I have corrected you, at leaſt, with regard to the commiſſions. I prepare them in a moment, and this is not like poor Janet's caſe, where there is only a letter loſt. My dear child, I recommend you to take care of yourſelf, at theſe critical times, repoſe yourſelf, if you love me. My ſon and his wife are both returned from their jaunts; they appear ſo well pleaſed to find me here, that I pity them for having left me. My daughter-in-law has got the head-ache; ſhe was overturned in her little journey, and received ſome bruiſes, and two of her fine mares, which were taken off, are ſtrayed, and no tidings are yet received of them: my ſon is very uneaſy upon the occaſion. They will write to you on Wedneſday.

LETTER DCCLII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, December 21, 1689.

I Reſume my diſcourſe where I left off on Sunday. The pretty little mares ran away, without ſtopping for a conſiderable time, juſt like youth when they have a looſe rein. At laſt one was found at Vitré, the other in a farm: the people at Vitré went to ſee this

this little creature at night, quite heated, completely harnaſſed, and wanted to gain ſome intelligence of her concerning my ſon. Do you recollect the circumſtance of Rinaldo's horſe, which Orlando found running with his harneſs without his maſter? How great was his affliction! he knew not of whom to enquire; at length, he thus addreſſed himſelf to the horſe: *Dimmi caval gentil, che di Rinaldo, il tuo caro ſignore, chè divenuto.* I know not very well what Rubicano anſwered; but I aſſure yon that the two little animals are very frolickſome in the ſtable, to the great ſatisfaction *del caro Signore.*

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

It is very true that I received great ſatisfaction from theſe two little mares being in good health in the ſtable; and ſtill more from your ſiſter-in-law having quite recovered from her fall, after having her head greatly diſturbed for two days: ſuch little accidents are uſeful, to make us know the value of being relieved from them. I think, my very pretty little ſiſter, that you are not ſufficiently moved with the king's goodneſs, in allowing you to ſell your company. Here is your ſon promoted to the rank of a Colonel, without its coſting you ſcarce any thing; he will have good winter-quarters, both as Captain and Colonel, till ſuch time as he meets with ſomebody diſpoſed to give him 12,000 livres. This is all, I think, that you could have wiſhed for upon the occaſion. But what could you deſire more favourable for Paulina, than to ſee her honourably ſettled at your eſtate of Avigon with a lover who adores her, and who was the firſt that ſung her praiſes, and made her name known in foreign countries? Adieu, my charming little ſiſter.

Madame DE SEVIGNE, *daughter-in-law.*

I ſwear to you, my dear ſiſter, that I will never leave Madame de Sévigné again; I break down, I am over-turned, my head is broke, as ſoon as I deſert her protection: but I am far more ſenſible of the good

good fortune of my pretty *Couſin*, than my own little misfortunes. I wiſh Paulina days ſpun with gold and ſilk, but with another than her lover of Rome.

Madame DE SEVIGNE *continues.*

Coulanges has wrote me a long and very pretty letter, he muſt have written to you at the ſame time. He has ſent me ſome couplets, which I honour; for he there introduces all thoſe glorious periods of Rome, which I alſo honour; he is gay, contented, and the favourite of M. de Turenne *. How doth this name agree with you? He is enamoured with Paulina, he is requeſting the Pope's leave to marry her, and intreats his holineſs to give him Avignon, which he is willing to reſtore to your family; ſhe will be called the Counteſs d'Avignon. If he ſays that old age ſurrounds him, he doubts of ſome things by reaſon of certain circulations; but he avers that he is not ſenſible of it, either mentally or corporeally; and I, in turn, aſſure you that I feel myſelf nearly in his ſituation, and that I do myſelf juſtice only by reflection. I am more uneaſy about your health than my own. How comes it, my dear child, that you are troubled with cholics, which compel you to keep your bed? You were not ſo ill at Paris; would not thoſe waters which Paulina took this ſummer be ſerviceable to you? I have heard at Bourdelot, that the waters of Forges, with cooling cathartics, are infinitely beyond hot medicines, which thicken the blood, and add fuel to fire. Theſe reflections you will, perhaps, laugh at; but conſider them, you that reaſon better than all the faculty: take coffee alſo into conſideration, do you think it pernicious? This is dictated by my friendſhip, and ignorance, founded only in experience.

I am very glad that you will have the Chevalier's company this winter, you ſtand in need of this con-

* Lewis de la Tour, Prince of Turene, died the 4th of Auguſt, 1692, of the wounds he had received the preceeding day in the battle of Steinkirk. He was at Rome in 1689.

ſolation

ſolation. It is not becauſe he ſees my letters, this is a diſtempered taſte: it is not that I may pay my court to him; but he has applied the hundred thouſand livres exactly in the manner he ought; it was the deſign of the founders to afford him the means of puſhing his fortune, and to turn to account his military taſte. He has fulfilled all his duty in this reſpect; and, with regard to reputation, beyond what could have been wiſhed: I ſay this without intending to diſpleaſe him; he has found as much money as he had diſſipated, and yet far leſs than what he deſerved; but he would not even have remained here, if God had not ſtopped him ſhort in his career; and it is his melancholy fate, that the Marquis ſhould be pitied for; for had it been allowed its full ſwing, our ſon would have required no other aſſiſtance; but we muſt return to God, and ſubmit ourſelves, and have that ſelf-denial which you have.

I aſk you a thouſand pardons, Chevalier, for what I have taken the liberty of ſaying; why do you read my letters? *Do I ſpeak to you?*

What ſay you to all that fine plate of the Ducheſs du Lude, and that of many others, which is following the King's to the Mint. The King's apartments have thrown three millions into trade, which altogether muſt make a great circulation. Madame de Chaulnes has ſent her tables, with her two candleſtick-ſtands, and her fine gilt toilet. The Abbe Bigorre has ſent me the edict, with the increaſe in the value of money; this is what will enrich you, ſuppoſing your coffers are full. I have juſt wrote to M. de Lamoignon, I was willing to practiſe this chicane, and content myſelf with a compliment, but I have repented.

As to our lectures, they are delightful. We read *Abbadie* *, and the Hiſtory of the Church, this is harmonizing the lute with the voice. You are not fond of wagers, I know not how we can captivate you here a winter. You are flighty, and not fond of hiſtory, and we have no pleaſure, but when we are engaged in

* Author of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion.

reading,

reading, and make it a point. Sometimes, to divert ourſelves, we read the little Letters of Paſcal; good heaven how delightful! and how my ſon reads them! I inceſſantly think of my daughter, and how much this extreme propriety and reaſoning is worthy of her; but your brother ſays, you find it always the ſame thing: thank God, ſo much the better; can there be a more perfect ſtyle, a more delicate, or more natural raillery, a more worthy daughter of the dialogues of Plato, which are ſo fine? And when after the firſt ten letters, he addreſſes himſelf to the R. P's, how ſerious! how ſolid! how forcible! what eloquence! what a love of God, and truth! what a manner of ſupporting it, and of making it underſtood; all this is to be met with in the laſt eight letters, which are very different from the former. I am perſuaded you never did more than glance over them, devouring the pleaſant paſſages; but this is not the caſe when they are read deliberately. Tell me whether the Marquis will not have good winter quarters, this will be a conſolation. I do not think that the Chevalier has quite deſerted this regiment, or that M. de Montegut has laid aſide his ſalutary advice to the young Colonel.

LETTER DCCLIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Saturday, for Sunday being Chriſtmas-day.

I Wiſh you the ſeaſonable compliments, and that you may be more juſt towards me next year, than you have been at the cloſe of this. Now would you have me gueſs at M. de la Garde's ſituation, unleſs you acquaint me with it? It is only three days ſince I have been informed he no longer enjoys the penſion of 8000 livres; I told you it aſtoniſhed and ſurpriſed me. To this advice you now add, that his eſtate which uſually produced 10,000 livres, now brings him in only 2000; this makes a very great difference. How could I conceive any ſuch drawback, when I always

ſaw

ſaw the Chevalier remit him ſuch conſiderable ſums upon the ſcore of his penſion? I did not know they were diminiſhed; I was of opinion his eſtate was worth ten thouſand livres a year, lumping it all together, and I ſay, conſidering the little expence he makes, he was a very rich man, quite at his eaſe; he might, therefore, very eaſily have lent my daughter ſome money to pay her friend the Chevalier de Grignan: this thought was neither unjuſt nor ridiculous, when one did not know what had happened to this poor man. This is the medium through which things appeared to me, having a good opinion of your lands in Provence, in compariſon of ours. I muſt have been both fooliſh and injuſtice itſelf, to have told you what you reproach me with, if I had known what I learn only by your two laſt letters; they, indeed, have very much changed my opinion; I am now only affected with the real part I take in ſuch afflicting circumſtances, and the admiration which ſo much courage and ſuch reſignation to the will of God deſerve. You paint a real ſaint, the moſt chriſtian virtue, which greatly increaſes the eſteem I always entertained for him. Never was there ſuch amiable devotion as his, and if I am one day happy enough to ſee him, I ſhall have a very ſenſible joy; but once more how could I gueſs? you had even repreſented him ſo uneaſy as to want to ſell his eſtate; in fine, I ſhould have been more worthy of being ſcolded than can be expreſſed, if I had wrote as I did, after knowing what you have juſt now acquainted me with. You had not ſettled your dates regularly, you imagined the feathered meſſengers had been the couriers to your laſt letters, or you forgot how diſtant we were from each other. Do me therefore ſome juſtice, and believe that I would not have done ſo much wrong to M. de la Garde's virtue and ſituation. I profit of this opportunity to wiſh him the feſtive compliments, and to aſſure him moſt ſincerely of my ancient friendſhip; it is a long while ſince I ſaid any thing particular to him. I think you happy to afford him conſolation in his retreat, as he does you reciprocally. I imagined he was almoſt always at la Garde; I can eaſily imagine his company is agreeable; but

but when you tell me that you like bad company rather than none, and that you wiſh your caſtle were full, you are quite unintelligible.

The account you give me of the Chevalier's gout greatly excites my pity. The waters of Balaruc have, then, afforded him no relief? this is very melancholy; I wiſh him a part of M. de la Garde's reſignation: tell him how much I am afflicted at his condition. Acquaint me with the ſtate of your health, I touched too lightly upon that cholic which made you keep your bed; is this the cholic that does not terrify, though it be painful? Coulanges has wrote to me the ſame extravagances as he hath to you, and I have approved that, upon his marrying Paulina, he ſhould reſtore to your family that fine eſtate of Avignon, which you have ſo long poſſeſſed; how agreeable it would have been to you for eight or ten years. It is ſaid the Pope wants the King publickly to notify that he diſavows the aſſembly of eighty-two, at which two Grignans aſſiſted, and where infallibility was mentioned; this would be a ſtrange affair. This news does not come from the Abbé Bigorre; I wait impatiently for his letters. The hotel of Rochefoucault is half burnt down, the grand apartment, with many goods and papers are deſtroyed. Madame de Lavardin is much afflicted at the accident, and ſhe alſo tells me that Madame Fayette is ſeized with ſuch a violent cholic and pain in her ſide, that ſhe is greatly to be pitied; her health is in a very deplorable ſtate. I take M. de la Trouſſe's to be very bad, let people ſay what they pleaſe.

I ſalute and embrace M. de Grignan; it is a long while ſince I ſaw him. He did not owe leſs than a viſit to his *Alcina* in her enchanted caſtle; I wiſh ſhe may paſs the winter there, that he may have no chagrin at Aix. We are alone here with charming books, which we read, and which afford us ſo much pleaſure, that I cannot help pitying your want of taſte for reading; for I muſt inform you, my deareſt girl, that you are not fond of reading, and that your ſon inherits this diſtaſte from you: I tell you this to avenge what you ſaid to me.

When

When your ſon goes to Paris and Verſailles, he will ſalute the King, all the miniſters and the whole court. Whatever eſteem I entertain for him, I could wiſh him an uncle only the firſt winter; I praiſe him for his docility; he has wrote to us very prettily upon that happineſs which he ſo naturally feels at ſaying *my regiment*; in fact ſuch a ſtation is mighty agreeable at eighteen years of age; I pay my compliments thereupon to M. de Grignan, as he is the ſource of this promotion, by ſending him to make this firſt campaign of Philipſburgh. Tell me of that dear Count whom I have claimed in my letters, and who has abandoned me. Will not your dear ſon pay you a viſit? Inform me when you have ſold your company. My ſon deſires to be remembered to you in the moſt friendly manner, he is a moſt admirable and indefatigable reader, never being tired of fine writing, though he has read it over and over. Your ſiſter-in-law has got a *ſouris* (mouſe) *, which does very well in her black hair; what a pleaſant folly! but I find it would alſo be one to write any longer, it is time to think of one's conſcience, read M. le Tourneux, and recollect one's ſelf.

LETTER DCCLIV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Dec. 28, 1689.

WE enjoyed the fineſt weather in the world here till Chriſtmas-eve; I was at the end of the great walk, admiring the beauty of the ſun, when on a ſudden I ſaw a dark black cloud, very poetical, iſſue from the Weſt, in which the ſun was immerſed, and at the ſame time a ſhocking fog, which terrified me and made me fly. I have not been out of my chamber or the chapel till to-day, when the dove has brought the olive-branch; the earth has reſumed its wonted complexion, and the ſun reappearing, will alſo make me reſume the courſe of my walks; for

* The name of a faſhion.

you

you may depend upon it, my deareſt, as you are fond of my health, that when it is bad weather, I take my ſeat by the fire-ſide, to read and chatter with my ſon and daughter. Have you not obſerved as we have, that the days are not ſo ſhort as they were? it is three or four years ſince I heard this remark made at Paris. The Abbe Tetu mentioned it at the *Obſervatory*, ſaying that formerly the day cloſed at five o'clock, and that now one might ſtill read at five o'clock. We are ſo well convinced of this truth here, where there is nothing to diſtract our thoughts, that my ſon reads every day at that hour, and it is light till half paſt five: this is a real diſcourſe that fills a letter which requires no anſwer. Beaulieu informs me that our Marquis is expected; I am impatient to know a thouſand particulars relating to him, and to compare the difference of a Colonel with our little Muſqueteer.

A thouſand reports have been ſpread about Rome, equally falſe, according to the different intereſt and malice of each propagator. The Courier is, at length, arrived; and inſtead of all theſe prophecies, you find that the Pope conſents to the Abbey of St. Dennis being united to St. Cyr without any gratuity, which would amount to 80,000 livres; this is no trifling douceur, and will embarraſs thoſe who are ſtill inclinable to conſider the Ambaſſador as a dupe, and to think that Cardinal d'Eſtrées is in the right to queſtion the good diſpoſitions of the Pope. The beginning is in our favour, we ſhall ſee the end. I ſometimes encloſe in your packets the little billet of the Abbe Bigorre, who is very well inſtructed with what paſſes at Rome; I believe you will agree with me in this.

Madame de Coulanges acquaints me that the new Madame de la Fayette, was reclined upon a magnificent bed in a fine houſe; her ſaloon lined with a beautiful tapeſtry belonging to the Keeper of the ſeals *; the bed of the chamber decorated with an antient

* Michael de Marillac, great-great-grandfather to Mary Magdelan de Marillac, Marchioneſs de la Fayette, was Keeper of the Seals of France; and Lewis de Marillac, brother to the Keeper of the Seals, was Marſhal of France.

mantle

mantle of the order, and the room hung with fine tapeſtry, having the arms ornamented with the ſtaves of the Marſhal of France, and the collar of the order; and many looking-glaſſes, chandeliers, glaſs plates, and chryſtals, according to the preſent mode; that ſhe has many ſervants, valets de chambre in livery, and fine cloaths. In a word, ſuch taſte reigns in the houſe of the new-married couple and in their family, that our Madame de la Fayette ought to be perfectly well ſatisfied at her ſon having made ſuch a great and honourable alliance. The poor bride was all this while greatly afflicted with the cholic, which made her very weak, having been blooded twice. In fine, Croiſilles informs me that the fever has left her, and that her friends begin to breathe again.

I am very impatient, my dear child, to hear from you on a Friday, and alſo from the Chevalier, whom you have repreſented in excruciating pain: whatever paſſes in your caſtle of Grignan is a conſiderable drama for me. I think you happy to be in ſuch good company this winter at Grignan, you will not be ſenſible of the fury of the North wind amidſt your whole family. I return to the egregious errors in which you are left with regard to that ſaint La Garde. I thought him poſſeſſed of an income of 28,000 livres; his eſtate *ten*: his penſion *eighteen*; in great abundance; I imagined that in ſuch a ſituation, a little aſſiſtance might be given his intimate friends upon ſo important an occaſion. I was even a little uneaſy at his deſire of ſelling his eſtate; at length the amount of all this notion is, that his penſion is not paid, and his eſtate is no longer of any value; a greater fall cannot poſſibly be. I have acquainted him with my repentance for having judged ſo ill; I love, I honour, and admire the courage and virtue of this holy diſciple of Providence. Inform me if many penſions have been retrenched, and if there be no hopes that they will one day be continued; this is a difficult time to get over.

The beautiful Ducheſs de Lude has taken to pieces all her fine ſilver furniture, Beaulieu has ſeen them; but as the pieces are good, ſhe touched 27,000 crowns

for them, and has furniſhed her apartments a-new with wooden furniture, mirrors, and glaſs-plates, which amount to 2000 crowns of this holy poverty. The Rochefoucaults were all the night in the garden during the fire, and the next day the Abbé de Marſillac and his ſiſters had a dreadful cough and hoarſeneſs; their loſs amounts to 20,000 crowns. Here I put many things together without connection, I will write better on Sunday, for I will ſpeak of you and all that I ſhall learn from you; in the mean while, I often think of my dear girl, and I reckon that ſhe loves me.

LETTER DCCLV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Jan. 1, 1690.

I Have not yet received the packet of Saturday the ſeventeenth, in anſwer to that of the ſeventh I keep an exact account, and there is no cheating of me without doing me a great prejudice, and making me very unhappy; for it is the ſequel of a converſation that is interrupted. I hope this letter will come to hand, this often happens: in the mean while I have a great deal to anſwer upon the tragical and ſurpriſing hiſtory, which you relate to me of poor Lauſier. Your recital hath all the power of rhetoric, it ſuſpends attention, it increaſes curioſity, and leads to an event ſo melancholy, and ſo ſurpriſing, that I was quite moved at it, and gave ſuch a ſcream as terrified my ſon. He came running to ſee what was the matter; he read this part of your letter, and was affected in the ſame manner as myſelf, and cried out as I had done, and even louder; for he was well acquainted with this brave honeſt man, and we could not help admiring the uncertainty of the hour and manner of our death. All the circumſtances of this death led to peculiar aſtoniſhment; thoſe freſh dangers, to which he was expoſed, in the laſt ſiege of Mentz, in which he engaged ſo romantically, his good fortune in eſcaping, that ſtrength of conſtitution,

on, that converſation in which he rallied the Danes, the rendezvous which M. de Noailles gave him, where he miſſed being by the interpoſition of the hand of God, which ſtruck him in the ſtreet, whilſt between the arms of his two brothers, who loved him, and amidſt their joy at their again meeting him; nay, the powers of medicine are ſet at nought, and he can receive no aſſiſtance from it; all this is ſo affecting, and ſo remarkable, that though it be not the firſt ſudden death which we have heard of, no one, perhaps, ſo extraordinary ever before occurred; and in whatever place it would claim attention; but we have the ſame reaſons as you to be affected at it, and to recur from every object to this melancholy event. I am going to write about it to his poor brothers; ſuch loſſes are very common to them; we take this to be a third brother that is gone. You have moſt agreeable weather amidſt your winter; ſuch weather muſt neceſſarily excite the Count to go a hunting; it muſt drive away your complaints, and prompt you rather to walk than write to me; indeed you are much in the right, ſuch enchanting days muſt not be loſt. Our's have been ſo ſhocking, that they were only fit to make us keep by the fire-ſide, as no body could venture abroad to be an eye-witneſs of the fog, notwithſtanding the ice and froſt; in fine, ſuch weather, as is quite oppoſite to your's, though my ſon has not been without ſix or ſeven neighbours, who played, and were joyous in his chamber. But the weather improves, and the days begin to lengthen; they are ſometimes more ſerene in the months of February and March, than in the month of May, by which we were ſo greatly duped at Livri. M. de Carcaſſonne has been with you, he had reaſon to be ſurpriſed that a man with whom he had juſt breakfaſted, and who was as well in health as himſelf, ſhould drop down dead. Marſhal de Villeroi, in a very different ſituation, would not believe that M. de Geneve * was a ſaint, and canonized, becauſe he had dined twenty times with him at Lyons.

* St. Francis of Sales.

The intereſt of the eighteenth denier of Languedoc is not exceſſive; I imagined that the ſixth denier ſhould be explained, it is quite unknown here. The want of money is ſenſibly felt upon a thouſand occaſions; there are times when dealers are to be met with immediately for ſuch a commodity as you have to diſpoſe of: now if theſe dealers are to be found, they cannot make good their payment. I hope that you will not meet with ſuch embarraſſments: tell me when you have concluded this marriage, and whether the Marquis is in good winter-quarters. I ſhall be very curious to know how he acquits himſelf at Paris and Verſailles of all his duties, for he has a great many friends to ſee. I have deſired Beaulieu to acquaint me with all he ſays and does, and what ſort of an appearance he makes.

I comprehend all the unmeaning, vague expreſſions with which Madame l'Abeſſe honoured you upon taking her leave. I am well pleaſed that ſhe did not take Paulina with her! I often think of this amiable pretty girl with affection.

LETTER DCCLVI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Jan. 4, 1690.

YOUR letter of the ſeventeenth has found its way to me, it was gone to make a little tour to Rennes; it fills up the ſpace which made me loſe the thread of the converſation. I ſhould alſo have loſt the fineſt information in the world with regard to the *Court of Love*, and my new friend would have been quite in deſpair at it. His curioſity will be amply gratified, he has received a thouſand other informations upon this head, which were of no conſequence. This Adhemar is very pretty, and much beloved; his miſtreſs muſt have been greatly afflicted to ſee him expire whilſt he was kiſſing her hand. I have ſome doubts like you, whether ſhe has reſolved to take the veil: this account is quite pretty; this is a little fragment of

of ancient gallantry, blended with poetry and wit, which I think worthy of curioſity. Such Adhemars and Caſtelanes are every where to be met with; and we find the place of Grignan was more conſiderable in the time of Frederic I. than in that of Lewis XIV. My ſon was much pleaſed with reading this account, and his wife much more ſo; for which I thank the Prior of St. John *, and you my dear child.

There was in the ſame packet a letter from the Marquis, which appeared to us ſurpriſingly clever; my ſon and wife wanted to kiſs and embrace him; they wiſhed in particular, that he might receive your leave to go to Paris, we cannot believe you will refuſe him; his ſtyle is quite natural, juvenile, and artleſs, ſomewhat prolix through a deſire of pleaſing; all his little reaſons are ranged without exaggeration, but placed ſimply in their proper place and light; what his friends ſay upon his ſtay at *Keiſerſlauter*; his natural and juſt inclination to come and diſplay a little the Colonel of eighteen, which is all ſubmitted in ſo affecting a manner to your will, that he could not refrain from tears through friendſhip and tenderneſs for this lad; and it appeared to be the moſt ſtriking piece of eloquence we ever met with. But what is ſubſtantially good, is the aſſurance he gives of always preferring glory to pleaſure; that if there were the leaſt thing to be done, he would not think of leaving the army; and we find that he ſpeaks the truth, there is no drawback to make upon what he ſays, there is no corruption yet in his heart; all his ſentiments are genuine, all his expreſſions have their proper weight: we could not beſtow ſufficient praiſes upon this letter (which I have carefully preſerved for you) nor ſufficiently eſteem the writer. I imagine he is now at Paris, where I have a great deſire to know how he behaves himſelf, and a ſtill greater to be acquainted with his conduct at Verſailles. It is here that his dear uncle would be uſeful to him, but it is not God's will; never was the gout ſo cruel, or ſo violent; how unhappy! Has he not reaſon to regret his loſſes, and thoſe he occaſi-

* The Abbé Viani, Prior of the church of St. John at Aix.

ons his family? What patience muſt he be maſter of to endure inceſſant pain, ſcarce ſupportable, and which can be compared only to thoſe of hell; but which are proper to deſerve Paradiſe, if they are conſidered as inflicted by him, who is the Maſter of all things, and to whom we ſhould be entirely in ſubmiſſion!

But, my dear, whilſt we are upon a melancholy ſubject, I muſt tell you, that floods of tears ſtreamed from my eyes, when I pictured to myſelf the ſpectacle of that poor Dean *, penetrated with grief, his heart pierced, ſaying maſs for that brother then in the church, ſtill quick as it were, and yet cold in his coffin, bleeding on every ſide.——Good heaven, what a thought!——Does the blood ſtream from a dead corpſe? It muſt be ſo ſince you ſay it. This ſtreaming blood then does not, alas! demand *juſtice*, but much *mercy*; and this poor Dean, convinced of his religion, who offers this great and pious ſacrifice for a ſinner, whoſe ſalvation is dear to him, and whoſe death is afflicting; who trembling aſks mercy for him, who had not time to requeſt it a ſingle moment. This thought, my daughter, is inſupportable; nothing methinks but diſtraction and diſſipation can prevent its having the ſame effect upon every one. The more faith this Dean had, the more he is to be pitied; but he would be ſtill more to be pitied, if he had been above a fear of God's judgment. I recollect the manner of burying at the Feuillantines; all theſe pious girls proſtrated themſelves three times, before they let down my poor couſin into the grave, and by moans and moving prayers, they intreated God to take pity of that miſerable ſinnner! alas! what a ſinner! Madame de Grignan was preſent, we thought we ſhould diſſolve in tears. But what a whim to ſay ſo many uſeleſs things, in ſuch a doleful ſtrain! I aſk you a thouſand pardons.

I now return to you, my child. I thought the word *Moliniſt* interlined, would have made you underſtand the contrary; I was a little too cunning. The

* The collegiate Dean of Grignan.

two

two male viſitors were very good company, we had no altercations, we agreed in every thing, and we had the pleaſure to diſcuſs and celebrate the greateſt, the moſt important, and the moſt ancient truths of our religion. We conſtantly read *Abbadie*, and the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; the latter is the effect of the perſuaſions of the former, it is divine, and gives a glow to our faith.

It is a very lucky thing for Paulina not to bluſh! This has, been, as you ſay, the real drawback upon your beauty, and that of my youth; I found that when not troubled with this ridiculous inconvenience, I was not always miſtaken for another. This is a perſecution inflicted by the devil upon ſelf-love: in a word, my child, it drove you from balls and great aſſemblies, though every one conſtantly maintained the dignity of your beauty; but your imagination was ſo ſtruck, that you could not ſupport it. Poor Paulina will not be very ſenſible of this trifling advantage; I am, indeed, of opinion that people do not bluſh now as they did formerly.

Beaulieu has waited upon M. de la Trouſſe from me; he tells me, that he took his time ſo well, that his people told him to walk in; but that he heard him ſay at the door, *Do not let him come in, tell him that I thank Madame de Sévigné for her compliment*, and was turned back. Beaulieu has been very ſevere upon him for this affront, as he is every where well received, and minutely queſtioned concerning me: he is very much offended, and quite in a paſſion, ſaying it is the order of the Holy Ghoſt that makes him ſo haughty; but that he would not then ſend his mules and all his equipage into our ſtables to ſet fire to them, as they did at M. de Rochefoucault's. All he ſays upon this ſubject is quite natural and pleaſant; and he has ſo cut and ſlaſhed M. de la Trouſſe, that I know not how he will get over it.

I always throw you in the Abbe Bigorre's little billets; though the Marchioneſs d'Huxelles, and many others, give you information, this cannot diſpleaſe. You have inſenſibly engaged me to relate to my ſon

the converſation you had with Alliot upon *ſoufre nerval, nervous ſulphur*; he is deeply affected at it, and is going to tell you his ſentiments, for my part I never ſhall forget this ſcene.

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

Surely, my little ſiſter, ſome accident might happen to you, were you frequently to talk about *Keiſerſlauter*. I do not know why my mother concealed from me your adventures with M. Alliot, I was never better pleaſed at any thing. That expreſſion, ſo ſeriouſly uttered by a woman, who is eagerly conſulting about a woman's health, appears to me in ſuch a light as I cannot expreſs to you, and cannot be perſuaded, except it be that grave account my mother gave at MADAME's of the ball, where the Duke of Monmouth was preſent. Your ſiſter-in-law cannot, without the greateſt difficulty, pronounce the name of this ſpecific remedy; ſhe therefore calls it *du ſoufre nerveux*; you muſt agree that this ſounds better than the other. How ſorry I am that it can be of no uſe to the Chevalier de Grignan——how I pity him! I deſire you, my pretty little ſiſter, to pay him a hundred compliments, and embrace him and the gracious Paulina, by proxy for me——is not this allowable at two hundred leagues diſtance? Adieu, my little ſiſter, my mother is perfectly well, we govern her in ſuch a manner, that you will have nothing to do but continue imitating us, when ſhe is with you. I pay a thouſand and a thouſand ſincere compliments to the very wiſe, very illuſtrious, and *very happy* La Garde.

Madame DE SEVIGNE *continues.*

And I alſo, my dear child. The chagrin and infirmities which overwhelm him, do not prevent my thinking him *happy*, when I conſider the uſe he makes of them. I conjure him ever to honour me with his friendſhip. The diminution of the income of his eſtate aſtoniſhes me, it is greater than our's, though

this

this is bad enough. Is your's fallen in the like manner? Tell me, explain to me alſo how it is, that when Madame de Grignan is with you, there ſhould be eighty or a hundred in your ſolitude. You ſay that your affairs require another remedy than being at Grignan. this I am convinced of as well as you. My health is pretty good, think of your's. I ſhould not be much aſtoniſhed, if for this laſt month you awoke juſt before day break; this might be half paſt ſix, or ſeven: this would be as agreeable to me as to you; but to awake at four or five, this is what I call not ſleeping, but heating the blood. I believe, in fact, it is Boreas who is calling to you, what are you doing there in my palace, which I am poſſeſſed of? why are you not at Paris, Verſailles, or Aix! It is very cruel of him to make your apartments ſo ſmoaky. M. de Carcaſſonnne appears to me to have as military a turn as Archbiſhop Turpin. Poor Madame de la Fayette has not yet felt the ſweets of her new little houſhold; ſhe has not yet got the better of the cholic: Croiſilles writes to me for her; her ill ſtate of health renders her inſenſible of every thing elſe. She is a very amiable worthy woman, and whom you loved as ſoon as you were acquainted with her wit and ſenſe: the more one knows her, the more one is attached to her! We have laughed, and been fooliſh with her wit and ſenſe; do your ecollect? When ſhe mentions you and thoſe times, ſhe raiſes you above every thing that is ſenſible and agreeable; but ſhe is too ill to exert her faculties.

Madame de Motteville is dead, will you not write to her brother? I know not how to blame M. d'Aix for what he ſays as an apology for not coming to Grignan, when he is at the very gate——*how unfortunate he is, and how deſerving of pity!* Well, he is in the right; but if you can be ſatisfied with him, I adviſe you to be ſo——it is very unlucky always to have enemies to complain of at court. Adieu, my dear child, I love you and all your perſon, as your friendſhip deſerves, which is entirely to my taſte.

To Monſieur DE GRIGNAN.

Good morrow, dear Count, you are then at your caſtle, which was in ancient times a place where Frederic infeoffed people. The firſt ſtone has long ſince been fixed, and the Archbiſhop deſigns to place the laſt. Are you not ſorry to be abſent from Aix and *Chimene?* No, for you ſaw her upon mount Pſyche. You are in ſuch good company, that you forget Boreas and the furies; but I conjure you to let the Marquis come and ſee you this Lent. My ſon conſtantly adores you, and his wife is very gallant with your picture; ſhe informed my daughter the other day, "I will ſay nothing tender to M. de Grignan, for I find I have ſuch a weakneſs, that I am ſcrupulous of every thing." Thus are you conſidered in this little ſpot of the earth.

LETTER DCCLVII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, January 8, 1690.

IT is in your hands, my dear belle, that my letters are changed to gold; when they go from mine, I find them ſo groſs and ſo heavily loaded with words, that I ſay, my daughter will not have time to read all this; but you too much flatter me, for in conſcience, I cannot believe all you ſay upon the occaſion. In fine, take care, ſuch praiſes and commendations are dangerous; I will not at leaſt conceal from you, that I prefer them to thoſe of all the reſt of the world. But let us be reconciled, for methinks we are ſomewhat at variance; I ſaid you read only ſuperficially the Little Letters, but I repent; for they are fine and too worthy of you to have eſcaped attracting all your attention. You alſo affront me by ſuppoſing I have not read *les Imaginaires*; I lent them to you; how pretty and juſt they are! I have read them more than once; ſo that upon theſe mutual offences we may embrace one another; I ſee nothing that can prevent

our

our loving each other: is not this the advice of the Chevalier, as he is our confident? I am, indeed, charmed at his better health, this ſentiment is much ſtronger than my words. But to return to reading, it is greatly in vogue here; my ſon has a very commodious qualification, this is, that he is very willing to read twice, or three times, what he likes and is agreeable to his taſte; by this means he enters deeper into its merits, learns it by heart, and as it were poſſeſſes himſelf of it ſo much, that he fancies he wrote it himſelf. He reads *Abbadie* with tranſport, whilſt he admires his genius in producing ſo fine a piece *; when we find an argument well conducted, well concluded, and juſt, we think we rob you of it, in reading it without you; how this paſſage would charm my *Siſter!* would charm my *Daughter!* Thus we blend your memory in all that is ſuperior, and it heightens its value. I pity you for not liking hiſtory, the Chevalier is fond of it, and it is a fine aſylum to wearineſs; ſome hiſtories are ſo fine, that we are very willing to go back a few ages: this diverſity affords knowledge and delights; it is the ſmall number of your books that obliges you to read Father Coton's Orations, and this ſcarcity makes you not know what to read. I wiſh you had not given your ſon a diſtaſte for hiſtory; it is a thing very neceſſary for a young man of his profeſſion. He has wrote to me from *Keiſerſlauter*; my God, what a name! He does not yet ſeem certain of coming to Paris; he pays me a thouſand pretty friendly compliments, very cleverly turned, he thanks me for the news I ſent him, he relates to me all the little misfortunes attending his equipage. I am paſſionately fond of this little Colonel.

Our Abbé Bigorre ſtrongly intreats me to credit no one but him concerning the news from Rome. It is an outrage to ſay that the holy father is a Spaniard, and that the Ambaſſador is the dupe; we ſhall ſee this, for it cannot be concealed, *this ſpread eagle* will ſhew us on which ſide it wings its way. For my part

* His book upon the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion.

I ſhould

I ſhould be patient, did but Avignon return to you; how happy would it be to wed Paulina to ſo fine a name! I have a mind to aſk you how M. de la Trouſſe does; you know that Beaulieu could not inform me: in return I will tell you that Corbinelli is more myſtical than ever; he is far beyond St. Thérèſa; he has diſcovered that my grand-mother *, in the height of her ſoul, was quite diſtilled in the oration; he has bought a book for me that neither my ſon nor I underſtand a word of. In fine, he is always the ſame man you knew him; he no longer writes to me, this taſte has ſubſided; I hear of him; and as I have writing enough, we have agreed upon this ſilence, without being prejudicial to our preſcribed friendſhip; you know it cannot be diſowned. As to delicate conſtitutions, they deſerve to be confided in; I ſincerely acknowledge to you that after the ſituation in which I have ſeen Madame de Meri, I begin to think her immortal; and conſidering the prudence of Madame de la Fayette, and the attention ſhe pays her health, I am of opinion ſhe will get the better of all her complaints. Pleaſe God ſhe may, ſhe is an amiable friend, and very worthy of our love and eſteem. But now to my health; this is what makes me tremble. God has beſtowed it upon me till now in ſo perfect ſtate, that I am ſurpriſed, and it would terrify me, if I were as attentive to myſelf as you are to me. I was yeſterday in thoſe charming walks, and the weather was as fine as in September; I do not let theſe fine days eſcape me: when the weather alters I keep my room; in this reſpect, I am not the ſame as formerly: I then made a fooliſh vow to go out every day. I already dread the departure of the Chevalier, and M. de la Garde. Explain to me a little more plainly how came it that the latter's penſion was ſtopped: have they ceaſed paying it, without aſſigning a reaſon? muſt a poor man accuſtomed to this *douceur*, remain quite needy, without being told a ſyllable? It grieves me, but there are ſome things which require a little

* Jane-Francis Fremiot, Barcneſs of Chantal.

explanation.

explanation. Our good Berbiſi * writes to me wonders of you and your grandeur: a Preſident and two Counſellors of the Parliament of Dijon have been in Provence, they were afflicted not to meet with you, but they ſounded your praiſe to our good Preſident, who is entirely devoted to you. My daughter-in-law is gone to Rennes for a few days upon a relation's taking the veil, which grieves her; ſhe has ſent her toilet to the Mint, to do like the reſt. Your brother deſires to be kindly remembered to you. I have juſt been writing to Coulanges, he is quite prejudiced in favour of the Prince of Turenne; M. le Chevalier, do not be diſpleaſed, it is to degrade this name, that I do not laconically ſay M. de Turenne.

LETTER DCCLVIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, January 11, 1690.

GOOD heaven, what a new year's gift! what wiſhes! could any ever ſo much charm me? I will unfold a ſentiment I find myſelf poſſeſſed of; if it could repay your's, I ſhould be ſatisfied, for I have no other coin, inſtead of thoſe amiable fears with the inceſſant deaths that ſurround you occaſion, and which make you reflect on others. I offer you real conſolation and joy, which frequently ariſe to me from my being ſo much older than you. The notion of the eldeſt going firſt, and that probably and naturally I ſhall keep my rank with my dear daughter, is what occaſions the real ſweetneſs of this ſentiment. What have I not ſuffered at times, when your ill-ſtate of health made me dread an interruption? theſe were trying periods, and let us ſpeak no more of them, we will not enter upon them; you are well, God be thanked, and every thing has reſumed its natural courſe, *God pre-*

* Preſident a Mortier to the Parliament of Dijon. Madame de Sévigné's great-grand-mother was a *Berbiſi*, and mother to Jane-Francis Fremiot, Baroneſs of Chantal.

ſerve

ſerve you; I fancy you hear my tone of voice, and you know me.

I now come to the Chevalier, I have no difficulty in believing that the climate of Provence would agree with him better in winter than that of Paris. All thoſe, who like ſwallows, ſeek for your ſun, afford ſufficient teſtimony. But whilſt I rejoice at his being ſenſible of the difference, I am afflicted at his having loſt a thouſand crowns yearly of his income; by what means? and how? was his regiment worth ſo much to him? he will ſell it then to the Marquis *; but the money ariſing from it, in paying of debts, will it not diminiſh the intereſt of loans? ſettle this account for me, which makes me uneaſy. I cannot imagine to myſelf M. de Grignan at Paris, without his little equipage, ſo decent, and in ſuch good order; I cannot ſee him walk on foot, or inquiring for places to Verſailles, ſuch a thought cannot enter my head; this article is interlocutory; how happily this term of chicanery finds admittance here! neither do I comprehend your ſixty-four people beſides guards, you deceive me, this cannot be your meaning, you muſt give me a mathematical demonſtration.

As to Paulina, I do not think you will heſitate with regard to the ſteps you have to take, the good and evil road being ſo clearly pointed out, and the ſuperiority of your ſenſe will readily direct you to the firſt: every thing calls upon you to perform your duty; however, conſcience and the power you poſſeſs are all ſolicitors in the cauſe. When I conſider how much ſhe is improved in ſo ſhort a time to pleaſe you, how pretty ſhe is grown, you will be culpable for all the omiſſion of doing good on her part. As to reading, you are too much engaged in converſation and reaſoning to attend to it: we are here in greater tranquility, and therefore have time for it.

* The Chevalier de Grignan, attaining the rank of field Marſhal in 1688, had leave to keep his regiment, that he might afterwards reſign in favour of the Marquis de Grignan his nephew.

I even

I even peruſe again certain works which I had ſlightly run over at Paris, and which appeared quite new to me. We alſo read again, by intervals of receſs from our grand lectures, ſcraps that we meet with, ſuch as the fine funeral orations of M. de Boſſuet *, M Fléchier †, M. Maſcaron ‡, father Bourdaloue; we pay a freſh tribute of tears to M. de Turenne, Madame de Montauſier, the Prince, the late MADAME, and the Q. of E. we admire this picture of Cromwel: theſe are maſter-pieces of eloquence, which charm the mind; it ſhould not be ſaid that theſe are ſtale; no, they are not ſtale, but divine. Paulina ſhould be inſtructed, and charmed with them; but this is calculated ſolely for the meridian of the rocks. I know not what book to recommend for Paulina's peruſal; Davila is fine in Italian, we have read it; Guicciardini is very long; I ſhould like well enough the anecdotes of Médicis, which are an abridgment, but they are not in Italian. I will not name Bentivoglio again §; let her ſtick to poetry, I am not fond of Italian proſe; Taſſo, Aminto, *Paſtor fido*, &c. I dare not ſay Arioſto, there are ſome paſſages diſagreeable; and let her other books conſiſt of hiſtory, let her cheriſh this taſte, which may ſo long divert her leiſure: it is to be feared that if this part of reading were ſuppreſſed, there would be ſcarce any thing to read; let her begin with the life of Theodoſius the Great, and let her acquaint me how ſhe likes it. Theſe, my child, are ſo many trifles, there are ſome days ſet apart for converſing, without prejudice to ſerious matters, and in which we take a very ſenſible intereſt. Adieu, my moſt amiable girl, we wiſh you every kind of happineſs this year, and *Quanto-va.*

* The Biſhop of Meaux.
† The Biſhop of Niſmes.
‡ The Biſhop of Agen.
§ Gui Bentivoglio, Cardinal, and author of the Civil Wars in Flanders, and ſeveral other works.

LETTER DCCLIX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, January 15, 1690.

YOU are in the right, I cannot accuſtom myſelf to the date of this year; nevertheleſs, it has been already begun for ſome time, and you will find, that let us paſs it whatever way we will, we ſhall ſoon find the bottom of the bag that contained the thouſand livres *.

You really ſpoil me very much, and ſo do my Paris friends; ſcarce has the ſun gained the hop of a flea, than you tell me, on your ſide, when you expect me at Grignan; and my friends deſire me to fix from that hour the time of my departure, in order to haſten their joy. Such preſſing civilities too much flatter me, and particularly your's, which admits of no compariſon. I will, then, ſincerely rely upon my dear Counteſs, that between this and the month of September next, I can entertain no thoughts of leaving this country; this is the time, when I ſend my little vehicles to Paris, of which only a very ſmall part is gone. This is the time when the Abbé Charier treats for my fines and ſales, which amount to ten thouſand livres; but more of this hereafter; but let us content ourſelves with driving away every hope of taking the leaſt ſtep before the time I have mentioned: I will not, however, ſay that you are my goal, my perſpective, you know it well, and that you are rooted in my heart in ſuch a manner, that I fear M. Nicole would find much difficulty to lop you from thence; this, in a word, is my diſpoſition. You ſay the moſt affectionate things poſſible to me, in wiſhing you may never ſee the end of thoſe happy years which you wiſh me. We are very far from meeting together in our wiſhes; for I have acquainted you with a truth which is very juſt and

* Madame Sévigné compared the twelve calendar months to a bag with a thouſand livres, which is exhauſted almoſt as ſoon as it is opened.

very

very properly placed, and which God will, doubtleſs, grant, which is to follow the natural order of his holy providence; this is what conſoles me through all the thorny road of old age: this ſentiment is reaſonable, and your's too extraordinary and too kind.

I ſhall pity you when M. de la Garde, and the Chevalier are no longer with you; they are perfectly good company; but they have their reaſons, and that of bringing to life the penſion of a man who is not dead, appears to me quite intereſting. You will have your child, who will fit his ſtation at Grignan very prettily; he muſt for various reaſons meet with a kind reception there, and you will, no doubt, heartily embrace him. He has written me another pretty letter to wiſh me a happy new year; he appears quite forlorn at *Keiſerſlauter*; he ſays nothing prevents his coming to Paris, but that he waits for orders from Provence: that this is the ſpring which ſets him in motion. Methinks you make him languiſh a long while, his letter is dated the ſecond inſtant, and I thought him at Paris; let him then repair thither, from whence after a tranſitory appearance, he will fly to embrace you. This little gentleman ſeems to me qualified for a good match, and if he ſhould meet with you, may eaſily obtain his majeſty's permiſſion for the reverſion of your elegant poſt in his favour. You find that his diſpoſition and that of Paulina, no way reſemble each other; they muſt, nevertheleſs, neceſſarily be both poſſeſſed of certain qualities of the heart; as to temper, that is another conſideration. I am charmed to find that the Marquis's way of thinking is agreeable to your taſte; I could wiſh him a greater diſpoſition for the ſciences, and reading, but this may come about. As to Paulina, that devourer of books, I would rather ſhe ſhould ſwallow bad ones, than have no taſte for reading; romances, plays, *Voiture*, *Saruſin*, and the like, are pretty well exhauſted; has ſhe touched upon Lucian? is ſhe capable of enjoying *les Petites Lettres?* Hiſtory ſhould come next, and if this does not pleaſe her, I pity her. As to fine books

of

of devotion, if ſhe does not like them, ſo much the worſe for her, for we know but too well that even without devotion they are charming. With reſpect to morality, as ſhe would not make ſo good a uſe of it as you, I would not have her thruſt her noſe at all into either *Montaigne* or *Charron*'s works, nor into any other of this ſtamp, ſhe is too young. The true morality of this age, is that which we learn in agreeable converſation, fables, and particularly hiſtory. If you were to beſtow a little of your time upon her in diſcourſe, ſhe would reap the greater benefit from it. I know not whether all I am ſaying is worth your reading, I am very far from abounding in ſenſe.

You aſk me if I am always a little devotee, which is of little value; yes really, I am preciſely in this predicament, and to my regret not more. All my goodneſs conſiſts in knowing my religion, and its ſignification: I cannot be impoſed upon with falſe for true religion; I extract the intrinſic metal from the droſs: I hope in this I am not miſtaken, and that God, having already endued me with good ſentiments, will continue them to me; paſt favours, in ſome meaſure, make me anticipate thoſe to come; ſo that I live in confidence, not, however, without its being blended with ſome fear. But I muſt ſcold you for ſaying our Corbinelli *is diabolically myſtical*, and your brother, ready to die with laughing, I ſcold as well as you. How *diabolically myſtical!* a man who thinks of nothing but deſtroying the empire of the devil, who is inceſſantly united with his foes, the ſaints of the church; a man who ſets no value upon his animal body, who endures poverty with a *chriſtian* and what you would call *philoſophic* reſignation; who never omits celebrating the perfections and exiſtence of God; who never judges his neighbour, but always excuſes him; who paſſes his life in charity, and the ſervice of his neighbour; inſenſible to pleaſure and the felicities of life; who, in a word, notwithſtanding his ill-fortune, is entirely in ſubmiſſion to the will of God! and this you call being *diabolically myſtical!* You muſt acknowledge, this is not the

portrait

portrait of our *poor friend*; this expreſſion, nevertheleſs, carries with it an air of pleaſantry, which at firſt promotes a laugh, and may ſurprize the ignorant. But I reſiſt, as you ſee, and ſupport the faithful admirer of Saint Thereſa, my grandmother, and the fortunate John de la Croix. Now I mention Corbinelli, he wrote me the other day a very pretty billet; he gave me an account of a converſation and a dinner at M. de Lamoignon's; the preformers were the hoſts, M. de Troyes, M. de Toulon, father Bourdaloue, his companion, Deſpreaux, and Corbinelli. The topic was ancient and modern productions; Deſpreaux was an advocate for the ancient, with one ſingle exception in favour of a modern; who, in his opinion, ſurpaſſed, all others both ancient and modern. Bourdaloue's friend, who took upon himſelf the critic, and had joined Deſpreaux and Corbinelli, aſked him what writer this was who held ſo diſtinguiſhed a rank in his judgment? Deſpreaux would not declare. Corbinelli joined iſſue with the Jeſuit, and ſtrenuouſly intreated Deſpreaux to declare his author, that he might read him night and day. Deſpreaux anſwered ſmiling; "Ah, ſir, you have read him more than once, I am convinced." The Jeſuit reſumed with a diſdainful air, a *cotal riſo amaro*, and preſſed Deſpreaux ſtill more cloſely to name this miraculous author. Deſpreaux ſaid, "Father, do not urge me;" but the father continued. At length, Deſpreaux took him by the arm, and ſqueezing him very hard, ſaid to him, "Well father, ſince you will know, it is Paſcal." "Paſcal! ſaid the father, quite red and aſtoniſhed, "Paſcal is clever as far as falſehood can be ſo." "Falſehood! reſumed Deſpreaux, falſehood! know "then that this work is as true as it is inimitable; "he has lately been tranſlated into three different "languages" The father replied, "This does not "make him a man of more veracity." Deſpreaux was heated, and bawled like a madman, "What, "father! will you ſay, that one of your brethren "has not publiſhed in one of his books, that *a Chriſ-*

" *tian is not obliged to love God* * ? dare you ſay this " is falſe ? " Sir, ſaid the father in a rage, we ſhould " diſtinguiſh." " Diſtinguiſh, ſaid Deſpreaux, diſtin- " guiſh the Devil; what diſtinguiſh whether we are " obliged to love God !" and taking Corbinelli by the arm walked to the other end of the room ; and then returning walked backwards and forwards like a diſtracted man, but without ever coming near the holy father, and at length went and joined the company in the dining-room ; here the ſcene ends, and the curtain drops. Corbinelli has promiſed me the remainder in a converſation; but being convinced that you will find this ſcene as pleaſant as I did, I ſend it you, and if you read it in a good humour, I am ſure you will be pleaſed.

I am informed that ſeveral Ducheſſes and grand ladies have been enraged, that, though at Verſailles, they were not at the ſupper on twelfth night; theſe are what are called afflictions. You know the other news better than I do. I have ſent Bigorre's billot to Guebriac, who returns you a thouſand thanks, he is vaſtly well ſatisfied with your Court of Love. I think Paulina has a great genius to know cheſs ; I am afraid ſhe would hold mine in contempt, if ſhe knew how far it is beyond my capacity.

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

I am very much of your opinion, my little ſiſter, about the *diabolically myſtical*; I was ſtruck with this mode of expreſſion. I turned this thought on every ſide, and I could ſay nothing to pleaſe myſelf upon it. I thank you for having taught me to explain, in ſo few words and with ſuch propriety, what I had for a long time in my mind. But what I admire the moſt

* This is one of thoſe famous diſputes which Deſpreaux is ſaid to have ſupported in more than one place, upon the ſubject of the love of God, and which was, perhaps, the firſt that gave riſe to his idea of the epiſtle to the Abbé Renaudot, which he did not write till 1695. *See Ep. XII. of Deſpreaux, and the 10th of the Provincial Letters.*

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in this *myſtical* affair is, that his tranquility in this ſtate is the effect of his devotion; he would have ſome ſcruples to emerge from it, becauſe he is of the order of Providence, and it would be impious in ſuch a ſimple mortal, to pretend acting in oppoſition to her dictates; wherefore we may conclude that he will never go to maſs, as the delicacy of his conſcience would be thereby hurt. As you have, at length, allowed Paulina to read the *Metamorphoſes*, I adviſe you to be no longer in pain with reſpect to the bad books that might be put into her hands. Has ſhe not a taſte for all pretty hiſtories? there are a thouſand pretty works that divert and decorate the mind. Would ſhe not have pleaſure in reading many paſſages of the *Roman Hiſtory?* has ſhe read the hiſtory of the *Triumvirate*, are the Conſtantius's and Theodoſius's exhauſted? how I ſhould pity her lively active genius, if you did not give her ſomething to exerciſe it upon; her conceptions, like her uncle's, are ſo groſs, that metaphyſical ſubtleties make no impreſſion upon her; I pity her, but don't you think I blame her, nor yet deſpiſe her, I have reaſons for not doing this. Adieu, my moſt amiable little ſiſter.

LETTER DCCLX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Jan. 18, 1690.

YOU have too many apprehenſions about a health, which was never ſo perfect before; but this is the real cauſe of your being terrified, and which makes you find more ſecurity in the delicacy of others. My poor child, we are all mortal; but I admired, the other day, with what truth you told me that it never was with regard to yourſelf, that you feared that death to which we are all ſentenced; that this never entered your head: this is ſo extraordinary, that, after having admired you, I dread this heedleſſneſs to yourſelf, and conjure you to think of your preſervation in favour of thoſe who are ſo advanced before you, that

that you can never reach them: my reflection is more juſt and natural than your's.

Is it poſſible that you can find no purchaſers of this company? it will much embarraſs you and the Chevalier, and is a great proof of the extreme neceſſity of the times. M. de Pomponne wrote to me like a good friend the beginning of this year; he told me he had not the leaſt doubt that I ſhould paſs the winter here, as I could never have more ſubſtantial reaſons for ſojourning. Nevertheleſs, every thing hath its limits, and I ſhould be glad to ſee the care you beſtow on your turkeys; it is a great pity to be ſo good, and yet abſent, and this upon compulſion: you muſt then own this is a very diſagreeable period. I am very deſirous that you ſhould have your ſon with you, he has languiſhed too long in that plaguy place that is ſo hard to write *; let him return ſtreight to you, and he will go back with the Chevalier. When I obſerved this latter diſpoſing of himſelf for the winter, as if he were a different man; chalking out the time and the neceſſary meaſures for his departure, I admired his having forgot how winter operates upon him, and I made no doubt it would not be long before he diſcovered he had reckoned without conſulting the gout; he excites in me ſuch compaſſion, as I will take care not to acquaint him with. I can eaſily conceive that the duties of the miſtreſs of the houſe may ſometimes divert you from the office of his nurſe; but duties muſt be fulfilled on all ſides, and this you do perfectly well. I think you are very happy to have M. de la Garde. You relate to him many things that you could tell to him alone; this is a great conſolation. I conjure him to believe that the only errors you did not rectify, made me complain unjuſtly; I have loved and revered his merit for a long while. I wiſh you had by accident preſerved the letters I wrote to you upon this deputation, in which I ſolicited for M. de Grignan's aſſiſtance; I ſhould have deſired you to ſhew him this enthuſiaſm. I nevertheleſs ſaid true, and I admire

* Keiſerſlautern. The French took it in 1688.

mire your notion, that, if you were King, you would deprive the Governor of Britanny of this nomination. You, nevertheleſs, find that no King, from the time of Charles the Eighth, ever thought of doing it; and, except when a foe is deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by ſuch an inſult, no one ever thinks of coming to aſk the King the perſon's name whom all Britanny, in full States, appoints for paying their homage to the King. Is it not natural for a Governor in his province to chuſe his deputies? does not the Governor of Languedoc and other places, act in this manner? and why, then, ſhould this diſtinction take place with regard to Britanny, ever free, and whoſe prerogatives have been ever preſerved, and which is as conſiderable by its extent as its ſituation? In a word, did not our great heireſs * deſerve to have her marriage contract faithfully executed? For my part, I do not perceive the harm that this proceeding did the King's ſervice, being ſimilar to the rule obſerved in all other provinces; if I were in his Majeſty's place, I would rather chuſe that the ancient cuſtom ſhould be obſerved, and that the Governor ſhould chuſe in Britanny a native of the province, to come and pay the compliments of the province. But M. de Grignan, and you, daughter, have deſerted me; this is, indeed, a thing I never ſhould have ſuſpected from you, who are ſo ſituated as to feel theſe alterations; I thought you would follow the example of M. de la Rochefoucault, &c. But my ſuit is ſtrangled, it is not examined. I am tried without mercy, and am deprived of my principal judge; I will oppoſe the arret of the Parliament of Toulouſe; as Buri ſaid, I will revenge myſelf preſently; this is the fact. There is a perſon, who doubtleſs, has a great ſhare of wit, but it is ſo delicate and ſo eaſily diſguſted, that ſhe can only read five or ſix ſublime and exquiſite works of diſtinguiſhed reputati-

* Anne, Ducheſs of Britanny, daughter and heireſs to Duke Francis II. and Margaret de Foix, wedded Charles VIII. King of France, who was her firſt huſband, and her ſecond was Lewis XII. ſucceſſor to Charles VIII.

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on. She cannot endure any hiſtorical writing; this is a great abatement, as it affords ſuſtenance to all the world; ſhe has another misfortune, this is, that ſhe cannot read twice thoſe books which ſhe eſteems above all others. This perſon ſays ſhe is inſulted, when it is ſaid ſhe is not fond of reading, this is another cauſe to try. But a-propos to books, my dear Paulina, I have found what will do for you; it is the Life of Pope *Sixtus-Quintus* in Italian, I have read it with a deal of pleaſure, this has juſt occurred to me. Is it not true, daughter, that this book will divert her? Good heaven, how handſome and agreeable I think this little girl! how deſirous I am of ſeeing her!

For this fortnight paſt we have had ſuch a tempeſtuous wind, as has made us quite diſconſolate; I have not been able to walk; ſince the day I ſaw the ſun periſh in that thick cloud, after having ſhone all the day; could I ſerve you better than by flying as I did? You are an ungrateful girl, if through gratitude you do not preſerve your health. Here is a letter of thanks from my good Abbe Charier; had he been willing to write to you only like me, you would be fond of the natural ſimplicity of his ſtyle; but your ſublime wit has embarraſſed him in a *ſun* and an *atom*: do not fail to anſwer him, pay for me, and aſſure him that your *ſun* will always be very attentive to his *atom*; that you will always ſee him the ſon of his father, and a man to whom your mother hath many obligations. Your brother ſees only ſuch parts of your letters, as I am willing to ſhew him; I need only tell him there is nothing here that will divert him, and he does not think of it. His wife is ſtill at Rennes, where ſhe is confined a priſoner by the waters that are out: ſhe is quite in deſpair about it. We do not compare our ſun to your's, we know what degree we are in, and your days are neither ſo long, nor ſo ſhort as our's. Adieu, my dear belle, methinks you know and feel how much I love you, and which I need not tell you; nevertheleſs, one cannot ſometimes ſuppreſs it.

LETTER DCCLXI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Jan. 22, 1690.

MY God, what a violent ſituation you are in! how preſſing it is! and how much and ſenſibly I am grieved at it! But, daughter, how weak and futile are wiſhes upon ſuch occaſions! and how needleſs it is to tell you, that if I had now, as I have had, ſome portable ſum, it would ſoon be your's! I am overwhelmed with trifles, my creditors threaten me, and I do not know whether I ſhall be able to content them, as I was in hopes of doing; for I am quite ſuffocated by the obligation I am under of paying immediately 5000 livres by way of fine, and the price of the eſtate of Madame d'Acigne, which I purchaſed, to avoid paying ten thouſand, if I had waited only two years longer. Such, then, is my ſituation, but this is only to acquaint you with the utter impoſſibility of my aſſiſting you. Your brother appears to me ſenſible of your chagrin, and I am perſuaded he would perform his duty better than your rich P———'s, if the times were as they have been, that is to ſay if it were poſſible to borrow. He wants to ſpeak with you himſelf, and tell you his thoughts upon what
to you. I have alſo ſet forth to him the embarraſſed ſtate in which your little Colonel muſt certainly be; he mentioned it to me the firſt, ſome time ago, pitying and regretting, like us, that the Chevalier had not the training of him for the firſt year or two: nothing could have been ſo ſerviceable to him as ſuch a maſter; in a word, my deareſt, no one but God can ſtop the effects of ſuch a number of diſagreeable things, and reduce them to the bounds of reſignation, to which you ſeem inclined. To return to my ſon; he had ſome anxiety at ſeeing a ſtripling of ſeventeen or eighteen at the head of ſuch a numerous corps. He has a ſufficient remembrance of paſt times, to know how difficult it is at that age to command old officers; and

this difficulty would have been removed, if he had had his uncle to eſtabliſh him: this is a diſagreeable and delicate period. Can you not aſſiſt him with ſome prudent counſellor, to adviſe him a little? For, in a word, he is alone, and cannot at his age know a trade that requires more experience than any other. I have exhorted you to ſend for the Marquis ſtreight to Grignan; what will he do during the Carnival at Paris and Verſailles, where he will be allured on every ſide? do you think he will acquit himſelf well of the duty and compliments he has to go through? I, perhaps, do him wrong; but he is very young, and little accuſtomed to this kind of buſineſs: in fine, I think he has got to go through more than he is equal to. I am giving the pen to my ſon, I will afterwards reſume it.

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

The maternal uncle is now writing to you himſelf, my dear little ſiſter, and who aſſures you with the greateſt ſincerity, that were he poſſeſſed of the fortune that is his due, that is to ſay, if land were money, and were not a mere ſong, a very illuſion, &c. you would ſee by ſome very eſſential marks, how much I intereſt myſelf in what regards you; but, my dear belle, I am ſurrounded only with people whom I may impriſon, who intreat me to do it every day, who live in places belonging to me, who pray for me, as they ſay, and at the ſame time aſſure me, that as to money, I need not think of it; ſuch is my ſituation; nevertheleſs, if by ſome very poſſible means, I ſhould be reimburſed a certain ſum that they talk to me of, you may aſſure yourſelf I will apply it in ſuch a manner as to rouſe the paternal uncles, who, in the midſt of forty and fifty thouſand livres of rent, ſee you groan, without doing any thing elſe but praying for you, as my farmers pray for me. Good heaven! why do they not neglect a little their buildings, which they would rather quit than think of, and why do they not think of ſupporting their houſe for the future? Were I to

dwell

dwell longer upon this ſubject, I ſhould be in a paſſion; I will therefore diſcontinue it, to tell you that I think your ſon is very young, very green, but little formed to ſupport ſo great a burthen as that with which he is laden——a regiment of twelve companies at eighteen; if he be eaſy, they will uſe him juſt as they pleaſe ——if he is a very martinet;——to wave the anſwer, let him take care never to find fault without reaſon on his ſide; for, to ſay no worſe, to exert authority, and be in the wrong, is a ſubject of great humiliation. If he be obliged to act with rigour, it muſt be at the utmoſt extremity——if he avoids this extremity, the conſequences are dangerous, particularly with reſpect to the old ſoldiers. In a word, I pity him, he is promoted too early in life, and this elevation is his misfortune; it were neceſſary that either the Chevalier ſhould keep his regiment for ſome time, or that Providence ſhould have ordained that he were capable of ſerving, and conſequently attending to the conduct of this pretty boy; all theſe monſters, theſe dragons, would then diſappear, and nothing but beds of roſes would be viſible. My deareſt ſiſter, I ſincerely wiſh that ſome agreeable ſubject may excite your joy, that I may partake it with you, as I partake of your anxiety at this moment. I will not, I can aſſure you, loſe any opportunity of diminiſhing it, if it be poſſible; and in this I will be more ſtrenuous than others are cool, or even repugnant.

Madame DE SEVIGNE.

I find that my ſon is quite right in what he ſays, what was the cauſe of our joy occaſions you great embarraſſment to ſupport it; but, my deareſt girl, only think, for there are times when nothing is to be concealed, that Bourbilli * is your's; this is a little ſpot that ſhould be kept for a rainy day; but you cannot be more diſtreſſed than you are at preſent. Have

* An eſtate ſituated in Burgundy, which belonged to Madame de Sévigné.

you properly diſpoſed the good Preſident of Berbiſi † ? Write to me, perhaps, he may find means to procure you ſome money upon this loan, you will not be wanting of my ſignatures. This is all I can ſay to you, and the ſole object that I can preſent to your view. It is fine talking of your health, it is impoſſible you can ſleep with ſo many dragons, without your blood being heated, and making cruel depredations : I am quite uneaſy about it ; and I alſo pity the Chevalier ——what a ſituation, and what an upper coat is that rheumatiſm ! M. de Grignan appears to me in perfect health. It is true, I thought M. de la Garde well employed with his workmen ; how could I gueſs at his ſituation ? much leſs tell it, this is unaccountable. Nevertheleſs, it is owing to this circumſtance that you owe the ſweets and conſolation of your ſociety ——though you be melancholy, it is a conſolation to be together. I wiſh you could know how much I feel, though two hundred leagues diſtant, all your troubles. But how ridiculouſly one writes at ſuch a diſtance ! I often relate to you ridiculous things, for the pleaſure of chattering with you ; and I do not gueſs that you are overwhelmed with a thouſand melancholy ſubjects, which makes me really aſhamed. Madame de la Fayette mentions you and the Chevalier to me in all her billets ; ſhe is far from cruel and ſhe deſires me to acquaint you with all her grievances, and that ſhe could not help being charmed with your ſon's having a regiment ; her little ſiſter-in-law was approved of at Verſailles, even by his Majeſty ; ſhe has given up every thing ; ſhe feels the ſweets and eaſe of this new family.

If you had ſeen M. d'Aix's anſwer, you would have found it very ſerious, and wrote in a ſtyle which does not in the leaſt reſemble his, nor the letter which I wrote to him. The deſtiny of that man, who would obſtinately die at the foot of a tree, is ſhocking—— this was deſpair—he ſtopt there as if in compact ;——

† Préſident a Mortier of the Parliament of Dijon, and a near relation of Madame de Sévigné.

your

your account did not, in the leaſt, make me cry out, it aſtoniſhed me, and affected me in a manner ſuitable to the ſubject. You are very cruel to recollect Monfermeil; this is, without contradiction, the moſt ridiculous period of my life; have you no other in your imagination? Drive that away, I deſire you; it was a fate that was predeſtined me. Adieu my deareſt, and moſt amiable girl, I am quite unhappy about you; and how can I be otherwiſe? Two years to elapſe, without touching the income of your poſt; and all that you had to ſupport, your arrears, and Paris, and in a word all. This grand edifice was more deſerving of a ſupport, than it is neceſſary to build new ones. Inform me when you meet with a chap for your company. You ſay you hear no news! Does not the Marchioneſs d'Huxelles conſtantly write to M. de la Garde?

LETTER DCCLXII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Jan. 25, 1690.

HOW much I pity my dear child, to read ſuch ſtuff; I would pity you ſtill more, if you retained it; it would be clever if you were in the ſame ſituation as at St. Mary's. I was acquainted with M. de Sévigné's young mares having run away; this tells us, that we ſhould not leave young folks without reins: ſiſter Paulina, this to you. I have been told that the ſun ſet in a violent cloud on the 24th of October; a ſtrange affair! and that the fog was very thick; this informs us, ſiſters, that we ſhould not walk at this ſeaſon. This is the effect of that fine lecture, and all the moral that can be derived from it.

I find that your taſte is blinded; the teſt of mine being juſt, is that I am fond of your ſtyle. It may be ſaid, without any fulſome flattery, that it is perfectly good, and that no one can write better; I am certain of what I advance, nor have your menaces any ſhare in the praiſe. You have thrown your verſes at

my head very opportunely, to amuſe me and divert me from attending to the ſhortneſs of your letter. I think thoſe verſes are very pretty and gallant, upon a new ſubject: my ſon is quite of the ſame opinion: we will ſend a copy of them to our friend Guebriac, who will be charmed with them, as he was with your Court of Love. One more word about our lectures: we read yeſterday the eleventh book of the firſt volume of M. Arnauld's *Perpetuity of Faith*; he anſwers ſome attacks and accuſations thrown out againſt him by the miniſter Claude; good heaven, what juſt reaſoning! what harmony! how he defeats his antagoniſt every moment! We thought of you, finding that you would have been tranſported, that the book was worthy of you, and this was its elogium.

I informed you, in my laſt, of my plan for extricating you out of your preſent difficulty; this thought muſt be natural to you, and you may make what uſe of it you pleaſe: you know whether I ſhall want intreaty, when my ſignature is neceſſary. Our Marquis is to be at Paris on Sunday the twenty-ſecond. I am told he will be ſurpriſed upon his arrival to find an order from Provence to go and join you; but I have ſo good an opinion of him, as to imagine he will be very well pleaſed to pay you this viſit; and ſuppoſing this were not preciſely the caſe, and that he ſhould have ſome regret at eighteen to depart before the Carnival, I ſhould not for this reaſon think it at all improper that he ſhould retire a little with his family to improve his growing genius: he is ſo ſituated, that he can no longer act the child, and I have doubts that he blends a little of this character with that of the Colonel. He is not *done enough*, as Madame de la Fayette ſays, another little boil at the corner of your fire, will be of infinite ſervice to him; and if it pleaſe God, that he ſhould return to Paris with the Chevalier, it will be of great advantage for him: are not you of this opinion? You will have infinite joy in embracing this child, and not without reaſon. You have told me nothing about the Chevalier's health; this, perhaps, is a good ſign. I will rejoice with him that

M. de

M. de Beauvillier, after having nine girls, has had the art to get a ſon: he has followed the advice you gave to Guitaut; if he had been vexed and changed the cards, he would not have had an heir; this folly is very pleaſant. Another of your letters came to hand laſt night, which made my ſon laugh moſt heartily. It was upon the tranſient report that M. d'Ormeſſon would be Chancellor; you tell him, "Brother, I would have my mother marry him, ſhe will then be the Chancelloreſs *Seguier*; and we will go to *Chaville*." There is no explaining this flight, yet it makes one die with laughing. This paſſage would have a fine effect in your ſelect lectures; I defy you to ſay it, and explain it to the multitude. I now come again to Madame de Beauvillier; if you or the Chevalier have occaſion to write to him again, methinks a compliment that you have received from Britanny, and which would teſtify my joy, would be very natural, and ſhorter than the calculations that are ſometimes made. Adieu, my dear belle, may God conduct this letter, and may it arrive at a time when your heart is ſomewhat at eaſe. It has ſnowed prodigiouſly for theſe two days paſt; this is the firſt time I have imagined it was winter. My daughter-in-law is ſtill at Rennes, blockaded by the ſnow.

LETTER DCCLXIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Jan. 29, 1690.

YOUR letters are not yet come to hand, which makes me very dull and ſorrowful, nor am I ſurpriſed at it: I am ſtill more ſo when I ſee the couriers arrive in ſuch ſhocking weather. The waters have been ſo much out, that my daughter-in-law, quite tired at being ſtopt at Rennes, riſqued the coming hither, and was bold enough to paſs through a deep water upon a horſe that ſwam ſeveral paces: inſtead of being well received, after this fine feat, ſhe got well ſcolded, ſhe wanted to be drowned, and we,

who know what drowning is, could not forgive her. She is in hopes that the peril to which ſhe was expoſed, will be a means of producing a reconciliation with you, for having left me for three weeks ſucceſſively; but ſhe was very ſorry that ſhe deſerved ſome conſideration even upon this ſcore. It is ten or twelve days ſince we have been abroad; but if it ſhould be fine weather only for two days, we ſhall find the walks as dry as at Livri.

I had intelligence before you of your ſon's arrival at Paris in good health. If it be true that the Marquis waits for your anſwer to repair to Grignan, the Carnival will be over. I ſent you what Beaulieu has written to me; as this nonſenſe has made us laugh, we hope it will have the ſame effect upon you. Here are alſo ſome verſes againſt gaming; but I always find, to the honour of Dangeau, that he is a conſtant exception to this too general rule. I wiſh you could find a chap for your company: it is the conſtant opinion, that there are occaſions when there cannot be any want of money perceived in France; as to me, who begin to be of the oppoſite way of thinking, I wiſh this caſe may not explode the opinion. M. d'Arlis would be very happy not to find any to build with; his Council of Conſcience is very large, and very commodious, if he approves of this laſt loan; one might, methinks, rather diſpenſe with the reſidence; but what will be complete, and which I hope from the good heads of that country, is that the Archbiſhop will grant both; he will build, and not reſide; he will borrow, and not pay. Fye upon you for ſaying bad heads, this ſpoils all, and deſtroys even ſociety. It was your fault that I did not do juſtice to M. de la Garde ſooner, and I ſcold you for it; would you have me poſſeſſed of the gift of divination? I reaſoned juſtly according to appearances. Secure me the friendſhip of this good and holy man; this you are obliged to do. You have not told me what was the game at which the Treaſurer of your Province ruined himſelf; for as to our poor Harouis *, it was through a paſſion

* Treaſurer-General to the States of Britanny.

to

to pleaſe all the world; this was his foible, and he found it was impoſſible to reſiſt it; I do not excuſe him, but this ſhews, at leaſt, that the beſt things in the world may be perverted, when they are not regulated by judgment; but this is ſuch a rare failing, that never, perhaps, will be another ſuch example to be met with, founded on the abuſe of true generoſity. You are quite prudent, daughter, to continue at Grignan; this may be called conſulting one's Council of Conſcience: thoſe who robbed Madame de la Fayette did not conſult theirs; they took from my poor friend, who was gone to reſt in a languiſhing ſtate after dinner, five hundred crowns in louis d'ors, which were in a little cabinet, to which nobody had acceſs but her two maids, her valet de chambre, and footman; ſhe can ſuſpect neither of them: they have all been interrogated, but without effect; and ſhe ſtill lives with theſe four people, which the moſt embarraſſes her; for the loſs of the money would create no great inconvenience, as her children are ſo capable of aſſiſting her directly with ſuch a ſum; but to be ſtill ſerved by a perſon who made ſo free with ſuch a ſum, is enough to diſturb a woman already oppreſſed with ſo many complaints. I knew that M. de la Trouſſe kept his chamber; can this be called a cure? Beaulieu highly extols the Marquis's decent behaviour, but he has not yet forgiven M. de la Trouſſe. M. du Bois * has ſent me his book upon *True Religion*, and the *Manners of the Catholic Church*, tranſlated from St. Auguſtine. The name of this ſaint, and the reputation of the tranſlator, will induce us to read it, though after *Abbadie, Paſcal, and the hiſtory of the Church*, it is almoſt martyrdom; at leaſt we think it ſo, our minds are ſo biaſſed in their favour.

I wiſh you as good a ſtate of health as myſelf; all my little ridiculous complaints have ſubſided; they will, when it ſhall pleaſe God, return; but I tell you my

* Philip Goibaud du-Bois, of the French Academy, Author of ſe eral tranſlations of St. Auguſtine and Cicero.

preſent ſituation. We have good milk here, and good cows; we are much diſpoſed to ſcum the cream of this good milk, and to mix it with coffee and ſugar; this, my child, is a very good thing, and will afford me much conſolation this Lent. Du Bois approves of it for the ſtomach and colds, and this in a word, is the milk-coffee, or coffee-milk of our friend Alliot. This is all a perſon can ſay to you, who does not anſwer your letter, and who ſees but *little*, like la Fontaine's pigion*. But, my dear Counteſs, I think a good deal about you, I am greatly taken up with you, every thing that concerns you ſenſibly affects me, I am ever with you at Grignan; I pay my reſpects and compliments to all its inhabitants; I nurſe the Chevalier, I pity him, and make melancholy reflections upon his ſituation; I feel all the effects; I converſe with the Count, whom I love better than he does himſelf; I amuſe myſelf with Paulina; I think with M. de la Garde: I give the Prelates ſome taps; I will ſigh with the Dean; I wait for the Marquis, and, above all, I paſſionately love my dear girl, I praiſe her good head, her good conduct, and I wiſh ſhe may perſevere in her fortitude.

LETTER DCCLXIV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Feb. 1, 1690.

WE have nothing but alternate ſnow and rain, accompanied with violent winds; but when theſe tempeſts are over, the days will be long and fine; but what kills us is, that, let the weather be ever ſo good, and the time glide ever ſo faſt, one cannot touch one's rents: good God, what a horrid anticipation, ninety and ninety-one, and as far as we can look forward†; never was there ſuch a diſſi-

* See the Fable of the two Pigeons, Fab. 170.

† M. de Grignan being compelled through the ſtreightneſs of his affairs, to transfer the ſalary of his poſt for the years 90 and 91, he retired to Grignan to paſs the winter, inſtead of paſſing it at Aix and Marſeilles, or taking a journey to court.

pation;

pation; one might be a little out of one's road, but to be plunged over head, out of all reach, in a thing that ſhould not be. Such a ſubject cannot be diſcuſſed at a diſtance, for anſwers are neceſſary, but we may ſigh for them, and whatever grief may await us, we would not live in ignorance. I want, as you ſay, the map and the key of your ſentiments; I muſt enter into your affliction, friendſhip requires it. I comprehend the only remedy that can be uſeful to you, but it would be fatal to your buſineſs at Court, and your reputation in the Province: you know better than any one that this is not the manner of filling a poſt, and that hiding one's ſelf in one's caſtle, without knowing how to get out of it, is not the proper way of paſſing a whole winter. You are very happy, as you ſaid the other day, that the misfortunes of your poor friends ſhould ſoften your's; it is a great comfort to be able to ſpeak of them; but I am very ſenſible that, in your preſent ſituation, it is impoſſible to read, and it is only in raillery that I teaze you upon this head; how is it poſſible to be amuſed with paſt times, when the preſent inflicts the moſt ſenſible pangs? I know what a ſituation this is, one reads the ſame page twenty times over; and I aſſure you, that though my ſon reads ſo well, I am ſo diſtracted, and make ſuch frequent journies into Provence, that I could eaſily comprehend your travels, were you obſtinately bent upon reading. All that I admire is, that God grants you your health amidſt ſo much oppreſſion. How ſincerely I pity you! for how pernicious is the preſent ſtate of your affairs to your poor ſon's eſtabliſhment! he is at length at Paris, it is true he was ſomewhat tardy in leaving that garriſon: but he is now paying his court at Verſailles, I am informed he hopes to ſell his company; this is good intelligence. I am always uneaſy when I think of his being alone upon that great theatre; I imagine after he has been there a little, he will think of nothing but the pleaſure of viſiting you. Perſevere, my belle, to tell me about yourſelf, without fearing to tire me; my friendſhip is better pleaſed to ſhare your grief, than to be unac-

quainted

quainted with it. You walk about your buildings, and expoſe yourſelf to the north wind and the ſun, as imprudently as if you had not *wiſdom* * by your ſide. I have ſhewn my ſon a letter in which he is mentioned; he thanks you a thouſand times in the moſt friendly and moſt extravagant manner for that part which relates to his wife: but I am not paid to dwell upon this. Nothing can be more pleaſant than what you ſay upon the death of the Marquis d'Alluie, and the conſequences you draw from it to begin the aſſault; if I had ſaid as much about it you would have been very turbulent, and you would have ſtiled it one of the fine effects of the viſitation. I am vaſtly pleaſed with Paulina's letter, I have not time to anſwer it to-day; you will laugh when I tell you I am in a hurry, it is true that I am not often at a loſs for time; but we have here at preſent two men of great ſenſe; one has been ten years with M. d'Alet, the other is an Advocate; theſe two men would do well at Paris, I am going to receive them. The Parliament of Rennes have this day met again in their fine palace, and the whole city echoes with acclamations, and is illuminated with bonfires. I anſwer my dear little Adhemar † with the greateſt friendſhip; the poor child! how happy ſhe is, if ſhe can be contented! there can be no doubt of this——but you underſtand me.

LETTER DCCLXV.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Feb. 5, 1690.

I Conſtantly admire that amidſt all I know of the melancholy turn of your thoughts, you can write ſo freely, ſo pleaſantly, and ſo jocoſely. Your brother is ready to die with laughing at what you ſay of Corbinelli; and, like him, I think your compariſon

* M. de la Garde.

† Mary Blanche, eldeſt daughter to Madame de Grignan. She was a nun among the ladies of St. Mary at Aix.

between

between the myſtics and falſe coiners is amazingly pleaſant; the one by dint of exhaling their minds, evaporate into hereſy; the other by dint of blowing the fire, produce the falſe coin; if they both deſerve a gibbet, I ſay with your ſaint Thereſa, you would be at the foot on which my friend was hung. But here is matter of litigation; I deny the charge that you accuſe me of, ſaying that *les Imaginaires* † were *pretty*, I never made uſe of the expreſſion. This is a *ſuppoſition, the ſubtilities of the Sieur Count de Grignan*, as ſaid the Advocate who pleaded for la B——: yes, I maintain, I never uſed the word *pretty*; this is a ſuppoſition of *Dame Counteſs* of *Grignan*; I ſaid *fine* and *very fine*: the juſtice of their reaſoning lays claim to this elogium, and your praiſing them was enough to give me this idea of them. Thus you ſee the want of good faith; but I will bind them, as the *Grand Council* at all events will not fail me.

I am ſatisfied with your anſwers to all my queſtions, and I ſhould be ſorry to have the ſame averſion as you have to reading things twice: I read over and over your letters, which inſpire all the ſentiments they deſerve, according to the various ſubjects; and ſometimes you ſay things in ſuch a pleaſant way, that there is no avoiding laughing, as if one's heart was not wounded: in a word, I prefer this reading to all the fineſt books in the world. You are aſtoniſhed that I do not think of leaving this country before the month of September; but conſider I am now in the very midſt of my buſineſs in Lower Britanny, and that the ſun, which riſes every morning, makes this time come to hand. You excite me to relate to you trifling matters, you enter ſo well into the meaning of every thing I tell you; but you are too fearful of laughing at the *diſtingo*, what are you afraid of? have they not livings enough? I hear your anſwer, the

† Eighteen letters of M. Nicole, called the *Imaginaires & Viſionnaires*, which without all the ornaments of the *Petites* Letters, are, perhaps, equal to them in eloquence and ſolidity.

credit

credit *of others* is above every thing; well be it ſo, but do at leaſt like father Gaillard, and as they do at our neighbour's *, where the ſtory was found highly diverting. In a word, my dear good girl, you will have your ſon, provided, however, that the king's journey to Compiégne ſhould not interfere with that of Provence. He is paying his court, I ſhould be very glad to hear from him; he has paid Madame de la Fayette a pretty viſit; he has been to ſee Madame de Chaulnes; this is quite right. I would not have him forget Madame de Lavardin, as you are fond of my friends. I have heard your *myſtic* praiſe exceedingly the book upon the *Fallacy of Human Virtues*; he had ſeen it in manuſcript, being a friend to M. Eſprit †, whom he conſulted upon his writings; he has told you a thouſand times that this book was excellent: but you did not liſten to him, any more than the praiſes of Rochon; a taſte for theſe things did not then prevail, there is a time for every thing. I would very willingly read this book upon his word. We have been reading the hiſtory of the Conqueſt of Cyprus; this hiſtory is elegant and well written. I am afraid only that Paulina is not ſufficiently inſtructed upon the affairs of Europe; but if ſhe be, ſhe will be charmed with this piece. The tranſlator is related to the comptroller-general *(Pelletier)*; my ſon got through it in four days. Our Carnival begins to day, which conſiſts in convening five or ſix men and women of this neighbourhood: we ſhall play and eat, and if our ſun ſhould re-appear, as it did yeſterday, I ſhall walk with pleaſure. The hen-linnet, the tit-mouſe, and the wren, already begin to warble, at the firſt dawning of the ſpring; this month is often more ſerene than May, by reaſon of your north-wind that torments us. One muſt then, at all events, give abſolute credit to your fourſcore gueſts; I muſt believe if there were too many, the Chevalier and M. de la Garde would adviſe you to remove the ſuper-

* M. de Lamoignon.

† James Eſprit, of the French Academy, author of a book upon the Fallacy of Human Virtues.

numeraries;

numeraries; for in this iron age for you, one muſt go gently, to avoid digging new abyſſes. I ſhall pity you very much, when you loſe thoſe two Grignans; their ſociety and counſel afford ſolid conſolation. I ſhould, like you, be under apprehenſions for M. de la Garde with reſpect to the bird-lime of the Fauxbourg St. Jacques; in this reſpect there is nothing to be done, nor any precautions to take, it belongs to the Holy Ghoſt. I want to know who is this miſtreſs to my ſon, whom M. de Grignan has ſo naturally called by a name, which, perhaps, ſhe does not deſerve; for we can aſſure him, that the Marquis thought himſelf in love without ever being ſo. I can anſwer for it, that his heart never knew any real attachment, but ſince he has been married; which conſtitutes his wife's and his own happineſs.

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

Here I am juſt come as they are talking about me; I take up the pen, and interrupt the diſcourſe, which always appears too long when I am the ſubject of it. I begin, by telling you, my little ſiſter, that all your reflexions upon the *myſtics of the devil*, are charming; he neglects all what the world calls firſt duties, and directly ſoars to the ſeventh apartment of St. Thereſa, where he diſtills and blows to the beſt of his power: he is ſtill coining bad money, we ſhall ſee whether he will one day get to the philoſopher's ſtone. Who was this *miſtreſs* then, that M. de Grignan took the liberty of naming ſo familiarly before M. d'Auch? Had you not got her in your mind, when you wrote that your ſiſter-in-law was gone to make either a devil or an angel, in going to aſſiſt at her couſin's taking the veil? Let things be as they are, let us mention neither angels nor devils; the firſt are very well in heaven, and the devils very well too in their ſtation. Let us leave in peace the poor folks who are doing penance for our univerſal malice.

Madame

Madame DE SEVIGNE *continues.*

This is preciſely as the thing happened; my pen was taken from me, and now it is reſtored, and I have hardly any thing more to ſay, than to embrace you heartily, and ever thank you for your kindneſs which I find in thoſe natural and agreeable letters. I have offered no injuſtice to your heart, I know its value and perfection, and if I have given you a moment's chagrin, you ought to pardon me. You ſeem to have altered your opinion, in favour of M. du Pleſſis's *, who acquaints me with the reaſon; for I do not find he has done any other fooliſh thing except marrying; this is a diſorder that is not epidemical, and which would not prevent his educating your ſecond ſon in a proper manner: unfold to me then what makes you change your ſentiments; it is a matter of conſequence to Madame de Vins. The poor Abbé de Pile is dead in your country, he went to drink the waters of Digne for the vapours, which were incurable.

My dear Count, you ſpoil me, you deſtroy me, you praiſe me, you will make me become a fooliſh woman puffed up with vanity; that is ſufficient. We love you too much here; my ſon would diſpenſe with his wife's being ſo charmed with your perfections; we acquaint her with your air, your behaviour, your manner, which ſhe underſtands but too well. For my part, I ſhould be much obliged to any one, who would deprive me of half my ſenſibility with regard to your intereſts.

* He had belonged to the *Oratoire*, before he was entruſted with the education of the Marquis de Grignan. Madame de Vins had thought of him to bring up her ſon.

LET-

LETTER DCCLXVI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Aſh-Wedneſday, February 8, 1690.

EVERY thing being finiſhed, daughter, tell me now whence comes it that Madame Reinié is ſtill with you? do you ſend for her to come and ſpeak with you as if ſhe were in rue St. Honoré, and you at the hotel of Carnavalet? or does the journey from Paris to Grignan appear to her like that from Paris to Livri? I cannot conceive what could have induced her to undertake this ſecond journey. Poor woman! I really am not aſtoniſhed that ſhe has pains all over her. Heavens, how pretty Paulina is! how agreeable, how amiable, and diverting is her little vivacity, which I perceive from hence! Without being willing to praiſe the quality of imitation, it muſt be owned, that it is one of thoſe things that communicates the greateſt pleaſure: as I am perſuaded that Paulina will not turn it to a bad uſe, and that this pleaſure will be confined ſolely to her family, I am very well pleaſed that ſhe is poſſeſſed of this talent, and I hope always to partake, mind me, if *God is willing*. Her brother is a tolerable monkey too, but he has other buſineſs upon his hands, he is taken up with his equipage: you will ſee what the Abbe ſays of him, and how little attention he pays to the Carnival; and, in truth, his wiſdom and ſolidity are aſtoniſhing. He eats at la Poirier's without any ceremony, or any great delicacy. I wiſh he would ſometimes viſit Madame de Coulanges, who is all alone; ſhe would be charmed with him. But what ſay you to this company, that cannot be diſpoſed of? is it poſſible that ſo good a commodity ſhould ſtick of hand? this plainly ſhews that there abſolutely is no money. How is it then you manage for your ſon's equipage? what an increaſe of expence, and in ſuch a time of ſcarcity! this hurts the imagination. I have told you all that occurred to me upon this head. I imagine the Marquis may pay you a viſit; the King's journey to Compegine,

Compiegne, is only to review his houſhold. I know that the ſtrongeſt proof that can be given of diſcontinuing a penſion is not to pay it: but what I aſked was, whether this was a general evil; for you know one would not chuſe to be particular in one's misfortunes. If the roads are as bad in your country as they are here, I pity M. de la Garde; all trade is nearly at a ſtand in this province. But, my dear Counteſs, how do you do? I left you indulging in bed, playing the fine lady, wiſhing to be nurſed in turn; you can communicate no other idea to me; theſe cholics are nevertheleſs very painful, they are real diſorders, you are ill all over, like Madame Reinié. Paulina is very pleaſant to be unhappy at that verſe of the twiſting of the guts; it is indeed a ſhocking thing, to ſay *her mother conceived her in ſin*: this deſerves conſideration, as many conſequences may be derived from it. I find her little imagination ſoon made compariſons that were very juſt. We have all our different portions and kinds of wit: were we ourſelves to compoſe the doſe, we would infuſe ſome of every ſpecies; but we muſt be reſigned in this, as in all other things. I find the Marquis has a good aſſortment, and particularly with reſpect to the ſolid and permanent. As for you, my dear belle, who have received ſome from ſuch various quarters, you would in conſcience be obliged to communicate it, if it depended upon yourſelf: but why is not a traffic allowed in this reſpect? Superfluities in one reſpect might be exchanged for deficiencies in another, and this would confer perfection; it is a pity that this is not the faſhion; and that God did not think proper to allow it. M. de Grignan would find a great vent for his ſenſe of juſtice and harmony; it is certain that he has endeavoured to make us wrangle; what he ſaid of you was ſo probable, that I really thought it true. But here is a ſubject of miſunderſtanding much more ſerious; you ſay that I have read over three times the ſame romances, this is very inſulting, theſe are ancient ſins that ought to be pardoned, in conſideration of the advantage I derive from being alſo able to read

many

many times the fineſt works in the world, ſuch as Abbadie's, Paſcal's, Nicole's, Arnauld's, and the beſt hiſtories, &c. This docile quality confers more good than harm, as it does honour to books of merit, and as it is ſo proper to occupy agreeably certain periods of life. In fine, daughter, I wiſh you were poſſeſſed of this quality; but let us embrace, why ſhould we foment a quarrel, that muſt neceſſarily end at Eaſter? Let us do it now with a good grace. I aſk Paulina, how ſhe has paſſed her Carnival, for ſhe is at that age which enjoys it. We have had ſome very rational and agreeable viſitors: we played inceſſantly, and I was entirely at liberty. But laſt night, without having obſerved any motion, my daughter-in-law retired an inſtant before ſupper, and immediately the ſervant who decks the table entered diſguiſed in a very pretty manner, and told us ſupper was ſerved. We went into the ſaloon, which was illuminated, and we found my daughter-in-law in complete maſquerade in the midſt of her and our ſervants, who were alſo in maſquerade; thoſe who held the baſons to waſh, thoſe who handed the napkins, all the officers, and all the lacquies were maſked, forming a group of upwards of thirty moſt whimſically dreſſed; our ſurprize was very great, and the mirth and laughter which this whim occaſioned, laſted all ſupper-time; for we neither knew who ſerved us, or who gave us drink. After ſupper muſic being provided, they all danced paſſe-pieds, minnets, courants, and country dances. At length twelve ſtruck, and Lent began. Do you, my dear, recollect the Shrove Tueſdays we have paſſed together, and where we lay ſo early in Lent? I am always charmed to meet with you in every period of my life, with the moſt ſenſible affection. Adieu, we all love you here, and I love and honour all who are there.

LET-

LETTER DCCLVII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, February 12, 1690.

I Could wiſh, my dear Counteſs, that you had read over your laſt letter, and that it had appeared to you as it did to us; Paulina's follies would have diverted you a ſecond time; you relate them ſo pleaſantly, that they loſe nothing in the telling. We ſee a little rapid imagination, that ſparkles quick at every thing, and with the graces of her pretty perſon, never miſtakes its object. My ſon is enamoured with her, he has ſo favourable an idea of her, that in his opinion, ſhe ſurpaſſes the greateſt of all beauties; he will ſee her, and have her picture; and from the place where you ſpeak of the Carnival, which ſhe feels in the marrow of her bones, he began to laugh in the manner you are acquainted with, and, reading and laughing by turns, he at length got to the end. Do you recollect when your brother read your ſon and de Sanzei's Comedy? no one could avoid laughing to look at him. He entered then into this pretty ſcene, as well as his wife and myſelf, and we felt the effects of the ſtriking paſſages; blowing the pouch pan, the ſword being left by accident at the garriſon; the young officer, who was, nevertheleſs, at the battle of Rocroi, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo agreeably by killing the trumpeter who had waked the Prince too early in the morning; Madame D——— her picture, M. de Grignan; you muſt acknowledge, daughter, that theſe various ſubjects brought into play by Paulina's vivacity, muſt neceſſarily have produced a very agreeable effect. She makes you keep the Carnival whether you will or not. We greatly rely upon M. de Grignan's taſte, his laugh muſt neceſſarily excite that of the moſt reſerved; the ſuſpenſion of the Chevalier's gout, and his thinking midnight the beſt hour in the day, with your laughing that makes you ill; ſincerely theſe are marks of great approbation in favour of Paulina.

Monſieur

Monſieur DE SEVIGNE.

And what can I ſay, after this, my little ſiſter? this is preciſely what occurred to me. I laughed till I cried at this picture, which you gave us with ſo much imagination and vivacity. That gaiety which conſiſts in being diſpoſed for every thing, eating pudding inſtead of beef, and in dancing dances which one does not know, is ſo much ſuited to Paulina's age, that one may ſee ſhe acts her part quite naturally: but as my mother has told you all I thought upon the different ſcenes repreſented by this pretty girl, as I ſhould only ſully what ſhe ſays in ſo brilliant a manner, I ſhall urge to you very ſtrenuouſly what ſhe has only ſlightly touched upon; this is, that we conjure you in the moſt ſerious manner poſſible, as doth alſo your ſiſter-in-law, to ſend us as ſoon as you can Paulina's picture. Painters returning from Rome frequently paſs your way, there may be ſome good ones at Aix; in fine, we requeſt this pleaſure of you moſt tenderly and moſt urgently. Any one that can diſcompoſe the ſerious brow of Madame Grignan to the degree you repreſent, and who ſuſpends the execution of the unfortunate *Siſyphus*, appears to me ſomething more than mortal. But whilſt this Captain, who is at one time a youth, and at another an old officer, was boaſting of his proweſs and good fortune, what ſaid M. de la Garde? was he not moved like the reſt? You cannot imagine how much we are taken with Paulina's charms, let us conſtantly hear of her; ſhe was ſo little when I ſaw her, that in truth I have occaſion to be informed how ſhe is at preſent; is there nobody of your acquaintance who can give me ſome idea of her? In a word, my handſome little ſiſter, aſſiſt us in this reſpect as much as you can.

Madame DE SEVIGNE.

You ſee I have not exaggerated my ſon's infatuation: he tells it you himſelf. I am alſo ſomewhat curious to know where M. de la Garde was, was he a-bed? had he any ſcruples at ſeeing this repreſentation?

tion? he is, however, the firſt of Paulina's admirers. As to the portrait which my ſon requeſts ſo earneſtly, I adviſe you to do nothing raſhly; it will be time enough when you go to Paris or Aix; the ſize muſt be the ſame as your's by Ferdinand; it would be a companion to that of Madame d'Enrichemont. I find the poor Marquis is burthened with all the domeſtic affairs; I ſhould have been afraid they were too much for him, without the aſſiſtance of Vaille, who is acquainted with all the world, and who will eaſe him and conduct him to the miniſters; he may alſo be of ſervice to him in the diſpoſal of his company; ſuch a man is a real benefit. In fine, daughter, as you ſay, every thing depends upon a head of eighteen, whilſt all the reſt, which are pretty numerous, are for different reaſons incapable of acting. It is God's will that it ſhould be ſo. It will be a melancholy thing, if the Marquis cannot go to Grignan, and there drink at the fountain-head of good counſel, which he muſt neceſſarily ſtand in need of. I am very attentive to all the ſequel, and the anſwer you will have from Court: I do not know whether I remember right, but I think their propoſal was not reliſhed. What! does M. d'Aiguebonne want another defeat? it would be the higheſt pitch of glory for the Marquis to give him this coup de grace; in this caſe good Rochon muſt aſſiſt Vaille: but I do not think M. de Lamoignon is inclinable to make you take this ſtep; he will adviſe you to get letters of ſtate, till ſuch time as you come yourſelf to complete what you have ſo well begun, this is my opinion; at all events inform me ſincerely of your deſigns, they are of the laſt conſequence to me. I ſcold you for being uneaſy, when my letters do not come exactly to an hour; why ſhould you rather conclude I am ill, than that the rivers have overflowed their banks? All the inhabitants of the Hotel of Rochefoucault are driven away by the water, after having been baniſhed by fire; all the lower ſtory is a mere flood. The water runs in our ſtreets as far as M. le Jai's; ſo that, daughter, you ſhould rather be aſtoniſhed when the couriers do arrive. But really all

that you ſay to me upon this head is ſo tender, ſo natural, ſo replete with friendſhip, then there is ſuch a characteriſtic of truth in all you ſay, which is ſo affecting to me, that after being inclined to correct you for your uneaſineſs, I am compelled to own to you, that I find a ſenſible pleaſure in it. I do not know the reaſon of your refuſing to avail yourſelf of Bourbilli's propoſal: I am ſenſible of the delicacy of your friendſhip; but ſo far from ſeeing any thing fatal in it, or that can make you think of the future, it would give me real ſatisfaction, by making me enjoy, during my life, the convenience that you may derive from it; and the more ſo, as by my reſerving the reverſion, which theſe bad times render neceſſary, I do not ſee why upon ſuch an emergency you may not conſider this expedient, particularly as you have the good Berbiſi for a correſpondent. Adieu, my belle, I am perſuaded that no one can love like you, I will add, unleſs it be me; but maternal affection is ſo natural, and filial affection ſo extraordinary, that whilſt I am doing only my duty, you are a prodigy. I, however, believe there is a doſe of tenderneſs in my heart, which operates in your favour, and which other mothers are bereft of; this made me ſay, ſome time ago, that I loved you with a friendſhip formed on purpoſe for you.

Marſhal d'Eſtrées is going for two months; he will ſee his brother the Cardinal, he will marry all his children, the people ſay here; in fine, we ſhall be without a Governor. I am like M. de Grignan, I would have M. de Chaulnes acquaint you with other matters than trifles; there are many degrees between ſeeking you by land and waters and the ſecrets of an Ambaſſador. I would ſcold Coulanges for leaving this good Duke; and yet if his journey were ſo long, he might be guilty of this incivility.

LET-

LETTER DCCLXVIII.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, February 15, 1690.

IT ſhould ſeem, my dear belle, that no one thought of any thing but of an attachment to you, and the means of pleaſing you; and yet it is very certain that a deſign was formed of pleaſing others; there is nothing ſo eaſy as deceiving thoſe who do not obſerve us. It muſt be owned we have cauſe to bluſh, when we teſtify our repentance, thinking death at hand, and we recover life, and not only life, but all thoſe paſſions that were thought to be extinguiſhed. This certainly is very perplexing, and ſhould make us fear for every dying perſon, as nothing but the recovery of their health can ſhew them as they really are: but God knows their hearts, and that is ſufficient. We are frequently obliged to recur to this center of every thing: are you not, my child, immerſed in impoſſibilities? they every where ſurround you. I really admire you, but I will not allow you to compare your anxiety to mine: I ought to forget entirely my ſituation, to think of nothing but what concerns you; and this I do. Every circumſtance of your affairs is violent and urgent; every thing is preſſing, eſſential, and expoſed to public view; and I ſhould not think you any more to be pitied, if you were commanded upon the ſpot to create ſomething out of nothing: this is what contracts my heart, and engages all my thoughts; I do not caſt one upon myſelf: for my troubles are nothing, I am not compelled to any thing: my affairs are in ſome ſmall diſorder, but a little abſence will bring all things right; a decent, agreeable, convenient retreat, equally ſerviceable to my ſalvation as my affairs, if I know how to avail myſelf of it, and which luckily happens at the time you are in Provence: you muſt then acknowledge, my moſt amiable girl, that I ought not to feel any other ills, but thoſe which you endure. So my dear child, redreſs your grievances,

grievances, and think of me, only to love me; I have long ſince been more than repaid by your ſincere friendſhip and perfect gratitude. I conjure you to give me the ſequel of the romance, in which I find Paulina acts a very good character, as ſhe is upon good terms with the Princeſs her mother, and lies in her chamber. It was a fine circumſtance in her travels through all France, to forget Italy; we deſire that the firſt time ſhe goes to Rome, that ſhe will not forget to take Paris in her way. Beaulieu informs me that the company is ſold; and the Marquis writes me a little letter full of friendſhip; he ſeems to me quite overwhelmed with buſineſs, and ſo am I conſtantly in regretting the abſence of his uncle, who is not even in Paris at a time he would be of ſo much ſervice. It would be very unlucky if the Marquis could not viſit you in Provence. You have ſeen by Madame de la Fayette's letters how poor M. de Montauſier, after having been ruined *body* and *mind*, now inclines to yield all the *mental* part, and retain only the *corporeal* *; this ſeems to me prettily expreſſed. Alas! this fall of our poor Abbé has reduced him to a mere corporeal *ſubſtance*. The praiſes you beſtow upon my letters, are ſo ſuperior to their merit, that if I were not perſuaded you would never unfold, or read them again, I ſhould be terrified at the thoughts of ſeeing myſelf betrayed into print by one of my friends.

Voiture and *Nicole*, good heaven, what names! and what ſay you, my dear child? Corbinelli, whom I did not acquaint with your wickedneſs, will write to you by the Marquis; he is going to dine with him at Madame de Coulange's; he is always ſatisfied with his ſenſe. M. du Bois tells me he has ſent you his book. But liſten to a miracle: the lady of Marſhal de la Ferté is ſo converted, that no one can be ſo more ſincerely; ſhe is in the hands of good workmen, ſhe finds nothing too warm. Ninon has been aſtoniſhed, ſhaken; the Holy Spirit blows where-ever it

* M. de Montauſier died the 17th of May following, at the age of eighty.

pleaſes: but it ſhed its influence abundantly upon the firſt four ages of the riſing church! what an infinite number of martyrs! the Hiſtory of your Biſhop of Grace is excellent. What Popes there were at that time! all martyrs. What Biſhops! where ſhall we meet with their likeneſs now?

It is reported that Count d'Eſtrées is to marry Mademoiſelle de Croiſſi; and Mademoiſelle d'Eſtrées M. de Torci *; here is a fine jumble: it is, I believe, upon this account that the Marſhal (d'Eſtrées) is gone. You will have the Cardinal, his brother, in your province, but you will not ſee him. It is moſt delightful weather, all the birds are got abroad; I walk, and read over your letters with extreme affection; I ſhould be very ſorry if I could not reliſh them after the firſt reading.

LETTER DCCLXIX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, February 19. 1690.

IF you were to ſee me, my dear belle, you would order me to keep Lent, and finding that I had no bodily complaints, you would be convinced, as I am, that God had beſtowed ſo good a ſtate of health upon me, only to make me obey the commands of the church. We live well here; we have not indeed, the river *Sorgue* †; but we have the ſea, ſo that we are in no want of fiſh. We have butter every week from Prévalaie, I like and eat it as if I were a native of Britanny; we uſe it frequently to butter pears; and we always think of you when we eat them; my ſon marks all his teeth upon them, and what pleaſes me, I mark all mine too; we ſhall ſoon put upon them little fine herbs and violets: at night we have pottage with a little butter, according to the cuſtom

* Theſe two marriages did not take place.

† The river Sorgue abounds in fiſh, and waters the county Venaiſſin.

of

of the country, with good prunes and fine ſpinnage: in a word, this is not faſting, and with confuſion we ſay, *it is very difficult to ſerve the holy church!* But why do you find fault with my milk-coffee? It is becauſe you hate milk; for, otherwiſe, you would find it the prettieſt thing in the world. I drink it on Sunday mornings for pleaſure; but you think to apologize in ſaying it is good to make a poor conſumptive devil juſt reſpire: really this is a great encomium, and if it makes a dying perſon breathe, it will make a healthy perſon live very agreeably. Here ends the chapter on Lent. Let us ſay a word about ſermons; how I pity you to be ſo often obliged to liſten ſo ſuch long inſipid diſcourſes! This kind of patience M. Nicole could never inſpire me with, though he has written ſo good a treatiſe upon it. When I am as good as M. de la Garde, if ever God beſtows this favour on me, I ſhall be fond of all kinds of ſermons; in the mean while, I content myſelf wtih the Evangeliſts explained by M. le Tourneux; theſe are real ſermons, and nothing but the vanity of man could load modern diſcourſes with their preſent contents. We ſometimes read the Homilies of St. John Chryſoſtom; theſe are divine, and pleaſe us ſo much, that for my part, I perſiſt in not going to Rennes till holy week, to avoid being expoſed to the eloquence of the preachers, who hold forth in behalf of the Parliament. I recollect the rigid faſt you formerly obſerved on Shrove-Tueſday, living ſolely upon ſelf-love, with which you ſeaſon every ſauce, except that which might have nouriſhed us; but even in this he was deceived; for you ſometimes became ruddy, your blood was ſo heated; you contemplated your eſſence, like a cock in a pye; this was a pleaſant folly. You alſo anſwered la Mouſſe, who ſaid to you, "*Miſs, all this will rot: Yes, Sir, but it is not rotten yet.*" Good God, who would believe that ſuch a perſon ſhould have forgot herſelf ſo far as you did, and become ſo ſkilful and admirable a woman? We ſhould now furniſh you again with ſome love, ſome conſideration for yourſelf; this you are very difficult inwhilſt you

poſſeſs too much for others. An equipage, horſes, mules, ſubſiſtence; in fine, to have nothing but perſpectives, and yet make ſuch a conſiderable expence, without knowing where to find the ſinews of war; this my child, can be done by no one but yourſelf: but I conjure you to think of Bourbilli; here, perhaps, you may find ſome relief, after having in vain hoped for it elſewhere. Madame de Chaulnes tells me, that the Marquis is very pretty, that he is coming to ſee her; ſhe does not think he has time to make a journey into Provence. I believe the company is ſold, I knew it ſooner than you. It is true that your ſon is a great luſty lad, but he is not ſo black as Boufflers; I cannot bear the compariſon, without it be in the race to the road of good fortune. The Marquis ſhould give you a more circumſtantial account of his firſt journey to Verſailles, that is what we want to know, and whether the King took any notice of him or ſpoke to him: it is upon ſuch an occaſion that a father or an uncle wou'd have been of infinite ſervice. Here is my little billet from the Abbé Bigorre, it pleaſes us, for his intelligence is more exact than that of others. If the women and courtiers, who think M. de Chaulnes is a long while bringing about this pacification, were informed of all that has been done for theſe eighteen years againſt Rome, they would be of opinion that if the Ambaſſador brought things to a concluſion, it muſt be a maſter-piece of addreſs and good fortune. There are fifteen or ſixteen heads, which our leiſure has made us acquainted with, and which are nearly as forcible as the ſuppreſſion of the daughters of Madame de Mondonville*: M. de Grignan is well acquainted with this; but they have not time to diſcuſs theſe trifles, it is a more expeditious way to cenſure, judge, and be impatient. The Cardinal d'Eſtrées is arrived. I know not whether he will think proper to declare himſelf the Ambaſſador's antagoniſt; we ſhall ſee. He went through Paris to go to Verſailles, and ſent a

* She founded and inſtituted the eſtabliſhment of *the Daughters of Infancy*, ſuppreſſed in 1686.

gentleman

gentleman to Madame de la Fayette; he is much her friend. The verſes of your Adhémar are very pretty; thoſe upon play are very indifferent, but are good as you ſay for *bout-rimez*. Here are ſome of la Scuderi's for Coulanges; what do you think of them? Theſe are ſaid to be the laſt * ſhe will write, as ſhe is going gradually with M. de Montauſier. Such a journey, my dear child, is proper to be thought of, after having lived ſo long; nothing prepares us for it ſo well as reading, and ſeeing an infinite number of perſons younger than ourſelves go firſt; in a word, it is the univerſal deſtiny. But that of B———, is whimſical, to be buried by dint of uſury! The fate of our poor d'H——— is much eaſier to comprehend; paſſionately fond of pleaſing all the world, without bounds, and without reaſon; this paſſion eclipſing all others, and even juſtice: this is another prodigy, but this is dying with a finer ſword. You were acquainted with the book of M. du Bois, your taſte is exquiſite; it corroborates the truth of our religion; I think it very fine; I have not yet got to the *Manners of the Church*; I will not thank M. du Bois, he is too happy to obtain your approbation; but I will thank M. de Grignan for his goodneſs in remaining with you and his amiable family. For my part, I am always with you, as I have told you, and you inceſſantly engage my thoughts in theſe woods, where the ſun ſhines as in Provence, and where I read over your letters with ſo much pleaſure.

LETTER DCCLXX.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Wedneſday, Feb. 22, 1690.

THE letter you wrote to the Abbe Charier is a maſter-piece of its kind; it was really a difficult taſk for you, ſomewhat unacquainted with the ſubject, but you have made ſuch a proper uſe of the Abbé de Kimperle, Madame de Sévigné, M. Chari-

* Madame de Scuderi did not die till 1701, aged ninety-four.

er's ſon, and Madame de Grignan, that there is not a ſingle word without its weight, or being eſſential. I am perſuaded you did not feel all the excellence of this billet, it eſcaped you; but I pay it the honour that is due to it, and am charmed with it; it could not come more opportunely to aſſiſt me in thanking the Abbé, for having concluded a very important affair for me in Lower Britanny; I think I have acquitted myſelf in tranſmitting to him your amiable letter.

Now to come to you, my dear; you ſay nothing about the firſt miniſter; this affair muſt, nevertheleſs neceſſarily be attended with conſequences. How have you contrived about your ſon's equipage? I am before-hand with you in the intelligence of his company being ſold. I do not believe he will have time to pay you a viſit, this afflicts me as well on your's as his account. I am told he is a luſty lad, and that one muſt think of his father's ſhape; he is at the ſame time commended for his decency and prettineſs; but it is a misfortune that upon his firſt appearance at Court, this firſt *coup-d' oeil*, the little Colonel was not ſupported by any of his relations; for my part, conſidering how much he had upon his hands, I think he has acquitted himſelf miraculouſly well.

M. de Chaulnes writes to me from Rome a long friendly letter, and complains that I abandon him in his ſolitude; I tell him it is becauſe I have not time to write to him, that I am overwhelmed with buſineſs, and ſuch ſtuff. You will find by Bigorre's little billet, that we have reaſon to hope thoſe long and difficult negociations will, at length, be crowned with ſucceſs, and that what might be conſidered as impoſſible for an Ambaſſador leſs accuſtomed than this to the manners of Rome, will infallibly be brought to bear. You will, at leaſt, find that the King is ſatisfied with his Ambaſſador, and pays him well. Cardinal d'Eſtrées has ſeen Madame de la Fayette, he is returned from Turin, this furniſhes matter for much converſation; but I believe Rome will not be forgot: it is ſaid that his eminence ſpeaks of the Pope, but

does

does not mention the Ambaſſador's name; this appears to me as difficult as playing at that game in which neither *yes* nor *no* muſt be uttered. Is it true that M. du Pleſſis is returned to Paris? You have not told me what made you alter your opinion concerning him; I found that you were ſatisfied with him. The ſolitude and attention you pay your mamma make you too amiable; I am always very well, the abſtinence of Lent is ſalutary; ſend us ſome of your fine Liſle * trouts; and we will ſend you ſome butter that will cheriſh your heart. A thouſand friendly regards to M. de Grignan; I flatter myſelf if he were here, he would be tempted to walk through the variegated alleys, which would amuſe him. Adieu, my deareſt girl, I cannot tell you how much I love you, nor how eſſential your friendſhip is to the repoſe of my life.

LETTER DCCLXXI.

To the Same.

The Rocks, Sunday, Feb. 26, 1690.

I Never thought I ſhould have wept ſo much for la Chau; but it is impoſſible to read your account of his poor wife's natural and violent affliction, without being moved, and paying the tribute of involuntary tears. This ill fortune is ſomewhat peculiar, and ſuch a deſtiny as nothing could prevent. The man is hurried, he wants to get to his journey's end, he is adviſed not to expoſe himſelf for very ſubſtantial reaſons, he is at leaſt adviſed not to go into the little boat; but he will liſten to nobody, he muſt go, and be punctual to his appointment; death waits for him at a particular ſpot upon the Rhone; he is to be there, and muſt periſh. Good heaven, my dear child, how all this is ſettled! Every one ſees his own fate in this accident, and his wife's grief becomes their own; as we are expoſed to the like perils, we weep through a kind of intereſt, when we imagine we weep for the

* A little town in the county of Venaiſſin.

mis-

misfortunes of others. Chriſtianity dictates to us that we ſhould at firſt think of the ſalvation of this poor man; but his wife muſt afterwards be grieved to loſe 4000 livres: if the dead body ſhould not float, or the violence of the Rhone ſhould throw it beyond Arles upon ſome unfrequented ſhore, Providence will diſpoſe of this gold ſowed up in his wet coat, as of every thing elſe.

I highly approve of the reſolution of not ſending for the Marquis, this is the ſureſt way, this journey would be both expenſive and fatiguing, ſolely to indulge your affection; ſupport this like many other things, and rather wait till he is a Brigadier or a Field-Marſhal, than make him run about now. Beaulieu informs me he is quite overwhelmed with buſineſs, and that he minds nothing elſe. Is it poſſible that he ſhould viſit Madame de la Fayette before Madame de Vins? I highly blame him, and I am as jealous upon this occaſion as you are, for I frequently find myſelf in your place; every reaſon ſhould have induced him to have flown to Madame de Vins; ſhe wrote to me the other day that ſhe was very deſirous of ſeeing him, and to obſerve the difference and change between infancy and youth. He has waited upon Madame de Lavardin, he will have time to pay her another viſit.

M. de Grignan has reſolved upon a very precipitate journey; it is very difficult to avoid ſuch races, when one commands ſingly in a province, whether they be for the ſervice of the King or the honour of the poſt. You never examine thoroughly into this matter, except for M. de Grignan, this is natural enough: but this example ſhould extend farther. Let us talk of the Cardinal de Forbin *; the courier who brought the news of his promotion was only ſeven days upon the road. M. de Beauvais was tranſported with joy. The King is quite ſatisfied with his

* Touſſaint de Forbin de Janſon, Biſhop of Beauvais, was included in the promotion of eleven Cardinals made by Alexander VIII. in the beginning of February 1690.

Ambaſ-

Ambaſſador; it is very probable that he will work all the miracles that are to be done at Rome. Madame de Chaulnes writes to me in a ſtyle of triumph, ſhe is merry, and not without reaſon. We muſt, however, write to this new Cardinal, which I have juſt been doing, and I am certain you will not fail doing the ſame. *No enemies*, my dear child, let this be your maxim, it is equally chriſtian and political; I not only ſay *no enemies*, but alſo *many friends*; you have been ſenſible of the good effect in your law-ſuit, you have a ſon, you may ſtand in need of thoſe whom you may now think can never ſerve you. We are deceived, ſee how Madame de la Fayette abounds with friends on every ſide and of all ranks. She has a hundred arms, and they all ſerve her; her children feel the good effects; and daily thank her for having had ſuch a pliant diſpoſition: an obligation which M. de la Rochefoucault conferred upon her, made her family now ſo proſperous. I am certain that for ſome years you have been of this way of thinking.

You explain very well Madame, Renié's conduct; it is mighty pleaſant to think of her leaving Paris, her huſband, all her buſineſs, to fly about for three or four months *all over* Provence aſking for money, without getting any, fatiguing herſelf, returning, after being at great expence, and moreover getting the rheumatiſm! for conſider ſhe has complaints *all over* her; and ſuch as at length defeat you.

I am much pleaſed at Paulina's fondneſs for M. Nicole; this is a ſign ſhe reads him with attention; this taſte gives me the higheſt opinion of her ſenſe; I am alſo fond of the rage ſhe is in that the Biſhops do not fight for promotion. But, my dear, do you faithfully believe, that nothing more is neceſſary than giving us the firſt volume of the romance of the *Princeſs*, the *Infanta*, or the *Firſt Miniſter*, as prettily as we have ſeen it *, and that we ſhould ſtop here? I will not allow it, I abſolutely inſiſt upon knowing what is

* This was an account, in the form of a romance, of what paſſed in M. de Grignan's family.

become

become of that good and juſt reſolution of the Princeſs? I am afraid it has vaniſhed in the neceſſity of the times, the great want of a *miniſter*, the ſudden journey, the impoſſibility of gathering *together the Sybils leaves* idly and incautiouſly ſcattered to the winds for ten years. In fine, I fear your good intentions will have no effect, as has been ſo often the caſe for theſe twenty years; this ſtory requires a ſequel, which, however, ſhould not be too ſerious with regard to your affairs. I muſt alſo be informed of the ſucceſs of M. Prat's journey to the enraged lover of Princeſs *Truelle*. I ſhould like to know who were the confidants of the *firſt miniſter* and *the favourite*, who received the couriers. Tell me if you are always ſatisfied with *Flame* †, he is a very conſiderable character in your houſhold. I want to know about the Count's journey, and if the Treaſurer will be appointed agreeable to his intentions; here are a number of queſtions, my deareſt girl, for which I apologize. You are too good to be fond of my letters; when you receive three at a time yon ſay you are rich, but what fatigues it lays you under! They are ſo very long, that you ſhould not anſwer them very minute. Adieu, my dear belle, how does Lent agree with you? for my part, I like it very well. I took this morning a meſs of the milk-coffee, I am not yet ſurfeited with it, any more than ſermons, for we touch none but thoſe of M. le Tourneux and St. John Chryoſtom. It is very agreeable weather, the winter is over, and we have a proſpect of ſpring that is ſuperior to ſpring itſelf.

† Maitre d'hotel to M. de Grignan.

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